

The Quintessential Discourse Radhasoami

(*Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Poetry)

Volume II

Translation with Commentary of the Discourses of
Shri Shiv Dayal Singh alias "Soamiji Maharaj",
Revealer of the Radhasoami Faith

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The Quintessential Discourse Radhasoami, Volume II

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Preface

The Sar Bachan Radhasoami, Nazm or Chhand-bandh (The Quintessential Discourse Radhasoami, Poetry) by the Revealer of the Radhasoami Faith, Sri Shiv Dayal Singh, alias Soamiji Maharaj, (1818-1878) was first published in a single volume (42 Discourses) in 1884. In 1921 it was split into two volumes, each carrying 21 Discourses, and since then it has continued to be printed in two separate volumes.

This is the second volume which has twenty-one Discourses (from 22 to 42) all of which have 365 hymns of varying size. While all of them are extremely significant and important for any reader desirous of understanding the subtleties of the Radhasoami Faith, the outstanding discourses include Discourse 24 (Dialogue between Maya and *Satguru*), Discourse 26 (Dialogue between *Surat* and *Satguru*), Discourse 32 (Dialogue between Mind and *Surat*), Discourse 38 dealing with *Barah Masa* or a full account of the *jiva's* span of life from conception to the end, Dialogue 41 containing lyrics with self-contradictory statements and their spiritual truth, and Discourse 42 which relates the various modes of service rendered by an ardent devotee to the *Satguru*.

The basic argument running through these discourses is that all the existing religions are wide off the mark limited as they are by the confines of mind and body (*Manas* and *Maya*), that they do not even seek to emancipate the spirit (*surat*) from their tentacles, and that this ultimate quest can be possible only through a perfect living *Sant Satguru*, and not by meditation on those who are no more, or by studying their works.

This work contains 373 notes and comments. I hope that every one interested in understanding the delicate points of the Radhasoami Faith (*Sant Mat* or *Guru Mat*, or *Millat-i-Ishq*) will find this work useful.

M.G. Gupta

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Radhasoami

Grant Merciful Radhasoami Your Grace and Protection
May Radhasoami Protect Us

Discourse XXII (11 Hymns)

Kaal mat and *Dayal mat* differentiated and distinguished; about the delusions and misunderstandings of the worldlings.

Hymn 1 (40 Verses)

Char khaan chaupad ...

1-2. The Maker created four species in the universe in the manner of a quadrangular board (*chaupad*)¹: *andaj* (born of egg, like birds and lizards); *jeraj* (born of membrane as men and animals); *svedaj* (born of perspiration or heat and moisture); and *udbhij* (born of the earth as plants and minerals). The two players are Maya² and her lord Brahman, also called as *Prakriti* and *Purush*, *Ichcha* (Desire) and Mind, *Shakti* and Shiva.

3-10. The counters with which they play the game are the spirits or *surats* (which the *Satt Purush* gave away to Brahman or *Kaal* for launching on the creation) which serve as items of consumption by Maya and Brahman; thus the game goes on amid great uproar and tumult. They (Brahman and Maya) use the three *gunas* (*sattva*, *rajasa* and *tamas*) as dices (*paasa*). The dices (cowries) are thrown about by the prehension (karma done by hand) and their throws involve the details of all sensual pleasures. This false game (i.e. a game that gives false and fleeting satisfaction) is deemed by the *surat* as true and genuine. Some of the *surats* or counters, even when they become ripe for going to their home, get stricken and thrown out, and there are some others that are raw and have to travel a long distance to get stricken and thrown out. Thus the *surats* as counters in the hands of Maya and Brahman remain shackled in the cage of *chaurasi* and keep on straggling there in pleasure and pain. Brahman loses the game (most of the time) and it is Maya that wins; the *jiva* or *surat* that is the counter is, however, put to infinite pain and affliction. It is extremely rare for Brahman to win, but then also the *surat* becomes reddened (blushes) and comes to settle in the abode of Brahman so that it really never gets rid of the *chaupad* (*chaurasi*) and fails to gain access to its own eternal abode (*Satt Desh*).

11-14. Maya and Brahman are the two gamesters who play with these pieces, viz. the *surats*. In this game these pieces are beaten and knocked out every now and then and nobody is there to hear their *cri de coeur*. All the piece-like *surats*, every moment of their life with Maya and Brahman, repent and feel remorse, wondering as to how to get rid of their tentacles. They keep on crying for relief from their oppression and tyranny but they find no reprieve and justice (from any quarter), and keep on weeping, wailing and lamenting with mournful sounds.

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15-17. Time and again they straggle in *chaurasi* but nobody can cut off the noose (round about their neck). *Shruti*, *Smrti*, Vedas and Puranas (for which see my translation of *Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Poetry, Volume I, M.G. Publishers, Agra, 2001, p. 387) – all of them run after their life in hot pursuit. Maya and *Kaal* have laid out their snare (dextrously) and in their self-interest they keep on vexing, tormenting and torturing them no end.

18-21. In the upshot, not a single piece (i.e. *surat*) can manage to escape and go home and all of them are kept engrossed in their game. When the *Satt Purush* watched this plight (of the *surats*) and realising that '*Kaal* (Brahman) has become the deadly foe of the *jivas* (*surats*) and that he, in order to satisfy his palate (i.e. for the sake of gulping down the *jivas*) refuses to divulge their identity and whereabouts to any *jiva*' was moved to pity and assuming the form of a saint manifested in the phenomenal world.

22-25. The Lord says: 'I have explained it to the *jivas* or *surats* in myriad of ways that the remorseless, pitiless and cruel *Kaal* has gorged and gulped you down. I am now adjuring you (charging you), and do as I command: 'Burn out the snare of *Kaal* and become detached from it (i.e. from the pulls and attractions of *Kaal* or mind). Fasten yourself with the company of the guru (i.e. *satsang*) and move along the Way (to the Lord); escape the blows and beatings from the hands of *Kaal* and crush the forces of *Kaal*. This (perishable) place (which you have been regarding as your own abode) has been settled and inhabited by *Kaal* who approached me and begged me to hand you over to him.'

26-29. 'Remember therefore that this is the settlement (*ghar*) of *Kaal*; do not treat it as your native land. Whatever I am now telling you, accept it as the ultimate, definitive truth. Your own native land lies in my sphere (i.e. the *Satt Desh*). I now deliver to you the message from that (Imperishable) land of yours. One who is called *Sattnaam* or *Satt Purush*, He abides in the sphere which is called as the Fourth *Lok* (the other three being those of *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand* launched by *Kaal* and Maya). Beyond the *Sattlok* is settled what is called as *Alakhpura* (or the Invisible Region) where none except the *surat* of the saint can gain admittance.'

30-31. 'Transcending this sphere, is the *Agam Lok* (the Inaccessible Sphere) and without reaching there the ultimate cause is not served as the final goal is not attained. It is beyond that, that the ultimate abode lies which you must deem to be the abode of Radhasoami.'

32-33. 'The sheen and splendour of these regions is extremely glorious and graceful; only those who practise the prescribed mode of practice can manage to perceive it. I now proceed to explain to you the mystique of that mode; it is the way of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* which will now enable you to grasp and comprehend.'

34-37. ‘Reverse your mind and your sensory and motor organs inward and concentrate your *surat* and *nirat* at the point of confluence of the currents

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from both the eyes (*ida* and *pingla*), i.e. at the Third *Til*. Then ascend to the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus (*Sahas-dal Kanwal* and thence to the Region of Three Prominences (*Trikuti*). From there make it to *Sunn*, and beyond which to *Mahasunn* on way to the Rotating Cave and from there perceive the *Satt-lok* and on to the Invisible and Inaccessible Spheres. Radhasoami, in this wise, shows you how to play the marvellous game of *chaupad*.’

38-40. ‘O *jiva*! Your success in the game of *chaupad* depends on your obtaining a favourable throw of dice from which will accrue one *pau* (an ace) which will enable your counter-like *surat*, enmeshed in hell, to extricate itself; but that ace (*pau*) you cannot obtain without the mercy and charity of the guru. As it is, it is only the one who gains access to *Satguru* who can manage to escape the four-padded game of *Kaal* and Maya (i.e. the fourfold species – *andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*). This done, he will get accommodated in the ultimate abode and catch the glimpses of Radhasoami.’

Hymn 2 (22 Verses)

Surat boond satt sindh tuj ...

1-6. The *jiva surat*, which is like a drop from the ocean of *satt* (*Satt Desh*), abandoning the ocean it descended to the tenth gate (the sixth ganglion: the seat of *surat*) and from there it came down to the physical plane and settled down to function through the nine apertures (two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, mouth, navel, reproductive organ and anus). In this manner, it became closely connected to mind and sensory and motor organs and fell in alignment (became united and joined up with this phenomenal realm (*jagat*). Birth after birth, life after life, it remained subject to pain and afflictions, drift-ing along with the current of *chaurasi*; it became completely oblivious of its original abode and lost consciousness of the court of *Satt Purush* (whence it descended). And whenever it got the opportunity of assuming the human form, (it did not fully exploit it and) it failed to cultivate love for the *Satguru*.

7-9. It kept on straggling, deluded by the malady of doubt (as to which is the right path, this or that; who is the right guru, this or that, and so on); how then could it sail across (this tumultuous ocean of mind and body) and reach the other shore (of safety). It is now that the *Sant Satguru*, taking pity (on the dire straits of the *jiva*) descended here, assuming the human form and manifesting as the incarnation (of the Supreme Lord); in myriad of ways, he expounded the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, giving a clarion call to follow and adhere to it.

10-12. But then *Kaal* has dextrously spread its trap and pushed the right path under the cover of secrecy, keeping it concealed from the public view; and, on the contrary, assiduously propagated the *Karmakand* (rituals, penances, *yajnas*, *tirthas*, *homs*, *japas*, *tapas*, fasts, idol worship, worship of

rivers and animals and the like), all of which is a bundle of delusion, illusion, hallucination and hypocrisy. The learned were taken in and deceived by the false sap of learning and erudition and the theoretical scholars (i.e. those who

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indulge in tall talk about religion without living it or practising what they preach) became haughty and hubristic.

13-15. All of them (referred to above) remained tied in the knots of gross matter (*jada*) and vital primeval energy (spirit or *chaitanyata*), indulging in wishful thinking, daydreaming, and empty, shallow reflections. They just refused to accept and acquiesce to the modus of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. Indeed, this mind who is the real foe and adversary of their *surat*, has cheated, beguiled and swindled them so that they (the *jivas*) do not come round to give up and forsake their basic evil traits (pride or ego, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice and sloth – the seven deadly sins).

16-18. O *jiva*! Shun their company for they will besiege you from all sides and vanquish and slaughter you. In this entire world, it is only a rare few who are the genuine seekers; practically, all the worldlings are given to argy-bargy, wrangles and squabbles. All the *bheks* (the swindlers who masquerade as mendicants) and all religiose (sanctimoniously religious) who practise religion for business and making money, are haughty, the mainstay of whose life is hubris.

19-22. Radhasoami cautions you to beware of and remain wary of such a lot. Firmly adhere to the sanctuary and protection of the saints, for *Kaal* is a great barbarian (*baryar*) and very resourceful. So long as the *surat* does not cultivate the taste for *Shabd* (Word, unstruck sound), it will remain degraded and disgraced (*khwaar*). As it is, keep to the company of the *Satguru* so that you may make it to your own eternal abode (*nij gharbaar*).

Hymn 3 (8 Verses)

Kaal mat jag mein phaela bhai ...

1-3. O Brother! It is the faith advocated by *Kaal* (Universal Mind or Brahman) which has swept through (spread over) the entire world, so that nobody is able to gain access to the mystery of the faith of *Dayal* (i.e. Radhasoami *Mat* or Guru *Mat* or *Sant Mat*). The Vedas, Puranas, *shastras* and *Smrtis* have all impeded the path (by placing all sorts of obstructions, obstacles and hindrances). Brahma (the Procreator), Vishnu (the Sustainer) and Mahadev (the Destroyer – the Hindu Trinity), all the ten avatars (*Machch* or Fish, *Kuchch* or Tortoise, *Varah* or Boar, *Narasimha* or Man-Lion, *Vaman* or Dwarf, Parshuram, Ram, Krishna, Buddha and Kalki – yet to come) have all spread their snares (in order to entangle the *jivas* and lead them astray).

4-8. The wiseacres, the yogis, and the *sanyasis* (persons who on attaining 75 years of age become anchorites and abandon the world turning

complete renunciants), the celibates, and the ascetic (*tapsi*) are all beguiled and deluded. What more shall I say? In sum, the whole world has lost its moorings and sunk in oblivion and all of them (the worldlings) are drifting along the currents of Matter and Mind. It was Kabir and Tulsi Saheb (of Hathras) who had ascended here and launched the *Dayal Mat* (or *Sant Mat*). Radhasoami now openly declares and affirms: 'I too have become one with them.'

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Hymn 4 (12 Verses)

Ek Purush ajayab paaya ...

1-6. I have discovered and found a marvellous Being whose core none has been able to detect and speak about. Nobody can really make him out (discern or perceive him) without the active aid and guidance of a (perfect) saint; all the *rishis* and *munis* (sages and seers: observing silence in long spells) have fallen victim to deception and trickery. Shesh (the famous hydra-headed snake) and Mahesh (Shiva, the Destroyer of the Hindu Trinity) remained as deluded as Vyasa and Vashisht (*yogeshwar gyanis*). Yogis like Parashar (father of Vyasa conceived by Satyavati, daughter of an *apsara* named Adrika who was condemned to live on earth, as a fish – Machchodri) and Narad and *rishis* like Shringi *Rishi* remained sunk in the cesspool of delusion. Whom shall I speak to and expound the truth (of that marvellous Being)? for nobody lends credence to it. It is only the saints who have expounded this truth, and it is only a rare *gurumukh* (guru-oriented) who can make it out and comprehend it.

7-9. Inside everyone, *Kaal* has become permeated; he has spread his snares through the network of *Shrutis* (Vedas) and *Smrtis* (remembered sayings). The six *shastras* (Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga, Mimamsa and Vedanta) have provided fodder for the intellectual windmill; the knowledge imparted by them is comparable to the dust kicked up by a band of the blind, squabbling with each other about the reality of an elephant. Nothing worthwhile, however, came to their hand and without the aid and guidance of the *Satguru*, they kept on straggling and wandering around in delusion, illusion and hallucination.

10-12. It is the saints who have unfolded the mystery of that sphere (the Fourth *Lok* or *Satt Desh*) which enabled the trivial *jivas* also to gain access to it. The lowly and the meek were taken across (this perilous ocean of Mind and Matter) but the haughty and the mighty ones were washed off by the swift, remorseless currents of *Kaal*. Radhasoami has revealed the Path and has pointed to the ultimate destination and has encouraged the *jivas* to gird up their loins to embark on the (spiritual) journey.

Hymn 5 (8 Verses)

Main kahoon kaun se bhai ...

1-8. Whom shall I talk to (about the ultimate truth)? None appears to me in alignment with me, of a piece with me. That which the saints have spoken about and stressed, is incompatible with what everyone believes in. All others speak of the *triloki* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*) for they are all innocent and unaware of the core of the Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*). Those who get to know about the Fourth *Lok* are astonished and astounded. Nobody gives any credence to it, even though I have tried hard to carry conviction. What shall I do to enable them to perceive (the truth about the Fourth *Lok*)? I have,

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therefore, reached the conclusion that nobody can bring to bear faith in it without the grace and compassion (of the *Sant Satguru*). If only the *Satguru*'s help, support and grace is available, everything will come good (succeed). As it is, all other considerations have become completely irrelevant so that Radhasoami chooses to assume silence.

Hymn 6 (26 Verses)

Kahoon ab gopi-Krishna vihar ...

1-4. I now refer to the sport of *gopis* (cowherdesses) and Krishna (the hero of cowherds). Witness the symbolic value of the major characters involved in this drama. Krishna is your mind, while *gopis* are your sensory and motor organs. The sport centres around the objects of sensual pleasure. Lust and its companions (anger, gluttony, attachment or delusion and egotism) are the children of cowherds and they indulge in sports within the framework of the human body which is called 'Brindaban' (Vrindavan, a forest where *tulsi* plant or the basil plant abounds. It is a suburb of Mathura, the heart of Braj). He (Krishna, the eighth avatar of Brahman) leaving the blissful form of his father (Transcendental or *Paar* Brahman, i.e. 'Nand' or *Sunn*) left his abode, and leaving *Trikuti* (the abode of Brahman) which is the abode of *Naad* or *Aumkara*, descended to this phenomenal world (*jagat*) and became involved in the tangle of nine apertures (two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, mouth, reproductive organ and anus).

5-8. Here, the demon of ignorance (*aggyan nishachar*)³ appearing in the form of *Kans*⁴ (the maternal uncle of Krishna) began his hot pursuit of this Mind (i.e. Krishna, the manifestation of the Universal Mind or Brahman). Krishna launched his onslaught on him with the weapon of the knowledge of *Naad* or *Aumkara* and slew *Kans*, the simpleton (*ganwaar*, or foolish or ignorant person). The mind which gained access to the Radha *surat*⁵ became known as Krishna and it is he who with the medium of Radha *surat* could make it to the tenth gate (*Sunn*). Since he could not gain access to the guru with access to spheres beyond *Sunn*, he remained stuck in the trap of *Kaal*.

9-12. As it is, he continues to wander about playing his sport, at time, in the cage of nine apertures, and occasionally, in the tenth gate (*Sunn*). In any case, he (Krishna) failed to get at the mystery of the *Satt Desh*, so that this

Krishna, the killer of the demon Murar, came to be called as *Kaal*. As it is, the saints have affirmed and counselled everyone to deem and treat Krishna and *Kaal* on a par and as one and the same.

13-16. So long as the *surat* does not gain access to *Sattlok*, it remains confined to *Kaal*'s dominion. As it is, the *Satguru* directs the *jivas* to leave the premises of *Kaal* (the spheres of *Pind* and *Brahmand*). Move ahead and look through (examine) *Sant Mat*, the current of which takes you high up to the region which the saints have called as the *Satt Desh* or the Fourth *Lok*, the sphere of *Sattnaam* or *Satt Pole*. Take to the mode of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* so that you may be able to make it to your final abode.

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17-21. Radhasoami exhorts you to abandon and forsake Krishna who is a compulsive liar.⁶ This precisely is applicable to Ram also for both he and Krishna represent the same line, the same approach, the same current of *Kaal*. Both Ram and Krishna have manifested in this world as the incarnations of *Kaal*. That Ram killed Ravana, the king of Lanka and received his current (the *dhaara*) of Sita (which took him to his abode, the *Trikuti*). Both of them – Ram and Sita – then came back to Ayodhya (inside their own being – *ayo*, 'come', and *dhya*, 'settled finally'; final abode, viz. the 'tenth gate' or *Sunn* – the abode of *Paar Brahman*).

22-26. In the first round, he suffered a good deal of trouble and tribulation in the process of ascending to *Trikuti* and going beyond; but eventually, his spiritual expedition stopped at *Sunn* so that he also failed to get on to the mystery of *Sant Mat* and remained under the jaws of *Kaal*. As it is, Radhasoami exhorts all concerned to jettison and throw aside both Krishna and Ram.⁷ Indeed, all the ten avatars (incarnations) emanated from *Kaal* so that you ought to have nothing to do with them. Take to the Fourth *Lok* (the *Satt Desh*) pointed out by the saints, and get across to it through the boat of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

Hymn 7 (9 Verses)

Dekho Gagan ke beech, Shyam kunj khil raha ...

1-5. Look at the blue lotus blooming in the centre of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) which has fascinated and enamoured the black bee-like mind so much that it soared there in order to join and meet it. That is a deceptive place at which the mind continued to gaze. Indeed a great many *siddhas* (those who have attained to *siddhis* and *riddhis*), Nathas (followers of Gorakhnath) and yogis (practitioners of *hatha yoga* and other yogas) have also been lured by that blue lotus. But in his turn, *Kaal* has been playing his own game and laying his trap separately so that whosoever manages to reach there is turned back by him. By demonstrating his diverse crafts and skills and tricks he continues to entice and mesmerise the *jivas* and standing steadily there, he continues to snatch their (spiritual) earnings. What shall I say about the cruelties, oppressions and injustices he has been perpetrating on the *jivas*? Especially those who are unaided by the *Satguru* he is swallowing them up.

6-9. He (*Kaal*) has been deluding and alluring everyone and by using the swinging wheel of Maya (*Maya ka jhoola*) he has been moving the *munis* (the silent anchorites) rhythmically to and fro. He does not permit anyone to go across the door to the other side so that the mystery of that sphere remains hidden and covered. What of Shesh and what of Mahesh – all of them have accepted defeat at his hands; indeed, without the protection and cover of the saints, nobody is able to get across. As it is, it is now that Radhasoami is unfolding that mystery for everyone to hear but it is only those who are the recipients of His grace and charity, who bring to bear faith and trust in what he says.

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Hymn 8 (47 Verses)

Piya bin pyaree kaise hoye nibah ...

1-2. O Dear! How can you pass and go through the barriers in life without the protection and guidance of your beloved hubby (*piya*, the beloved *Satguru*)? Deluded and beguiled, you are wandering about devitalised! How can you manage to find out your true lord (*Sachch Shah*)? Why do you get roasted in the oven of this phenomenal world and receive burns day and night?

3-5. Leave aside all argy-bargy and arguments and counter-arguments, and controversies (*upadhi*) and participate in *satsang*, after taking to the Way shown by the *Satguru*. Sincerely and from the bottom of your heart, forsake and give up sensual pleasures and abandon attachment and desire for everyone. Regard yourself, i.e. your real form as that of *surat* (not body and mind which are non-Self) and then get inward and practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

6-8. Oh my dear! Acquiesce to what I say for it is only now that you have found the (most suitable) opportunity (for redemption). If you let slip this chance, you will never be able to obtain any place for ataraxia and will have to repent and regret. As it is, to begin with, elutriate and refurbish your ‘self’ (*aapaa*) and then become engaged with the *Sattnaam*.

9-10. Find out the Way, its dimensions and pitfalls, from the guru and take to his sanctuary. Without doubt, without taking to his protection, your (spiritual) cause will not be served and your mission cannot be accomplished; why do you get yourself swindled and cheated by the thugs (i.e. your mind, others’ minds, your family, friends, your desires and hankerings and longings, your false notions, wrong perceptions, illusions, delusions, hallucinations etc.)?

11-12. All the *pandits*, *bheks* and those proud of their physical prowess (*deh abhimani*) have become stuck up and tied up with this phenomenal world. All of them have gone mad and turned crazy, by practising diverse karmas, rituals, rites and penances and so on, and living in a world of make-believe (delusions and fantasies), they are getting consumed by the heat generated by running to pilgrim centres and observing fasts.

13-14. They worship Ganga, Yamuna (rivers for sacred bath), idols and temples; they put on rosaries, put on *tilak* (mark on the forehead with vermillion, or turmeric or sandalwood paste). They observe *japas*, *tapas*, restraints (what is forbidden to do) and observances (what ought to be done) and embrace the rules relating to castes and *varnas* (four ashrams: celibacy, householder, *vanaprasth* and *sanyaas*).

15. They keep the *shikha* or *choti* (tuft of hair with the rest of the head clean shaved) and put on the sacred thread⁸ and perform *dhoti*⁹ and *pothi*,¹⁰ perform duties and *dharmas* relating to ashrams, sexes, family relationships and other restraints (list of do's and don'ts relating to fasts, festivals, marriages, funerals, births etc.).

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16. Inside the kitchen, they reserve a square piece of the floor which they call *chauka* where entry of everyone except the cook is forbidden and where food is cooked, and then eaten outside the sacred square. Then they distinguish between what they call *kachcha khana* (bread or *roti* and rice etc.) and *pucca khana* (fried food such as *puri*, *kachauri* etc.; in the case of the former, rules of purity are far more rigid than in the latter case); nobody is allowed to touch the *kachcha khana* which they believe gets polluted by the touch of a dirty or undesirable person. This is called as *chhoot*.

17-20. They ascribe purity to water but ignore the importance of Name which has no effect whatsoever on their heart. Sitting inside the so-called sacred square (*chauka*) they eat (the polluted) fish, but with reference to the devotees (the really pure and clean sages) they enter into argy-bargy and involve them in squabbles, quarrels and bickerings (*upadhi*). As they study more and more books and acquire more and more formal and discursive learning, they go on becoming haughtier and haughtier, more and more supercilious and arrogant, and they make others worship the stones (idols) and water (so-called sacred rivers). They adulate charity and alms-giving and remain lost in the worship of gods and goddesses.

21. They go about Mathura (in West Uttar Pradesh), Kashi (Varanasi in East Uttar Pradesh), Gaya (in Bihar), and Dwarka (in Gujarat) in order to worship their *pitras* (dead ancestors) and get themselves branded and cauterised with a hot iron.

22-23. They go round in all the four directions to visit the leading centres of pilgrimage: Jagannath (Orissa) in the East, Dwarka (Gujarat) in the West, Badrinath (Uttar Pradesh) in the North, and Rameshwaram (Tamil Nadu) in the South, and return empty-handed after biting the dust (suffering from complete spiritual defeat and discomfiture). They load themselves with added weight of karmas and get lost in piling delusions, continually to suffer pain without making any gain.

24-25. With their gross and dead intellection (*jad buddhi*) and being extremely haughty and arrogant, the utterances of the saints in the *satsang* do not make any impression on their mind and heart. They seek to have their

karmas (evil effects of their karmas) settled and paid off a score by having a dip in Ganga and Yamuna (two sacred rivers of Hindus emanating from the Himalayas), and by eating cow dung and drinking cow's urine.

26-27. Beastly as they are (filthy, uncivilised, functioning largely at the three lowest physical ganglia – anus, reproductive organ and navel), they worship the beasts (i.e. the animals), and they become devoted to trees like the fig tree and basil (*pipal* and *tulsi*). They remain unaware of the value and majesty of the human form and remain immersed in the cesspool of *chaurasi*.

28-30. They find fault with and disparage (speak contemptuously) of the *prasad* of the saints (that has a cooling effect) and guru's *charanamrit*. Such idiots keep on straggling and straying from the main path; don't hold to their company and have no reverence (*bhao*) for them. They keep on roving from

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place to place reciting Pauranic (of the Puranas) stories and fables.

31-33. They never calculate and take into account the spiritual loss they incur (by their activities) and remain wrapped up in (completely satisfied, very pleased and delighted) in hubris and gluttony and greed. They hear a good deal and they speak a good deal but they never get at the roots and the truth (of spiritual pursuits, and the end of life) and ever remain a victim of the thuggery at the hands of this world, day and night.

34-35. Maya (illusion and ignorance) has spread its net wide and varied so that the *rishis* (sages) and the *munis* (the anchorites who observe silence) are all eaten and swallowed up by Maya. The ten avatars (from *Machh* or Fish to *Kalki*), all the *jatis* (abstinents) and all the yogis (of different and diverse varieties, i.e. the practitioners of *Raj* yoga, *Gita* yoga, *Jnan* yoga, *Hatha* yoga, *Lai* yoga, *Bhakti* yoga and *Mantra* yoga), the *pandits* (the learned and the erudite) and the wiseacres (*jnanis*) – all remain repentant (without making any spiritual gain, and full of regret and remorse).

36-38. They don't know the substance and the truth of *Sant Mat* and keep on wasting away their years (life) in observing the tenets and practices of *Kaal matas* (all the religions prevailing in the world). Without the aid and guidance and supervision of the *Satguru*, all of them fall a victim to fraud and deception and nobody makes it to his own eternal abode. They continue to remain ensnared in the trap of this world, and time and again dash into *chaurasi*.

39-40. Notwithstanding the fact that the *Surat-Shabd* Path is extremely plain and straight, nobody gets at its essence. The entire world is sunk so deeply into the pit of ignorance and obliviousness that I begin to wonder as to whom shall I explain the truth (about *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*)?

41-44. Those who manage to get into the sanctuary and under the protection of the saints, they alone gain access to the Way home. I have said enough of the shell (the outer layers of religion, full of squabbles and wrangles); I now take resort to the performance of *aarti* of the *Satguru*. I left my *surat* to the *Nabh* (heavenly sphere) and sit in repose at *Sahasdal Kanw-*

al (the sphere of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus). From there I get on to the Crooked Tunnel,¹¹ and penetrate into *Trikuti* (the Region of Three Prominences) and thence I proceed to *Sunn* and sit there.

45-47. From there, traversing *Mahasunn* and the Rotating Cave I gain admittance into *Sattlok*. Transcending that sphere, I go across the Invisible and Inaccessible Regions and perform the *aarti* of the *Param* Guru Radhasoami. There I procured the priceless and infinite treasure of love and with that I pleased Radhasoami and gained His favour.

Hymn 9 (22 Verses)

Main bhooli Satguru Soami ...

1-2. O *Satguru* Lord! I have lapsed through negligence and from faith and norms; O Knower of the Inner Realm! I slipped into error and missed the opportunity (of redemption). Where from shall I get the words to relate the pitiful plight of the *jivas*? The *pandits* have taken possession of the entire world making it crazy, as though seized by a goblin or devil (*dev + aani*).

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3. The Brahmins (the professional priests) and the *bheks* (the anchorites and mendicants wearing white, or blue, pink or green, or pale clothes, masquerading as saints and *sadhs*) have deluded and misled a good many people so that straggling and roaming about here and there they have been thrown into false ways, deviating from the right course.

4-6. They have concealed the path that was true and straight, from the public view and have allured the *jivas* into performance of pilgrimages and observance of fasts. They have opened the way of performing funeral rites of their forefathers at Gaya and the recitation of Gayatri.¹² They themselves indulge in performing such karmas and make others do the same. (Instead of going up to higher regions and performing *satsang*) they, on the contrary, plunge headlong into the perilous ocean of Mind and Matter and remain immersed and dipping into it; it is because those old devices and practices in which they indulged were relevant to past ages and have now become obsolete and anachronistic.

7-8. Even the Vedas and *Smrtis*, Vyasa etc. have all affirmed that those practices have nothing to do with attainment of salvation or *mukti*.¹³ They have all declared that in *Kaliyuga*, the only means which can lead to the deliverance of the *jiva* from the snares and tangles of this phenomenal realm (*nivritti*, i.e. returning the soul to its abode)¹⁴ is the *naam* (Name or the Great Name as revealed by the perfect living master).

9-10. As it is, those who have fastened their mind and attention and gaze upon the release of their spirit from the claws of Maya and jaws of mind, they become dead set on the path comprising (a) the *Satguru*, (b) rendering service to him, and (c) attending his *satsang*. To such *jivas*, I address these words and exhort them to seek and trace the perfect *Satguru* of their time.

11-13. So long as you don't lay your hand on the perfect *Satguru*, continue your hectic search for him in this world. (I assure you that) the days that you spend in this search and seeking will not go waste and will be reckoned with and taken into account as part of your spiritual exertion and endeavour. And as soon as you gain access to and meet the perfect *Satguru*, take at once to serving him with love and devotion.

14-15. Then, of course, he will reveal to you the mystery of the (Great Name) as his gift to you and then set about practising the recitation of, and meditation, and contemplation on the Name. It is by the grace and power of the *Naam* that you will attain to the end of *mukti*; without the Name you won't get at any place of peace and composure, sangfroid and ataraxia (*thaur-thikani*).

16-18. Take my word that in *Kaliyuga*, without tracing the (Great) Name, there can be no salvation. All the *karmis*, *dharmis*, yogis and *gyanis*
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(those indulging in *Karmakand*, like rituals, *tapas*, fasts, pilgrimage, *japas*, *tapas* etc.; those adhering to *dharmas* or performance of duties pertaining to *varnas* etc.; yogis of all types; and wiseacres) are cooking their own goose (i.e. remain engrossed in mental processes which ruin their spiritual pursuits). They fail to get in touch with the *Sant Satguru* of their time; and they remain lost in looking up to and traversing through the forest of books and scriptures of ages gone by.

19-20. The fraudulent *Kaal* harms and hurts and damages the cause of all and sundry; indeed, unprotected and unaided by the *Sant Satguru*, nobody can be saved and succoured. It is the rarest of the rare saints who have sung of the reach, power and majesty of the *Naam* and who have revealed the whereabouts of the Fourth *Lok* which is the abode of that Great Name (*Sattnaam* and Radhasoami Name).

21-22. Having sieved and sifted the truth from falsehood, core from the shell, Radhasoami affirms the secret (of the Name); and it is by His grace that I have come to know about it so that my illusions and delusions have all vanished, and I am now, as if possessed by the power of the Name and I now perform His *aarti* with grace and decor.

Hymn 10 (12 Verses)

Dhokey mein sab jag jaat pacha ...

1. This entire phenomenal realm is twisting itself in chasing shadows and delusions. They are all indulging in mentalism¹⁵ and intellectualism¹⁶ without getting at the core of the truth (about Reality). What shall I speak of this faith and that, this religion and that, this Way and that?

2-6. I only tell you, none – just none – has been able to find a trace of the True Lord. All of them have tried their intellect and their skill (to discover the truth) but they reached the end of their tether and accepted defeat. The eighteen Puranas¹⁷ speak of one thing; the six *shastras*¹⁸ say something different.¹⁹ The four Vedas in unison affirm *Neti, Neti* ('Not This', 'Not This' in

response to the question as to what is the ultimate truth; what is beyond Brahman).²⁰ Except for the saints nobody can speak of what is what, what is the ultimate, the Supreme Lord. They raise the *surat* along with the unstruck sound and they reign and rule the Inaccessible regions.

7-9. Nobody believes their word and they all drift along the currents of ignorance and keep on staggering from place to place, deviating from the Path. Without gaining access to the perfect guru, they have lost the game and gambled away and squandered their human birth. They have met many a greedy and gluttonous person, but of what avail they are? Tell me candidly.

10-12. They neither exert themselves nor do they subdue and subjugate their (carnal) mind? How can they be released from the wide and complex net laid by *Kaal*? *Kaal*, the hunter, is right on their head (to kill and capture them), while the simpleton *jiva* has become entangled in his noose. Radhasoami now declares after careful deliberation: 'Who can escape (*Kaal*) without getting at the sanctuary and the haven (of the *Sant Satguru*)?'

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Hymn 11 (25 Verses)

Sun guru bachan kahein jo tujh sey ...

1-3. Listen to the words that the guru chooses to speak to you, and bring to bear faith and trust in them and acquiesce to them with heart and soul. While all the *jivas* speak of the three *loks* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*) it is the *Satguru* alone who talks of the Fourth *Lok* (the *Satt Desh* or *Sachch Khand*). The Vedas, Puranas, the *Smrtis* and (six) *Shastras* – all of them join each other in referring to the fourteen regions or worlds.²¹

4-6. All and sundry accept their word without question and trusting their veracity, they do not hold them as, in any way, false or wrong. It is only two *loks* – this earth and the firmament above – which appear to be self-evident, requiring no evidence, but they believe in the existence of other *loks* on hearsay. Those who firmly believe them and have faith in their words, they adhere firmly to what they ordain.

7-8. But you? The one who claims to be the attendant of the guru! What kind of disciple of the *Satguru* are you that you do not acquiesce to his words such as they are? The *Satguru* speaks of a *lok* (Fourth *Lok*) beyond what they (the Vedas etc.) talk about, and of the Lord more exalted than the one they talk about, who abides there (i.e. in the Fourth *Lok*, viz. the *Satt Purush*).

9-11. And it is rather odd that you don't believe them (the saints); it surprises me! All and sundry join together in eulogising the might and main of the *Sant Satguru*; and all of them assert that the saints are the most exalted and that none whatsoever can fathom their depth. The eternal home of the *Satguru* (*nij dhaam*) is over and above the seven heavens (*Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Trikuti*, *Sunn*, *Bhanwar Gupha*, *Sattlok*, *Alakh* and *Agam*); it is only the one whose *surat* has become roused and can identify itself as distinct from body and mind, who can gain access to the sphere where the *Satt Shabd* (the sound of *Satt Shabd*) resonates.

12-14. Now, I reveal to you the mystery of the seven heavens and definitively describe each one of them one by one. The first heaven is that where two petals – *Jyoti* and *Niranjan* – abide; this is the region called as that of bluish-whitish hue. The second heaven is the check post of *Trikuti* (the Region of Three Prominences, namely, Meru, Sumeru, and Kailash); there we have the lotus with four petals with the unstruck melody of *AUM*.

15-17. The third sky is that which is called as *Sunn* which the saints describe as the tenth aperture (*Dasam Dwar*, the other nine being; the mouth, two ears, two nostrils, two ears, *Sahasdal Kanwal* and *Trikuti*). The fourth heaven is the Rotating Cave which lies across and above the *Mahasunn*. The fifth heaven is the *Sattlok* where *Sattnaam* is resonant; and the sixth is the Invisible Sphere or the *Alakh Lok*.

18-20. The seventh sky is *Agam Lok* which the *surats* have described as an exalted heaven. Across this sphere there is the sphere of the Eternal and Nameless Lord whose beginning and end nobody knows. Now Radhasoami declares

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that it is only some rare saints who can find a trace of and become aware of the mystery of that pole (*pada*) that is called as the abode of Radhasoami.

21-22. I have expounded fully the mystery of the (seven) heavens and the one beyond them, both by signal with a wink and by word; turn your eyes and *surat* upward and ascend as the saints call upon you to do. What I have described as the pole of the Nameless (*pada Anaam*), that indeed is the abode of the *Satguru* whose *surat* reaches that ultimate abode, piercing and penetrating through the words of each intervening sphere, one by one.

23-24. The fact remains that without the charity and grace of the saint, nobody can gain access to it; indeed nothing can come to hand without the mercy and compassion of the saints. What is called as *karni* (spiritual exertion and endeavour) is that which the saints prescribe by their grace; without their grace, all exertion and endeavour would remain abortive and a waste of time.

25. As it is, the major and the main force in spiritual pursuit is the grace and charity (of the *Satguru*); and so Radhasoami enjoins upon you to take to His protection and sanctuary.

Discourse XXIII (1 Hymn)

The narration of the origin and dissolution of the creation and the majesty of the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* for attaining to the eternal home.

Hymn 1 (85 Verses)

Banjha ney baalak jaaya ...

1-4. A barren woman (Maya) gave birth to a child (*Manas*) who beguiled and deluded all the *jivas*. He became notorious as an ignoramus (*Aggyani*)²² for it was produced by and grew with the care of the powerful Maya (Illusion). It swallowed and gulped down Brahma (the Procreator), Vishnu (the Sustainer), and Mahesh (the Destroyer), Narad as well as Sharad (the erudite *rishi*) and Shesh, *rishis*, *munis* and yogis.

5-7. By constantly citing the evidence furnished by Vedas, Puranas and *shastras* and quoting their authority, they cast the *jivas* into error and forgetfulness. The ignorant *jivas*, not knowing the real purpose of the mischief-monger *Kaal*, are being thrown in the net of *Kaal*. The *jivas* are moved up and down in the manner of water-wheel²³ incessantly and without rest (i.e. the water-wheel of transmigration or birth-death-rebirth).

8-10. Some, following the Jnan yoga (of Shankaracharya) became absorbed in Brahman, while some others (following the Gita yoga of *bhakti*) became merged in the *vairat swarup* (*Saakaar* Brahman). Some performers of karmas like rituals, rites, *japas*, *tapas*, pilgrimages and fasts, idol worship etc. reached the *Swarga* (Paradise or Indra Puri – the abode of Indra), while those who indulged in carnal pleasures were made to suffer in perdition. The

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gyanis (adherents of jnan yoga of Shankaracharya) were so much deceived and beguiled that they deemed their absorption in Brahman to be the complete emancipation.

11-13. For sometime, they did enjoy the sap of *mukti* but eventually they again fell down to become tied up with the human form and corporeal frame. And as they sow in this human life, so they reap at the end of it. But in the case of *karmis*, the lustful and the worshippers of gods and goddesses, they ever remained moving to and fro in the wheel of *chaurasi*.

14-16. In any case, none of them could escape the net of *Kaal* and nobody could make it to his eternal abode. It was then that the heart of the *Satt Purush* was moved to pity and He appeared in the form of *Sant Satguru* in this world during the *Kaliyuga*. In this capacity He delivered a critical message to all the *jivas* and revealed to them the secret of *Sattlok*.

17-18. Those rare *jivas* who chose to acquiesce to his message and discourses were taken by him to *Sattlok*. But, by and large, the *jivas* were tied up with *Shruti* (Vedas, *Brahmanas* and Upanishads – the revealed truth), and with *Smritis* (the *Mahabharat*, *Ramayan*, the Laws of Manu, the eighteen Puranas – remembered truth), and such *jivas* could not bring to bear any faith and trust in the words of the *Sant Satguru*.

19-21. Again and again, they ask for the testimony of Vedas (in order to believe in the existence of *Satt Desh*) but the Vedas refer to that sphere as *Neti, Neti* ('Not This', 'Not This'). The saints revealed the truth of that time when there was neither the Vedas, nor even the maker or creator of the Ve-

das. The Vedas, therefore, don't know anything about the core of that sphere (*Satt Desh*) and so how can they furnish any testimony on that behalf?

22-24. The mystique of the *Satt Desh* is unfathomable and basically different from all the rest; nobody except for the saints could reveal even an iota of it. As it is, acquiesce to the instructions and teachings of the saints and have trust in them for that is the only reliable and solid testimony about *Satt Desh*. None except for the saints knows anything about the core of that sphere (the Fourth *Lok*); where from the Vedas and other scriptures could furnish any confirmation? How can they testify as to the veracity of the existence of *Satt Desh*?

25-26. They (the Vedas etc.) function within the framework of the three *gunas* and they declare and affirm the utterances of *Kaal* as the supreme law (or command of the sovereign). What is stated in the Vedas is related to the three *gunas* and deals with the dispensation (*niti*) of the three *loks*; O friend, how can they know anything about the state of affairs in the Fourth Sphere (i.e. *Satt Desh*)?

27. I now narrate the process of creation as per the ordainments of *Sant Mat*; after that I turn to the process of dissolution so that all misunderstandings, errors and delusions may be dispelled.

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28-31. I declare and affirm that the origin of all that is there is 'Soami' (the Supreme Lord, Radhasoami *Dayal*) who is Ineffable, Unfathomable, Infinite and Nameless. From Him emanated the *Agam Purush* (the Inaccessible Lord) who occupied his seat in *Agam Lok* (the Inaccessible Sphere). Thereafter dawned the light of the Invisible Lord who set up his camp in the *Alakh Lok* (the Invisible Sphere). Then appeared *Sattnaam* and *Satt Purush* and with this appeared the sphere of *Satt* (i.e. *Sattlok*).

32-37. The *Sattlok* is that delightful, agreeable and firm abode where the *hamsas* (pure spirits) have marvellous sports and gains. Those *loks* are extremely attractive and lovely and their size and expanse is wondrous and amazing. There are eighty-eight thousand isles there where *hamsas* abide in bliss and beatitude. It (*Satt Desh*) is a sphere of joy and bliss which is perennial and eternal – a sphere without a trace of pain and affliction. The sport and frolic there is ever of a new variety and order and the *hamsas* there live in everlasting and perpetual bliss. Ambrosial food and delicate and delicious viands are galore; that sphere is called *Sachch Khand* (Block of Truth) and is indestructible and perennial.

38-40. Thence emerged the Rotating Cave, the presiding deity of which is *Sohang Purush*. Below this was created the vast barrier of *Mahasunn* in the vast plane of which there is *Achint Dweep* (the isle without worry or grief). Underneath that sphere, the Lord created the *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit), the isle of *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Lord) which is lighted and illuminated by the Sound of *Rarankar* (*Purush* and *Prakriti*).

41-45. From there was created the abode of *Trikuti* which is the rest house of *Aumkara*. This is the sphere whence appeared the Vedas and the other revealed books (*kateb*); it is the causa causans of *Triloki* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*). From it emerged the Isle of Cymbal (*Jhanjhari Dweep*) or *Sahasdal Kanwal*, where the *Nirgun Kaal* (Brahman without *gunas*) wields sovereignty (*thakuraayi*). It is from this sphere that the three *gunas* emanated and they became known as *Brahma* (*rajogun*), *Vishnu* (*satogun*) and *Mahesh* (*tamo-gun*). It is from here that the *traigunatmak* creation came about and where categories of creation (*andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*) arose.²⁴

46-47. The *jivas* keep on taking birth and then dying within the framework of *chaurasi*; the *Kaal-Niranjan* has put a noose round their neck. Nobody attains to that sphere of the Merciful Lord (*Radhasoami*); all the *jivas* keep on moving around the *nirgun* and *sagun* Brahman (the lord of *Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Trikuti* and *Sunn*).

48-49. Now, I give an account of the dissolution (of the human body as also of different regions), as one perceives in the withdrawal of primeval energy (*chaitanya*) from this world. When *Kaal* (angel of death) comes to gobble up the *jivas*, the *jiva* becomes absorbed in the breath of *Kaal*.

50-54. The body was made out of earth, and so the earth gobbles it up. The earth was dissolved by water (whence earth had come), and water, in turn,

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was soaked by fire (whence water had ensued). Fire then became transformed into air (from which had emerged fire), and air assumed the form of ether (whence, it had come). The ether (sky) became merged in the dark layers of *Maya* so that darkness enveloped everything and nothing could now be observed. *Maya*, in turn, rolled into Brahman; so to say, *Shakti* became merged in *Shiva*.

55-57. And *Shiva* repaired to the middle of *Aumkara* and *Aumkara*, in turn, reached the gate of *Sunn*. *Sunn*, then, folded up in *Mahasunn* and abided there, while *Mahasunn* repaired to Rotating Cave. Up to this stage (i.e. up to Rotating Cave) dissolution takes place once in a blue moon (very rarely, almost never); this is the entrance to *Sattlok*.

58-60. There is no entry of dissolution beyond, so that it never occurs in *Sattlok*. It is *Kaal* which destroys the three *loks* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*); but it, in turn, gets gobbled up by *Maha Kaal* (the Transcendental Brahman). The *Maha Kaal* reaches the portals of *Sattlok* but it can find no admittance into it and has to halt and stay put outside.

61-63. I have dealt with the process of dissolution and the Grand Dissolution; now I refer to the dissolution of the body (*pind pralai*). When *Kaal* enters the body, the *jiva* begins to depart from this foreign land (for the *surat*, which is a native from *Satt Desh*, this material body is an alien territory). The withdrawal of the *jiva*, breath and life begins from the ganglion of anus, which is the seat of earth.

64-68. Withdrawing from there, the *jiva* comes to the reproductive organ and thence to the middle of the navel (the third ganglion). Withdrawing from the navel, the *jiva* reaches the solar plexus (the heart centre) and from there it drives into the throat (the fifth ganglion). Here, in the throat centre, earth, water, fire and air begin to maul each other. From here, all the four elements together with the spirit-current and breath (*bhaas* and *swaans*) withdraw and move on towards the ether (sky) and thence to the two lotuses of the two portals (i.e. two eyes) and from there they proceed to the Third *Til* or the sixth ganglion – the seat of spirit and the portal of death.

69-70. (From there, they enter *Sunn*, below *Sahasdal Kanwal* and above the sixth ganglion, and then) they get into one of the four species, in accordance with their karmas. It is in this manner that *Kaal* munches and eats up the *jivas*, so that it goes into the endless cycle of birth-death-rebirth, suffering a lot in the process. The fact is that without *Satguru* there can be no harem and shelter; as it is, they ought to resort to guru's sanctuary.

71-72. The *Satguru* speaks of and points to the mystery of the Path and unfolds the Way back home. In the first instance, take recourse to the shelter and protection of the *Satguru* and thereafter take on the shield of the *satsang* (*Satguru* is the weapon of attack on *Kaal* and *satsang* is the shield against *Kaal's* onslaughts).

73-77. Whichever secrets the guru reveals to you believe in them and have
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have full faith in the words and instructions of the guru; adhere to them and practise those instructions regularly and assiduously. Withdraw your *surat* (spirit) from the body, mind and sensory and motor organs; soar to the heavenly spheres and there have a rendezvous with the Word as the guru. Ever and anon, prick up your ears to the unstruck melody and then have a view of the marvellous flame as the mark (of your ascent and progress) at the Third *Til*. Then pierce into the flame and get into *Sunn* (below *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and then via the middle artery (*sushumana*) enter the Crooked Tunnel. Across the Crooked Tunnel go to *Trikuti* and hear the song of *Trikuti* (*Aumkara* and *Gayatri*); this done, you would have vanquished both *Kaal* as well as karma.

78. From there your *surat* will turn and reach the tower of *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit) and whirling in spiritual inebriation your *surat* would reach *Mansarovar* (the focus or reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*, immersion into which purifies the practitioner of all subtle impurities of *Brahmand* that he may have imbibed during the upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* or Brahman).

79-82. From there, you will make it to *Mahasunn* which is utterly dark and where you will hear the four secret Sounds which give you the substance (of spirituality). From there, you will spot and arrive at the Rotating Cave from where you will soar and make it to *Satt Desh*. Then, you will perceive and contact the Invisible and the Inaccessible Lords and holding on to the current of Sound your *surat* would be immersed in bliss and beatitude. There

you will witness and perceive the city of Radhasoami with ineffable effulgence and radiance.

83-84. This, in a nutshell, is an account of the creation and dissolution as also the secret of the Way; whosoever hears it (i.e. one who follows it) will become rid of all delusions and distress. This account of the origin of creation (and dissolution of body and higher spheres) is a fine narration and absolutely unique so that the Vedas and *shastras* do not know an iota of it, O Brother!

85. The Way of the *Sant Mat* is entirely deep and mysterious and nobody knows anything about it save the saints. Radhasoami has, of course, unfolded the mystery and brought it out into the open; it is only some (genuine) seekers who will accept it with faith and trust.

Discourse XXIV (3 Hymns)

The secrets of Vedanta and on the state of theoretical scholars (*vachak gyanis*) and the theme that the goal of Vedanta too can be realised only through the practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

Hymn 1 (148 Verses)

Chado ri sakhi ab Agam atari ...

1-3. O Companion! Let us climb up the tower of the Inaccessible Sphere

Discourse XXIV, Hymn 1 25

(*Agam*) for (Radhasoami) has opened up the chest of my heart. I have picked up the dagger of pangs of separation (from my beloved Radhasoami) in my hand and with that He has chopped off the head of the mischievous *Kaal*. The barrier of the Third *Til* has been exploded straightaway and I have succeeded in obtaining a permanent title deed (lease) to reside in the Inaccessible Sphere.

4-6. I have now perceived the original and fundamental abode and I have now put in the matted hair of love (i.e. I have gone madly in love with Radhasoami). Finding this phenomenal world as whey (residue of skimmed milk), I have abandoned it, and lust and anger have now been expelled and ejected out of me. Greed, gluttony and attachment are now on continuous decline and my karmas and *bharmas* (past deeds and delusions) are on the run.

7-10. My acrobat-like mind is now performing acrobatics; the pitcher of love has now become full to the brim. All pain, pleasure, misgivings and doubts are all diminishing; the clouds of pangs of separation from my beloved lord have overcast my sky. I have found the banks of the *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality in *Sunn*) and I have vanquished the forts of intervening stages fast and speedily, one after the other. Entering the Inaccessible Sphere, I acted there like the *hamsas* (purified spirits) and I now peep into the latticed window of *Sunn*.

11-15. There, the uproarious sound of Word is rising and resonating, and hearing it, I traversed across the three *loks*. The breast of *Kaal*, the hunter, began to throb and his heart began to palpitate out of terror, and Maya (Madam Bubble) began to beat her breasts and weep and wail in anguish, saying: 'He (the *Satguru*) is bent upon desolating my native land; I wonder what has gone into His head. I now offer *cri de coeur* to Radhasoami for I have no other course and remedy to resort to. I cry: 'Don't now rouse and awaken any other *jiva*, if you are still interested in retaining my home and hearth intact in peace and inhabited.

16-19. 'You have redeemed a great many *jivas* and there is no scope for any other *jiva* to be liberated, for even one *jiva*'s liberation will turn out to be of very critical value for me. Please bar your way now; you have already made it so easy and cheap. Enough is enough! O my Lord! Hear my adulation and my *cri de coeur*, for I have now taken resort to your shelter, seeking your protection. All these *jivas* are yours, after all to whom do I belong, if not to you? I have now firmly grasped you as my shield, as my mainstay.'

20-21. Hearing this appeal of Maya, the Lord said: 'O Maya! I have carefully weighted all your mischievous tricks and pranks. You cannot lay your hands on our *jivas* for they are all dead set to go straight to the Immortal and Imperishable Sphere.'

22-24. All the *jivas* have become entangled in *Smrtis* and *shastras*, *Vedas* and *Puranas*. The path of *Sant Mat* is becoming lost, for all the *jivas* have been robbed and plundered by dacoits such as pilgrimages, fasts, rules and regulations of rites and rituals. You, O Maya, have obliged the *jivas* to wor-
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ship stones (idols) and water (the so-called sacred rivers) and you have involved them and wrapped them in *karmas* and *bharmas* (delusions).

25-26. Formal knowledge (*jnan*) and formal contemplation (*dhyan*) have spread everywhere and there are squabbles, skirmishes, and bickerings between the adherents of diverse modes of yoga which indeed are falling one upon the other (*thelam-thela*). All and sundry are lax in the exercise of the four *sadhanas*;²⁵ and if you try to correct them, they argue and create argy-bargy.

27-28. Their mind is fed and fattened by hubris and has become like any unruly and refractory elephant, tight and stiff; but when it comes to the issue of *Sant Mat*, they are like loose ends, scattering here and there. They are devoid of devotion to the guru, nor do they have any love and affection for Name; and if you insist on these requirements of faith, they reply and assert that they have done all this in their earlier lives.

29-30. They deceive and swindle the *jivas* by using the pretext of previous births and successfully delude the lusty *jivas*. Since their childhood they have been indulging in carnal pleasures, and as they acquired formal knowledge, they have sharpened their wits and intellect.

31-33. All of them indulged in mentalism²⁶ and intellectualism.²⁷ But they consume themselves in acquiring name and fame. Now consider

everything justly and after weighing the pros and cons of things – by force of intellect and mind (not by experience) they decry this world as a mere illusion, a dream; and yet every moment they drift along the swift currents and surges of mind, now taking this world as much real as the state of wakefulness.

34-36. If anyone slights them, or insults them, offends and affronts them even a bit, or if they observe anyone being honoured and held in esteem, they immediately become jealous and extremely envious, and they even become furious with their heart burning in anger and resentment. Although outwardly, they put on the image of composure and sage-like quiet and peace but inwardly, they look daggers and glare with hostility, and scowl.

37-40. This is their real living style, their true mental state; I have observed them carefully and have spoken of it in plain terms. They are indeed a stain and a blot on the path of jnan; is this the way that was expounded and advocated by Vyasa? He (Vyasa) was a perfectionist in *Yoga Mat*²⁸ and in respect of jnan as well as contemplation, he had achieved perfection. He achieved an abiding place in the sphere of Brahman and his mind and *surat* became merged in Brahman.

41-42. What he (Vyasa-like *gyaneshwar*) has said about Brahman is unexceptionable; but what these so-called Brahman-*gyanis*, empty-talkers and vainglorious wiseacres talk is mere rubbish. If one boasts of having acquired knowledge (jnan) without performing yoga, one cannot answer the question as to how one can cultivate *sama* (discipline of the mind) and *dama* (discipline of the body and motor and sensory organs without performing assiduous yogic practices).

Discourse XXIV, Hymn 1 27

43-44. As it is, it is incumbent on an earnest striver to practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and pick up *sama* and *dama* from that mode or device. Without cultivating *sama* (mental restraint) and *dama* (restraint on karma and *gyan indriyas*), how can the bliss of self-realisation (*atmanand*) accrue? All the business that you transact without untying the knot of *jada* (gross matter) and *chaitanyata* (vital energy) is false and sham.

45-46. Their case is like that of a bulbul, who having a band of brown plumage and a distinct crest and with the professed claim of being a song bird and a lover of rose, goes to the rose-garden and sits on a rose (deriving full pleasure from its contact with the rose), loses all its pleasure in an instant when a gamester (*khiladi*) drags it away and makes a game of both the rose and the bulbul and declares that their game is up, putting an end to their bliss and causing them distress and gloom twice as much as was their delight.

47-50. Likewise, those wiseacres saunter around the gardens of books and scriptures. They claim to derive pleasure and bliss in the process of reading the books and browsing (posing as if they have subdued and vanquished their mind by studying and browsing the scriptures) but soon after, fall into the thralldom of mind. And if anyone (who knows better) were to caution

them (against their erring ways) they would dismiss him as fake and false and orally admonish him. And, if in the event of their developing some disease and distress (*rog-sog*) they appear to be changing, the apparent change is transitory and fleeting, for they have not been able to untie their knots of *jada* and *chaitanya* which remains as tight as earlier.

51-55. Then, of what avail is such a knowledge and what reliance can be placed on it? O *sadhs*! In all such cases, the mind will dissemble and deceive them again and again. As it is, you ought to practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* so that in no time you will be able to acquire *sama* and *dama*. (And what is the test of *sama* and *dama*? The test is this:) If the mind does not stick to the Word (*Shabd*), conclude that such a person has not been able to acquire *sama*. For if *sama* had accrued to them, then in an instant their mind would have become absorbed and merged into the Word. And if the mind continues to be fickle, changeable and capricious (*chanchal*), then, their knowledge would also be unsteady, fanciful and untenable and they would remain remote from that bliss and pleasure which accrues to one whose soul is unshakeable and unwavering (*atma nishchal*).

56-57. What can I say about the might and main of the bliss of soul? Only those who are its recipients know about it. Such people, every moment, live soulfully through the medium of their soul (instead of their mind and body)! Now I ask you: 'Tell me how much are you inclined to be soulful and live in bliss and beatitude, gifted by the soul?'

58-60. If your propensities are not turned inward – towards the spirit – take it from me that you are short of acquiring *sama*. If your natural tendency and disposition is turned inward and got in contact with your spirit, you will notice your delight and rapture rising day in and day out. In a moment you

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will jettison all the carnal pleasures of this fleshly world, and you will ignore this world as the child does – living in the world and be out of it!

61-62. It is the inwardness of the propensities and proclivities that is vital; outward or external show and appearance will not be of much avail for your spiritual cause and mission. You ought to recognise your inner state yourself by self-introspection and self-analysis and not be carried away by what others say; don't accept in the least what they say.

63-64. The truly wise (*gyani*) no longer remains bound by his destiny or fate because outwardly he appears to be embodied but in reality he becomes dissociated from his bodies – gross, actual and causal (untouched by corporeal pains and pleasures). Now if you have not yet attained to this state (*gati*) take it from me that your knowledge (of which you make so much) is false and fake.

65-66. You can never become truly wise (*gyani*) without performing yoga, and nobody without yoga can be delivered from the vicious circle of birth-death-rebirth. And since all the old systems of yogas (*Raj* yoga of Patanjali, *Gita* yoga of Krishna, *Jnan* yoga of Shankaracharya, *Hatha* yoga, *Lai* yoga, *Bhakti* yoga and *Mantra* yoga etc.) have all become non-functional and

obsolete, you ought to practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* which is now affirmed to be operative, relevant and functional.

67-70. As of now, you ought to take to *Sant Mat* and follow its tenets assiduously (*neeha*) for *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* alone holds the key (of deliverance in *Kaliyuga*). The old yogas were in tune with the prescribed norms (dharma) of the past ages; the present *jivas* do not have the gall and guts to perform them successfully. In those *yugas* (times) the *jivas* were *Ishwar koti* (receptive to the urges of *Ishwar*; *satoguni*) but at present, the *jivas*' intellect is perverse and despicable. They are reckoned with the ordinary *jivas* and they cannot be expected to adhere and follow these devices (as were prevalent then).

71-73. As it is, at present, both the *gyan* (or *jnan*) *marg* and yoga are ruled out as obsolete, irrelevant and invalid; the saints, for the present age have upheld the way of *bhakti* and reverence (for the guru). If you now practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, your living style will also become like those *Ishwar koti jiva*. And when, inside your being, you attain to the status of *Ishwar*,²⁹ you will be moulded into the pattern of *Ishwar*.

74-76. Only then can you legitimately claim to have attained *jnan* successfully; as it is, everyone cannot be entitled to be called a *gyani* and to have attained to *gyan*. Unless and until your consciousness and attention become steady and unwavering (*nishchal*), let no one, including you, dare listen to any discourse on *jnan*. And attention cannot become steady and unfluctuating without performing contemplation and meditation (*upasana*); and the only object worth contemplation and meditation is the Word (*Shabd*).

77-80. And if one insists that he had performed *upasana* in earlier births, and made the necessary exertions in accomplishing it, then his mind should have been steadfastly focused on the soul or *atma*³⁰ and nobody should feel

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surprised about it. But if the mind has not worn the colours of *atma* (become absorbed in the *atma*), then take all their claims about *upasana* and the rest as false and premature. As it is, everyone ought to devote oneself to *upasana* so that all the persisting longings, yearnings and cravings may be stricken off (erased and removed, and cut out).

81-82. And if you sometimes argue and contend that the *gyanis* don't have to undertake such exertions, the reply is that this argument is applicable to those *gyanis* who have attained to the real Brahman (i.e. *laksh gyanis* by practising yoga and *upasana*) and not to the empty-talkers and wiseacres; it is indeed unbecoming of them.

83-85. Now, just deliberate and do some introspection so that you may discover that you yourself are a mere talker, an empty prattler and a braggart. By browsing the books don't be taken in and fall a victim to self-deception. Why do you indulge in such inane and shallow talk? Bring to bear devotion and reverence (for the guru) in your mind, and take it and accept it as the *yuga* dharma of *Kaliyuga*.³¹

86-90. The *Satt Purush* has now assumed the human form and in the form of a living saint he has become the king of the entire world. He has now ordained that 'nobody should even think of attaining to redemption without devotion and dedication (to the living *Satguru*). How can anyone be liberated without *bhakti*? Without devotion to the guru nobody can swim across this perilous ocean of Mind and Matter; and without guru-*gyan* (the only true knowledge), nobody can manage to sail across. Deem the guru *gyan* as indeed the knowledge of the Word, and any other guru (i.e. anyone who does not advocate *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) to be false and fake. (And what is Word?) O Brother! The Word is another name for the resonance which emerged from the tenth aperture (*Sunn* or the Sphere of Spirit).

91-92. Until and unless the *surat* catches hold of the Sound (*dhun*), nobody can crush and curb the mind. And without curbing and crushing the mind, there can be no swimming across or salvation, and one will ever and anon drift along the currents of the ocean of Mind and Matter and will remain submerged into it, life after life.

93-95. As it is, curb and kill the mind with the device of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*; don't take recourse to any other device or strategy. *Kaal* is chasing and running after *jivas*; he has concealed the milk and is making you drink whey and buttermilk. The four Vedas (Rig-Veda, Sama, Yajur and Atharva) and the six *shastras* (Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga, Mimamsa and Vedanta) have all been rejected by saints as invalid and null and void (for *Kaliyuga*).

96-100. They have made and composed their discourses but the idiots and the fools, the *pandits* and all, have sought to compare and contrast them with the traditional scriptures (Vedas and *shastras*). Whosoever keeps the company of the *pandits*, would have lost his moorings and his wits and would pass into the thralldom of *Kaal*. Such fellows are the agents of *Kaal* and don't

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accept a bit of what they say. The faith of the saints (the *Sant Mat*) is wholly distinct and separate from them. Get at the perfect guru and reflect on what he says and instructs (i.e. follow his teachings). Without gaining access to the perfect guru, nothing worthwhile can come to hand, and the perfect guru is he who advocates *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

101-03. And if by *shabd* someone means something other than the sound (*dhun*), he is interpreting the *shabd* falsely and wrongly. You may call it *shabd* or unstruck melody (*anhad shabd* or *dhun*), it does not mean anything else except this which, of course, is so peculiar and unique (a feature of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*). Time and again, I have referred to it and I say it again that without practising *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, there is no other (meaningful) practice.

104-07. If you are really interested in your liberation, hold fast to *shabd* and don't tarry. I have said all that I sought to say; the rest, of course, depends upon the *mauj* (sweet Will and discretion) of the Lord. Whosoever is the recipient of

His grace and compassion will get to know the secret of *Shabd*. I am saying it again and again that you ought to turn your mind inward, inside the Sound.

108-10. *Kaal* is known as a great barbarian (coarse, insensitive, uncultured, vicious and brutal, i.e. *baryaar*) from whose tentacles nobody can escape. Without the (help, and guidance and grace of) saints there can be no redemption and nobody can go across the three *loks* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*, on to *Satt Desh*). The Fourth *Lok* is the court of the saints, and only a darling of the saints can reach there.

111-13. As it is, take to the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and embark on the journey to *Sattlok*. All other systems or ways are the extension of *Kaal*'s dispensation which includes all the Hindus and Mussalmans, Jains, and the helpless Englishmen who prefer to appeal to Jesus Christ,³² and Parasnath.³³

114-17. The Christians call Jesus as the 'son of God'³⁴ and the Jains hail Parasnath as a Tirthankara.³⁵ I regard this as correct but there is a point involved in it which deserves to be noticed. It is right to say that Jesus is the son of that who is called as Lord of the Three Worlds (*Triloki*). I also concede that Tirthankara is he who has attained to nirvana or gained access to the sphere of *Niranjan*.

118-20. The Jains call it as the 'Liberation-Pole' (Nirvana Pole); I very well know and recognise their religion. The Hindus call Ram as Brahman and the Muslims speak of and weigh Allah (the Exalted One) and *Khuda* (the Supreme Lord without a parallel, *Wehad-ulla-Shareeh*). But none of them has been able to detect the core of *Khuda* Himself (one who is there at His own, as the *causa causans* – the Uncaused Cause – and they pulled a curtain on the face of the Father or the Creator of the father of Ram, i.e. Brahman (i.e. they have concealed the Father of Ram's maker, i.e. Radhasoami *Dayal* whose creature Brahman is).

121-24. That post (the *pada* of the Uncaused Cause) is far ahead of the post of the Ram who is Brahman; that post lies in the Fourth *Lok* where the

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saints abide. Nanak³⁶ and Kabir³⁷ have spoken of Him and Tulsi Saheb,³⁸ in particular, has referred to Him. In their discourses, they have sung the adulation and adoration and praises of that *pada* which they have delineated as the *Sachch Khand*. Now, don't have the slightest doubt in your mind and fasten your hopes and gaze upon *Sattlok* (the abode of saints).

125-30. Rest assured and entertain firm hopes and set your sights on *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. Discard, shed and wash up all the learning, all the karmas (rites and rituals) treating them as delusions and illusions. The *jivas* cannot be emancipated and lifted by such devices, modes and practices; as it is, take to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* as the ultimate device. This is my instruction to the adherents of all the four religions: Hinduism, Islam, Christianity and Jainism, viz. catch hold of the mode of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and get on to that *lok* – the Fourth *Lok*. That Fourth *Lok* is inaccessible and unfathomable and its sheen

and splendour is ineffable. There, the *Satt Purush* ever abides, sitting gloriously and resonating (with the sound of harp) from the throne of lotus.

131-33. The light of crores of suns and moons is put to shame and disgrace at the effulgence and radiance issuing forth from His each and every fibre and hair. There, one can see separate isles created for all the *hamsas* (purified spirits), and all of them ever taste the ambrosial viands. There, the pools and reservoirs full of water of life abound; the sheen and splendour, the grandeur and greatness of *Sachch Khand* is unique and peculiar.

134-36. O Brother! There are other innumerable entertainments there (*bil-aas aneka*), and to describe them one by one is not possible. There are infinite stores of diamonds, pearls and rubies there which have filled in the marvellous treasures in that sphere. There are marvellous *ragas* and *raginis*³⁹ there and there is perennial spring there; what can I say of that sphere's might and main which is endless and infinite.

137-40. Deem the *Triloki* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*) as subject to decay and end; but that sphere (the *Sattlok*) is perennial, everlasting and eternal. O Brother! How far can I go in dealing with the glory and majesty of the *hamsas* there? Even innumerable suns and moons will be put to shame and feel small at their sight. There the scent and sweet fragrances of innumerable order rise and spread all over, so that crores of sandalwood trees of Malayagir⁴⁰ would, in comparison, fade. There the *hamsas* enjoy perennial entertainment and eternal bliss, and they have no hope or expectation of any sort save the glimpses of *Satt Purush* at whose sight they remain ecstatic.

141-42. There, in *Sattlok*, the *hamsas* are in a state of continual rapture and delight; there is no trouble or tribulation, no pain or affliction, no business or transaction or avocation there. It is a state of marvellousness, a state of *hairat* – the state of all absorbing love which to be perfect must be wholly selfless. What one perceives there is *hairat*, and what one experiences is *hairat*; what shall I say – it is all *hairat* and *hairat*, wonder and wonder!

143-45. The intellect of the intellectuals becomes lost there so that they find

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find nothing worthwhile there. Both intellect and intellection and learning stand frustrated there and the mystique of *Sant Mat* goes to their head (makes them dizzy and confused). They wish to comprehend it by intellect and materialism and intellection, in which effort they turn out to be a complete flop and remain deluded and beguiled.

146-48. As it is, give up the crutches of the intellect and reason and join your mind and *surat* with the Word. Day and night practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, for by intellect you will get nowhere. This (the *Sant Mat*) is entirely a matter of spiritual endeavour and exertion (*karni*); it cannot be comprehended by reflection, mentalism and intellectualism; give up intellectual exertion and take to spiritual endeavour so that you may attain to something of the Reality.

Hymn 2 (43 Verses)

Ghat kapat door kar bhai ...

1-2. O Brother! Cleanse your being of pretentiousness, speciousness and hypocrisy (*kapat*). Cultivate faith and reverence for the holy feet (of the *Sat-guru*) and intensify love for, and confidence in, him. Merely by the word of the mouth, your spiritual cause will not be served; you will not make any progress till love (for the Master) sprouts in your heart.

3-5. The empty-talkers (*vachak*) call themselves as warriors who admire and praise their heroism without even watching what actual war is. But when sometimes the adversaries confront them, they take to their heels, leaving no trace of themselves behind. Their intellect and perception is so much clouded that they totally fail to comprehend their real situation and strength (*gati*).

6-7. Their case is like that of a mouse (*moosa*) who is the hero of its hole and poses as if it has no fear whatsoever of the cat. Sitting in its hole, it boasts and brags indulging in fanfaronade and rodomontade of its bravery, and swanking that it will overpower and slay the cat if it comes its way.

8-10. But when the cat does come up to its hole and calls upon it, 'O brave fighter! Come out! You are a great soldier! Confront me', hearing this mew of the cat, the poor *chyaoon* (*choohey* or rats) get so scared that each and everyone of them takes to flight, leaving no clue of whither they are fleeing. Such is the plight of these wisecracks in the world, who keep on boasting about the greatness of their own *vairag*⁴¹ like a cockalorum!

11-12. But, in fact, they are luckless (*bhaagheen*) and they cut no ice even with Maya or Madam Bubble who cuts them short; and this is taken by their mind to be renunciation! But the truth is that they are ever on the run in search of the wealthy and affluent, who could be induced to accept their teachings.

13-15. And if by a conspiracy of circumstances fortuitously they do succeed in procuring the objects of their sensual pleasure, they fully enjoy them yet claiming to be perfect spiritualists and asserting that enjoyment of sensual objects is after all in the basic nature, temper and duty (*dharma*) of the mind. And in case of failure to obtain these objects of pleasure they attribute this failure to their bad luck or evil fate or try to explain it away in innumerable ways.

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16-20. All the time and every moment, they indulge in love and hatred (loving some and hating others), not even caring to remember as to what has happened to their *vairag* (withdrawal and renunciation). As it is, they style themselves as renunciants just because they totally and miserably fail to achieve objects of pleasure; indeed, all their knowledge and wisdom is like the stick of *lac* (sealing wax). Apparently it looks hard as granite, but it melts away the moment it is bright in contact with fire. While talking, they argue that honour and dishonour are alike but when it comes to actual practice and behaviour, they always desire and cherish honour and pride. And if someone dishonours them or insults or slights them, they become furious and turn his enemy.

21-23. Whosoever honours them and holds them in esteem, they start loving him and wrap him and take him in their own fold. They readily perform all other actions all the time but when it comes to devotion and love (for the *Satguru*), they linger and become languid and inert. The love, the devotion of which the saints speak and which they emphasise goes over their heads and they don't get at its core at all.

24-25. They eat, drink, dress and perform all other physical activities, except that they have no use for *bhakti* (devotion) which they remove (from their daily routine). They stress that this phenomenal realm is practically necessary and is, in fact, true and existent, but they dismiss *bhakti* as unreal and ask others to give it up.

26. Pilgrimage, fasts, *yamas* (five abstinences, namely, not to injure, not to lie, not to steal, not to be sensual, and not to be greedy), five observances (to be clean, content, self-controlled, studious and devoted), and six *karmas* (to teach, study, make sacrifices or *yajnas*, offering them to others, give gifts and accept gifts) they observe scrupulously and they ever perform *puja* and recite the holy books.

27-30. They study books, acquire learning of diverse sorts and they also teach others. They saunter around, watch *tamashas* and visit places here and there and run around fairs and join gatherings, jostling and pushing around people, completely deluded and running astray from the right course. Such activities they undertake and never abandon, but when it comes to *bhakti*, they claim that either they have done it in their last life or they assert that by indulging in *bhakti* they will have to be born again. The knowledge which scientifically and rationally speaking is the product of *bhakti* alone, they accept as the true path to salvation.

31-33. They do not practise devotion, nor do they cultivate humility nor do they respect and revere anyone, but they teach others to practise devotion to them and to revere and respect them. If anyone were to give away riches and wealth to them, they accept it pretending religiosity and piety. They are adept in performing all mundane activities and functions; they only oppose devotion and dedication (*bhakti*).

34-36. They disregard and shun *bhakti* as if it will do them harm and apprehend damage ensuing from it. They brand devotion to guru as the lion of a

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dream (or a lion painted on cloth) which one should abandon without tarrying. But the *karmas* (like pilgrimages, fasts, rites, rituals, *yajnas*, *japas*, *tapas*, and so on) and all the carnal pleasures they will never forsake and will go on observing them closely and enjoy them ceaselessly.

37-39. By word of mouth they call sensual pleasures as the faeces of crow, but in practice they do not abandon them and in fact they eat faeces. Every moment they discard devotion and reverence (for the guru) but they live with *karmas* (rites and rituals etc.) till the last breath of their life. Those

practices which would have mauled, beaten and battered the mind, they jettison and call them as mythical, imaginary and fictitious!

40-43. They do not treat any other karma as mythical and go on consuming themselves in the heat and furnace of all these acts like (*panch-agni*, penances, ascetic practices, fasts and so on). Such witless and foolish people follow the caprices and whims of their unstable, fickle and ever changing mind, fearlessly drift along with them without caring about their dangerous outcome. They don't have any faith in the words of saints and don't take to *Surat-Shabd marg*. Radhasoami now calls upon you: 'O Brother, don't accept and adhere to such a path!'

Hymn 3 (41 Verses)

Hey vidya tu badi avidya ...

1-3. O *Vidya* (dianoetic and discursive knowledge)! You are indeed a great bundle of ignorance, for you haven't realised the worth of the saint. The saints are an ocean replete with love, but you! You are, on the contrary, immersed and sunk in the cesspool of (corporeal) *buddhi* or discursive and argumentative intellect and reason. The saints are in deep love with their beloved Lord, and their *surat* is immersed in the Word (unstruck melody or *anhad shabd*).

4-6. You crave for honour and distinction, and hanker after wealth and riches, and remain constantly lapped and wrapped in shrewdness and craftiness. During this *Kaliyuga* you have besieged a great many *jivas*; it is only the rare, guru-oriented devotees who have escaped your charms and spells. While the utterances of the saints are soaked in love and are charged with actual experience, you are living incessantly consumed by the heat of intellectual skirmishes and exercises.

7-8. Lot of people have reached the end of their tether by studying and repeatedly reading and browsing the Vedas; but without love, nothing came to their hand. They became bloated by interpreting and re-interpreting, commenting and counter-commenting on the Vedic texts; but they remained innocent of the core and substance of the experience of Reality.

9-10. They keep roaming about in the dense forest of books and *granthas*, and they waste away their entire span of life in reading and re-reading the *pothis* (books and scriptures). They cannot stay put within, even for a while (i.e. they cannot concentrate or contemplate and meditate on the Truth (that

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which exists, which alone exists, i.e. the Uncaused Cause – Radhasoami) so that they simply cannot measure and determine the maddening speed of the flight of their mind and imagination.

11. They always remain engrossed in reading scriptures and books ignoring completely the inner book of supreme knowledge which they neither read themselves nor do they ask others to read.

12-14. If you speak to them about the secret and mystery of the inner being, their mind is repelled and lends no support. As for the saints, they elevate their *surat* to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) and they ever prick up their ears to listen to the unstruck melody of those spheres. Their dispensation and ways are unfathomable and infinite, while you are ever busy in humouring the people and currying their favour.

15-17. The loving devotees do not acquiesce to what you say, although you keep on harping upon your pet tales. Day and night, you keep on hankering after praises and eulogies, applause and approbation, for your heart is full of desire for acclaim and plaudits, encomium and adoration. Just think of your own failings and faults and take steps to remove them.

18-20. Why do you pass your life in deception and credulousness, instead of taking to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and raising your *surat* upward? Take to this practice, abandoning the pursuit of dianoetic knowledge, so that you may find the traces and signals of *Sattnaam* within your own being. You simply cannot win the battle against your mind by pursuing this discursive knowledge; in doing this, you will be shooting arrows in a vacuum.

21-23. The *Sant Mat* is qualitatively different from the pursuit of dianoetic knowledge, for such learning is a robberess, a dacoitess, and *jivas* are the victims of her thuggery. They are devoid of devotion, feeling of reverence (for the guru) and love, and regard the loving devotees as idiots and nincompoops. On the strength of their erudition and learning, they remain arrogant and haughty and they have no love lost with the saints.

24-25. In the heart of their hearts they have no concern or worry about the damage they are inflicting on their spiritual cause and on their *jiva-surat*, for they remain immersed in the longing and craving for acquiring good reputation and honour in the world. By word of mouth, they call this world mythical, unreal and fictitious but when it comes to brass tacks, they hold and esteem the world as real and true.

26-30. These theoretical scholars remain lost in the world of specious learning so that they have never attained to the spiritual level where honour and dishonour are put on par. As it is, let all (those concerned about salvation) unlearn, forget and discard their discursive knowledge and come along and seize firmly the sanctuary of the saints. Those who are the lovers of real knowledge (spiritual and intuitive wisdom) alone will be wrapped in the fold and company of the saint. But not a single dianoetic scholar will be able to stay there; therefore deem all discursive knowledge to be a hurdle and hindrance in

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the Way. Saints acquire no such formal knowledge; for them (spiritual) experience, ipso facto, constitutes an unlimited ocean of real knowledge and wisdom.

31-33. Their selfless love is directed towards their beloved Lord; how can they care to remember or recall anything about discursive learning? They have lost all awareness of their body and mind; how and where can their dis-

cursive knowledge abide? As it is, from every point of view, it is love which is important and which alone counts (in spiritual matters); both knowledge and ignorance are alike harmful.

34-36. Those who have no love lost with the Word, they are degraded and demeaned by discursive knowledge. They will never be released from transmigration (metempsychosis) and will continue to drift along the currents of *chaurasi*. As it is, unlearn and discard all dianoetic knowledge and ascend to higher spheres within, and make your *surat* fastened tightly with the Word.

37-41. (Like other objects of sensual pleasure) deem this dianoetic knowledge also as an object of sensual pleasure and as a serious deficiency (*ashakti*); this deficiency, leading to attachment with formal knowledge, is undesirable. Neither lectures (*kathni*) nor debates (*badni*) will be of any avail; without dedication and love (for the *Satguru*) you will have to suffer horrendous punishment at the hands of Yama (the god of death). Without devotion to the guru, the entire world has missed the opportunity for redemption, although they continue to be deluded and misled by all sorts of clever, cunning and crafty practices. As it is, the only remedy which I recommend to be decisive and valid for this age, is *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and devotion to guru; treat all other devices and modes as mythical and false. Practice *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* with love and devotion; this is what Radhasoami exhorts you to do.

Discourse XXV (3 Hymns)

The narration and analysis of the error of vedanta *mat* and the adherents of vedanta who, mistaking the subtle form of *Kaal Purush* as *Anami* (Nameless) and the ultimate end, became absorbed in it and got no clue to Radhasoami whose ocean-like form they do not believe and for whom they do not cultivate any love and devotion.

Hymn 1 (40 Verses)

Satguru aarat leenh singaree ...

1-3. Retracing my *surat* from the range of gross matter and all-pervasive Brahman or non-intelligent vital force, I now perform the *aarti* of *Satguru* with full decor and embellishment. I abandon the land of *jiva-chaitanya* (all-pervasive or *vyapak* Brahman) and I embark on the journey to the land of *shabd-chaitanya* (i.e. the Live Word). I made it to the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and rising, I soar to Kailash Mountain (*Trikuti*).⁴²

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4-5. Entering into the gate of the middle artery (*sushumana* or *sukhmana*) I broke into the Crooked Tunnel and reversed the current of Ganga or *surat*. I now recognised the three currents of Ganga (*pingla*), Yamuna (*ida* or *ira*) and Saraswati (*sukhmana* or *sushumana*), which constitute *Triveni*.⁴³

6-8. Reaching *Trikuti*, my *surat* besieged the fort of Lanka and perceived that Ravana (Brahman) is the ruler of Lanka (*Trikuti*) and its conqueror is Ram, the mind. Sita is the name of the Sound of *Trikuti*, holding which the *surat* reaches the metropolis of Ram, i.e. Ayodhya, which is the source (*Adi*) of *Brahmand*. Ravana, Sita and Ram – all of them became absorbed there (in the *Sunn* region) and from there they began to reign and govern the creation below that non-decadent abode.

9-10. The *surat* vanquished the hill of Sumeru of gold in the land of the rising sun and then turned towards the Sphere of the Moon (the Sphere of Spirit or *Sunn*). The city of *Sunn* is the abode of *Akshar Purush* (Imperishable Deity), where the *surat* perceives the *Achint* Isle and the *Neeh Akshar* (the Imperishable Deity) beyond *Akshar Purush*.

11-13. Across the spheres of *Akshar (Sunn)* and *Neeh Akshar (Mahasunn)*, the *surat* perceives a door entering which she leaves the sphere of *Mahasunn* and penetrates into the Rotating Cave where the *surat* becomes elutriated and hears the Sound of *Sohang*. From there she turns around and makes it to the City of *Satt (Sattlok)*, and from there she runs, dashes and rushes on to the road leading to the Invisible Sphere (*Alakh*).

14-16. Thence, she goes into the Inaccessible region (*Agam Lok*) and makes it to the sphere that is *Adhar* – timeless and spaceless – and then catches the glimpses of its deity, the *Agam Purush*. The saints have called it as the *unmun* land (self-absorbed) and *bismadhi* (*vishesh samadhi* or ‘extraordinarily ecstatic’) and *hairat* (all-absorbing love which to be perfect must be selfless). That sphere is called as Nameless (*Anami*) and Ineffable (*Akeh*), for it has neither form (*roop*), nor contours (*rekha*), nor colour (*rang*).

17-20. This pole the saints have set up for their own abode, but for want of perception, people indulge in all sorts of clap-trap (contrived, foolish, insincere, pretentious, self-centred talk). It is only the one who rises so high who can become bereft of form, colour, and contours. The *Sattlok*, as well as *triloki* – all the four – are within the gamut of form, colour and contours. It is only the one who transcends these four *loks* who can claim to be out of the range of, and separated from form, colour and contour.

21-23. The *atma* which is a drop, leaving the ocean of spirit, descended into the spheres of *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand* and became absorbed there. It is only the one who has acquired full knowledge of the pure *atma* and the ocean from which it has descended who can become dissociated from form, colour and contour. But if one remains saturated and content in his mind with the knowledge of the drop (*atma*) alone, he cannot even dream of acquiring the knowledge of the ocean of spirit.

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24-27. The land of drop (*jiva-atma*) is extremely low, while the sphere of the Ocean of Spirit is the most exalted. But the ignoramuses put the drop and the Ocean on a par and call the region of drop as the Ocean. When saints speak of the sphere of Ocean and reveal its whereabouts, they (the fools and

the ignoramuses) don't believe them. The saints have openly declared that the sphere of ocean is free from form, colour and contours and they have also revealed its whereabouts.

28-30. It is a great pity that they (the fools) could not perceive form and colour in the drop (i.e. in the *jivatma* or *jiva-atma*); form and colour were there in the drop, albeit, in the form of seed which they could not discern. This position (that of *jivatma*) and that status (the Ocean of Spirit) are not one and the same, although the wiseacres by intellectual skulduggery try to mix up the two, holding that the two are one and the same. In my considered view, these wiseacres are idiots, stupid and nincompoops; how can I persuade them to have correct perception.

31-33. These fellows, in order to believe anything, seek the testimony of the Vedas, and place no reliance on the words of the saints. They have neither heard of nor perceived the sphere of the saints, so that all of them can easily be duped and deceived by *Kaal*. He (*Kaal*) has concealed the Ocean but shown the drop, and seeing the drop (and its majesty and effulgence) they all have lost their moorings and have been fascinated, charmed and beguiled.

34-35. The mystery of the Ocean of which the saints speak, they seek to attribute it all to the drop, thus obliterating all distinction between the drop and the Ocean. Now, how and in what ways shall I clarify things to them and bring them round to perceive the truth? I, therefore, accept defeat and take to silence.

36-39. I take to performing the *aarti* (of the *Satguru*) and intensify and augment my love (for Him), and refrain from speaking of their wranglings and argy-bargy. Holding fast to the *shabd*, I elevate my *surat* and get absorbed into the Ocean with ease. I have gained access to Radhasoami *Satguru*, whose might and main, majesty and magnificence is inaccessible and unfathomable. Time and again, I make an oblation of myself to Him and I offer all my strength, my body and mind on the sanctuary and haven of his feet.

40. The mystery of this end and that end (*vaar-paar*) and of the beginning and end, I have appreciated and comprehended fully. I have also got at the inaccessible, the imperishable,⁴⁴ the impermeable and the invulnerable; all my error and delusions have become exhausted and vanished.

Hymn 2 (33 Verses)

Jag jarat bhau dukh mool ...

1-3. In this phenomenal realm, the state of wakefulness is the root of suffering and pain; even the dream state is full of pain and pleasure, both of which function like a noose round one's throat. The state of *sushupati* (deep sleep and slumber) induces a little relief but even that does not last long. In all these three

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states (wakefulness, dream and deep slumber) the *jiva* keeps on loitering and wandering all the eight parts of day and night (i.e. twenty-four hours) so that there is no sangfroid anywhere.

4-10. Now, what to do? Whom shall I ask about it? I twist and squirm in pain; day and night in the fire of separation from my beloved, I burn. Nobody shows me the way to ataraxia, and all of them delude me – karmas (rites, rituals, *japa*, *tapa* and so on) and delusions and illusions. Some recommend pilgrimages and fasts; others emphasise engrossment in *japa* and *tapa*. But nobody talks of the essential secret and mystery of the Eternal Abode (*nij bhed*); this human birth is being wasted and whiled away. When I sank into this wearisome anxiety and worry, then the *Satguru* came to my succour and rescue. Pitying my plight, he revealed to me the secret and unfolded the path to the state of *turiya*⁴⁵ (after the third, i.e. *Sahasdal Kanwal*).

11-14. Then he proceeded to tell me about what is ahead of *turiya* and then again of the stage beyond. After that he made me perceive of what is ahead of that, and narrated to me what is across that stage. Then, he explained to me the mystery of what lies ahead of it, and then expounded what lies beyond that. Also that he spoke of yet ahead and declared it as the Eternal Abode.

15-18. In this way, he (the *Satguru*) narrated to me the inaccessible dispensation and the exalted rank of the saints, to which the Vedas and other scriptures can have no access. All of them sat down exhausted in *turiya* and nobody had the strength to look to the core of Reality beyond. The saints have revealed so many posts and positions none of which could be attained without taking recourse to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. The *Satguru*, once again, reveals to you the inner secrets and now openly tells you what is what.

19-21. *Turiya* is in *Sahasdal Kanwal*; after this, there is *Turiyateet*⁴⁶ or *Trikuti*. Soar to the tenth aperture which opens into *Sunn* and then go ahead and take a measure of *Mahasunn*. Then you reach *Bhanwar Gupha* – the Rotating Cave – and therefrom you gain access to the post of *Sattnaam*, i.e. *Sattlok*.

22-25. Thence you proceed higher and reach the court of the Invisible Lord and become his courtier. Then, take to the sphere of the Inaccessible and watch the whole scenario there. Thereafter, he (the *Satguru*) took me to Radhasoami Sphere which is the real, Eternal Abode. And they – the adherents of *jnan marg* and *Karmakand* – do not gain access even to *turiya*; they only talk of *turiya*.

26-28. The *jiva surat* functions and passes to you all the three states of wakefulness, dream and deep slumber, and the wiseacres call this last (deep slumber) as the state of *turiya*. These wiseacres, empty-talkers and chatterers are so terribly unjust to themselves and to others, that they lost sight of the fourth state (*turiya*) and wasted their years in the deep sleep of ignorance. The earlier *yogeshwar gyanis* (like Vyasa and Vashisht) soared to the state of *Moor Dhani*⁴⁷ and sported in *Trikuti* with *Aumkara*.

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29-33. They sang of the four states – wakefulness, sleep, deep slumber and *turiya* – and called the fifth (i.e. *Turiyateet*) as the seat of *chaitanya* (Brahman). They sang of the deity, distinct from the four and called it as the

seat of *atma*. But these wiseacres abandoned the *Turiyateet* altogether and called the *manakash*⁴⁸ as the seat of *atma*. Now, how can I explain things to these foolish wiseacres? They have indeed been duped and deceived so much (as to be beyond redemption). Radhasoami now exhorts and cautions: ‘O Brother! Be watchful and escape these fellows – the mischievous wiseacres.’

Hymn 3 (11 Verses)

Surat meri duvidha aan chali ...

1-4. My *surat* has been cheated and swindled by duality – the state of doubt and uncertainty; such is the arrow shot at me by the formidable and strong *Kaal*. O Companion! What remedy shall I resort to now? I am burning in the fire of doubts and uncertainty. There is a guru who advocates the *jnan marg* and Vedanta; there is another guru who expounds the path of the Word! I am simple-minded and ignorant and don’t quite know the core of Reality and cannot decide which path is better.

5-11. As for the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, I am not quite up to it and this deficiency rankles in my heart. Even the discourses on knowledge are beyond my comprehension so that I am unable to adopt either of the two paths – *jnan marg* and *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. What shall I say? I have reached the end of my tether and have sat down exhausted, for I know that without the Lord’s will and command nothing can get going. Radhasoami now decisively declares and emphatically asserts: ‘Forsake doubt and uncertainty and devote yourself heart and soul to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. This *jnan marg* is a wide network of *Kaal*, and it mauls and batters all the *jivas* and swallows them up. The compassionate Lord has stressed the device of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, to which I now firmly adhere, without retracing my steps from it.

Discourse XXVI (216 Verses)

Dialogue with *surat* wherein the entire mystery of *Sant Mat* or Radhasoami *Mat* is revealed, as also the secret of all other religions which are prevalent in the world, together with the modus operandi of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and the varying secrets and mysteries of all the intervening stages are dealt with.

QUESTION 1

1-11. Now the *surat* questions the Soami: ‘Do kindly speak to me about your own secrets: (a) In which *lok* do you abide and what for and with what objective have you descended to this planet? How far away is your native land? The *surat* seeks it but finds no traces of it. (b) How and why did I get

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separated from you? Why have I come to this alien territory? (c) Reveal to me all about my plight and make me perceive your own native land. (d) Since when have I fallen into the lap of Mind and Maya for since then I have

suffered many an affliction. Why did I forget your native lands (i.e. my own native land) and stumbled into this foreign country knowing it to be foreign? Do you abide in the nether realm (*paataal*) or in this death-oriented *lok* (where individuals die every now and then)? Do you reside in Paradise or in the sphere of Brahman? Do you live in Vishnu *lok* (*Vaikunth*) or in *Svarg* (Indrapuri) or in the sphere of Shiva? Do you subsist in Krishna *lok* or in Ram *lok*, in the land of *Prakriti* (Mother Nature) or in the country of *Purush* (*Ishwar*), or is it that you pervade in all the *loks*, in all the four species (*andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*) and in all the sensate and insensate creatures on a large scale?

12-14. Why did you throw me down into the region of *Kaal* and made me wander about a great deal in pleasure and pain? And why have you come down here in order to rouse me? You have assumed an extremely attractive form which fascinates me. I have watched your feet and I have become your thrall; kindly reveal to me all your secrets and mysteries.

Answer to the first part of Question 1

15-18. Then, smilingly the Soami (Master) spoke: ‘O *surat*! Hear me for I now reveal the whole secret which I now bring out into the open. Since you have asked me about my entire secret, I am explaining it to you at length. I am Inaccessible, Nameless and entirely non-material (*Amaya*). In my own sweet will and desire, I am immersed in the spaceless and the timeless (*Adhar*). Nobody can get at my mystery; it is only when I decide to speak up about it that it will come to be narrated.’

19-22. ‘At first, I assumed the form of the Inaccessible Person (*Agam Purush*); and at the second stage, I became distinct from it and assumed the form of the Invisible Person (*Alakh Purush*). In the third phase, I became *Satt Purush* and I myself created what is called as the *Sattlok*. In all these *loks* (*Agam*, *Alakh* and *Satt Desh*) my own form pervades; and from here descended incomparable forces and dexterities (*kala anoop*). Up to here (i.e. up to *Sattlok*) deem me to be all pervasive and my full form is found in all these three spheres (*Agam*, *Alakh* and *Sattlok*).’

23-26. ‘From *Satt Purush*, emanated two parts or currents, and they became known as (i) *Niranjan* (Spotless or *Hari* or Brahman) and (ii) the Flame or *Jyoti*. These two currents (*kalas*) descended (from *Sattlok*) and became permeated in the Latticed Island (*Sunn*). Sitting here, they (the two currents) created the *triloki* (*Brahmand*, *Und* and *Pind*) and then their ensued an uproar, and tumult of five (elements) and three (*gunas*) rose. I remain separate and distinct from all the three *loks* and I became diffused in the four (*anteh-karan*) and the five (motor and sensory organs as with the five forces of *kama*, *krodh*, *lobh*, *moh* and *ahamkar*) and the six *chakras* (*Pind*), six lotuses or *kanwals* (*Brahmand*) and six *padams* (*Satt Desh*).’

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27-30. ‘The three *loks* are the extension of a mere drop (*surat* which is a mere drop of the Ocean that I am); I am myself in the form of the Ocean (of spirit) which is unfathomable and infinite. I neither abide in the nether world,

nor in *svarg*, nor in the death-oriented region (*mrityu lok*), nor in the spheres of Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh and Maya (Madam Bubble). I neither dwell in the region of cow (*Krishna lok*), nor in *Saket* (*Ram lok*); neither in Indrapuri nor in the sphere of Brahman. I am not immanent in the three *loks*; it is only one drop out of me (i.e. *surat* which is my part or *ansh*) that abides here.'

31-35. 'All that is here is a mere extension of that 'drop' which the Vedas (erroneously) call the Infinite Brahman. The Vedantins (wrongly though) call it as Brahman, and the *siddhantis* (the followers of Uttar Mimamsa) call it as pure Brahman. Beyond that they get nowhere, so that without the *Satguru* they remained a victim of deception (delusion). All the religions that are prevalent in the world, describe this drop (*jivatma*) as the ocean. But, in fact, the ocean remained distinct and apart from them and the Vedas and other scriptures could gain no access to it.'

36-37. 'Brahma (the Procreator) and other gods remained deluded and beguiled by the Vedas, and the *rishis* (sages) and *munis* (the silent anchorites) remained wrapped up in karmas and *bharmas* (rituals, rites and other illusory practices). The *pirs* (Islamic teachers), the prophets,⁴⁹ the *qutub*,⁵⁰ and the *auliyas*⁵¹ did not gain access to the full knowledge even of the drop.'

Answer to the second part of Question 1

38-42. 'O *Surat*! Now hear all about your own secret and mystery; you were ever part of me and undifferentiated from me. *Kaal* rendered great service to me and pleased with this, I thought of nothing about the other aspect of him. He implored me to make a gift of yourself to him; in exchange for his service, I handed you over to him. *Kaal* fetched you from me and enmeshed you in the tentacles of body and mind, so that you had to suffer a lot of pains and pleasures. When I noticed your suffering from pain and affliction, pity overcame me and I at once descended here to redeem you.'

43-47. 'Having come here, I advocated the practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and I instructed you to enter and permeate into the Word. I contrived a ladder (*paudi*) of several steps of *shabd* so that you could climb up step by step and reach the city of Truth (*Satt-lok*). As it is, forsake this land of the drop (*boond desh*) and move on to the sphere of the Ocean and have fun and frolic there. Take this *triloki* as the land of the drop, and recognise the mixed, diluted, heterogeneous and compound character of this part of the creation. But in your land (*Satt Desh*, from which you hail) the creation is pure, simple, undiluted and homogenous; there the ruler is *Satt Purush*; the denizens are imbued in *satt* – the *hamsas*; and the entire atmosphere is *Satt*, vibrant with the Sound (*Satt, Satt; Haq, Haq*).'

48-51. 'Here, the creation is compound, a mixture of diverse ingredients, which I now explain to you at length and openly. The single drop that ema-

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nated from me is the *atma* (*jiva surat*) and that, like its source, the Ocean, is homogenous; the other element that came to join it here is Maya or Matter.

The five elements (viz. ether, air, fire, water and earth) and the three *gunas* (*satt*, *raja* and *tama*) all got mixed up and rolled into each other. All of them jointly started the ball rolling and set about creating the three *loks* (*Brahmand*, *Und* and *Pind*) and the four species (*andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*).’

Answer to the third part of Question 1

52-54. ‘Having observed this, the Vedantins began to muse about (reflect about and ponder over) things and sifted and picked up the nine [i.e. the five elements, the three *gunas*, and matter or Maya (5+3+1)] from the ten (the tenth being *atma*, the essence). This tenth is that very drop of mine and that they picked up as a swan picks up the pearl. There is musing where there is mixing; when there is only one, how can there be any reflection or pondering?’

55-57. ‘In our native land, there is only one and that is *Sattnaam*; there, therefore, reflection or pondering is simply ruled out. These fellows (Vedantins and all) who indulged in musing only, invited deception and were duped, so that (accepting the drop as the Ocean) they became merged into the drop only. With them there is, therefore, no need for moving up and ascending so that they could never gain access to the Ocean.’

58-63. ‘And if a saint does explain to them the secret of the Ocean, they bring to bear no faith or trust in the words of the saint. They argue and quibble and cavil, argle-bargle and enter into altercation and mock and ridicule the saints whose words they disbelieve and disregard. They weigh everything with the weights of intellectual force and arguments so that they never get at the truth and always keep on moving back and forth, wavering and fluctuating. This path is that of love and devotion; it is the way of the *surat* moving up and ascending – the way of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. These fellows, then, have no faith in *Sant Mat* and they lay no store by *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. They refuse to tread the path of five *shabds*. How, then, can they find out the way to the Ocean?’

Answer to the fourth part of Question 1

64-66. ‘Those who, having pursued the course of dianoetic knowledge, muse and ponder over issues, do not get at the core even of the drop. The essence of the drop lies across *Trikuti*, on which sphere the excellent amongst the *gyanis* (sages like Vashisht and Vyasa) soar and they reflect on and ponder over that essence. They arrived there by dint of *pranayama*⁵² and there they gained access to the knowledge of the drop.

67-69. ‘They did not get at the guru having access to the spheres ahead, and therefore they told others of the secret of the sphere of *Sunn* only. But these wiseacres, without performing any yoga and by studying books only, remain content and satiated with the intellectual pursuit of discursive knowledge. They are *nipat* or blinded by hubris and completely deluded and beguiled (by shadows); they are neither here nor there (i.e. they have no relevance or importance whatever); they ever swing in the city of Yama (hell or perdition).’

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70-71. ‘O *surat*! You ought to hear my words carefully and attentively; soar and move on and prick up your ears to the sound of *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit) and thence, listening to the sounds of higher spheres, move on to Our sphere, for we have accepted you as our own.’

QUESTION 2

Will that *surat* which returns to its own native land ever revert to the sphere of *Kaal* or not?

72-74. The *surat* got ready to move on and embark on the journey homeward, but told the Soami: ‘I have developed one grave doubt inside of me, to which you may kindly address yourself and reply at length. When you handed me over to *Kaal* once as a favour, in return for the service he rendered unto you, where is the guarantee that you will not do the same, once again?’

Answer to Question 2

75-78. With a broad smile on his face, the Soami replied: ‘I now speak to you in clearest terms. Deliberately and advertently I had planned this ploy (*lila*, manoeuvre, tactic, gambit, stratagem); hear my words; it was my own *mauj*, sweet will and discretion. I knowingly and with fullest understanding created *Kaal*, for without *Kaal*, the *jivas* will have none to fear. Without *Kaal*, the *jivas* will not appreciate and value the worth of *Dayal*; that is why *Dayal* was so pleased as to launch (set in motion) *Kaal*.’

79-81. ‘I then ejected and expelled *Kaal* from there (from my sphere) so that *Kaal* would never have admittance there from here. O *Surat*! I am omniscient and omnific (*samarth*) in all respects and in every sense; accept my word with full trust and faith as definitive. *Kaal* will never now return to that sphere, for I have now withdrawn my pleasure from him for all time.’

82-83. ‘This pleasure I had shown only once; now it stands permanently withdrawn and I have nothing to do with him now; I have now rejected him as dust and ashes. Do not entertain any doubt about it in your mind; come along with me and abide in my sphere in bliss and beatitude.’

QUESTION 3

What consequences will accrue to those who do not take to the Way of the *Sant Mat* and are engaged in karmas (rituals, *japa*, *tapa*, fastings, pilgrimages, etc.) and delusions and illusions (created by other faiths)?

Answer to the first part of Question 3

84-89. Delighted at the words of Soami, the *surat* stated: ‘I have carefully deliberated upon your words and I am convinced of the truth of what you say. I am now moved by pity for other *jivas* and I am raising some questions for their benefit and in their interest. In this world innumerable *surats* have descended; they are all entrapped in the net of *Kaal* and are deluded. Some engage themselves in *japa* (recitation of mantras like *OM Nameh Shivai*), some in *tapa* (penances), some in pilgrimages and some in charities.

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Some are devoted to idol worship; some are arrogant and proud of their ascetic practices; some are wedded to pious observances and some follow traditional practices and rules and duties as laid down in *shastras*. Some are given to studies of books and acquisition of learning and act on the directions laid down in these books. Some claim to have renounced and withdrawn from all sensual pleasures, taking resort to forests and mountains to live as anchorites.’

Answer to the second part of Question 3

90-92. ‘Some become engaged in *praan* or *pranayama* yoga, and practice *mudras*⁵³ especially the five *mudras* – *chachri*, *bhuchri*, *khechri*, *agochri* and *unmun*. They pierce the ganglions of the body and pull their breath, rising to *Sahasdal Kanwal* and become engaged in contemplation (*dhyān*).’

Answer to the third part of Question 3

93-94. ‘There are some who are empty-talkers, merely talking of jnan (without acquiring knowledge by practising devotion or cultivating the four means, like *vivek*, *vairag*, *shat sampatti* – *sama*, *dama*, *uparti*, *titiksha*, *shraddha*, and *samadhanta* – and *mumukshatva*). And some others claim to have realised the subtle Brahman (*laksh*). There are some who profess and adhere to six *shastras* – Nyaya, Vaishesika, Sankhya, Yoga of Patanjali, Purva Mimamsa, and Uttar Mimamsa or Vedanta.’

95-97. ‘Of them, the Sankhya concentrates on what is durable and what is fleeting.⁵⁴ The Vedantists (yogis)⁵⁵ call the world as mythical. They regard the immanent god (*vyapak*) as *Satt* (existence) + *Chitt* (consciousness) + *Anand* (bliss).⁵⁶ They also view the *jiva* and Brahman as one and the same.⁵⁷ They call the *jiva* as external (*vach*) and with three bodies – gross, subtle and causal; and they call *Ishwar* as the outer form of Brahman.’

98-99. ‘They refer to three forms of *jiva*’s mental ego: *vishwa* (consciousness or wakeful condition, i.e. gross form); *tejas* (consciousness in dream, i.e. subtle form); and *pragya* (latent consciousness in deep slumber, i.e. causal form). The three forms of *Ishwar* are *Virat* (manifested mass), *Hiranyagarbha* (gold-bed, i.e. manifested source) and *Avyakrit* (unmanifested).’⁵⁸

100-02. ‘Deem the outer or gross form of both the *jiva* and Brahman as mythical; and realise that the immanent form and the subtle forms are one and the same. They all accept the doctrine of *vivartvada*⁵⁹ (the doctrine that the phenomenal world has a relative character and is an appearance only); some refer to it as imperishable (*avacheda*), unborn (*ajat*) and vivified (multifarious). But basically they have a common philosophy in that they rely only on Brahman that is immanent.’

103-04. ‘They have rejected the five *shastras* (Nyaya, Vaishesika, Sankhya, Yoga and Purva Mimamsa; they only accept the sixth, i.e. Uttar Mimamsa or Vedanta).⁶⁰ They (the Vedantists) regard the immanent *chaitanya* (Brahman) as the only one single reality; the rest of the creation is all gross.⁶¹ They are entirely satisfied and content and happy with their belief in *vyapak chaitanya*; the rest they regard as imaginary, unreal and fictitious.’

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105-08. ‘As it is, they don’t find it necessary to make any endeavour or exertion (*karni* or *kartoot*) and regard all motions and ascent as delusion. They do not believe in coming (birth) and going (death); they discard transmigration as fictitious and unreal. All that they uphold is the immanent god. But self-seeking as they are, to serve their own interest they accept as true the formula that this phenomenal world which, in theory, may be unreal and fictitious, is in practice, relative and real (*vyavahriksatta*⁶²).’

109-12. ‘There are some who regard destiny and fate to be the truth; but when they have already reaped the fruits of destiny, they once again affirm that destiny is unreal, so that now *chaitanya* is the Real thing, and they hold that this world is beyond the three stages or phases – past, present and future. They go about saying, ‘I am *chaitanya*, and so are you *chaitanya*’, and in order to obliterate the distinction of *meum* and *tuum*, they get firmly fastened to *chaitanya*, leaving aside the whole world as wholly mythical.’

113-17. ‘They miserably failed to gain access to the *surat* (*ansh* of the Supreme Lord) which descended from *Satt Desh* and became absorbed in (indistinguishable from) this phenomenal realm. This mystery the saints alone knew and none else has been able to discern and determine it. That (*surat*) is beyond the gamut of dianoetic intellect which remains confined only to immanent *chaitanya*. In the upshot, these fellows keep on harping on *chaitanya* and *chaitanya* but they remain ignorant of that *surat* which alone is indeed *chai-tanya*. All these religions therefore have remained steeped in deception and none of them could gain access to the mystery of *surat*.’

Answer to the fourth part of Question 3

118-23. ‘What the Muslims, Hindus, Jains and Christians say and believe may now be (briefly) stated. Some of them observe the (*panch waqta*) *namaaz* (prayer) and some observe the *rozah* (fasting or *saum*) in the month of *Ramadan* (the month in which the Koran was revealed). Some go to the mosque (the place of prayer for making obeisance or *sijdah* to God) and some go to Kaaba.⁶³ Some read and commit the Koran to memory and become Hafiz⁶⁴ and during the night read and recite the Koranic verses of their choice (*wazifa*)⁶⁵ daily and regularly abstain from sleeping. Some of them give the call for prayer [muezzin (*mullah*) who summons the faithful to prayer at fixed times every day from the minaret or the door of the mosque] and some render obeisance (*abad*) to God and become *aabid* (bondsmen) and some become *zahids* (abstinents) observing *zuhud* (restraints). Some are sheikhs⁶⁶ (*ulema*, Sufis, *Akelian-i-deen*, religious bodies of Islamic communities); they are knowers of *qaal* (outer states of man) and *haal* (inner states of man). Some are the lovers of *saroda* (Indian instrument with two sets of strings, one plucked and the other acting as a drone) and some are admirers of *ragas* and musical-measure and rhythm (*taal*). Some are the adherents of sharia (the body of doctrine that regulates the lives of Muslims), and others follow the (esoteric) Way; some follow the gnosis (*marifat* or intuitive knowledge of the various spiritual truths) and others seek *Haq* (the Truth).’

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Answer to the fifth part of Question 3

124-28. ‘The Jains observe lot of restraints⁶⁷ and put up with hunger and thirst (i.e. observe completed fast without taking food and even water). They observe all sorts of fasts for two days, three days and five days at a stretch, and contemplate on Tirthankara⁶⁸ and Kulkar.⁶⁹ They show special reverence and compassion for the *jivas* (votary of non-violence in respect of animals and creatures) so that in order to protect life of all tiny *jivas*, they don’t even wash their teeth and do not light the lamp (which would attract and burn moths). They cover their mouths with bandages and to avoid all insects and mosquitoes and flies, they talk with a fan of cotton threads or feathers of peacocks. They forsake green vegetables (which may contain worms or minuscule insects), and they worship the stone-idols and they adhere to the doctrine of nirvana or liberation of *atma*.’⁷⁰

Answer to the sixth part of Question 3

129-34. ‘I now state the position of the Christians; they study the Bible⁷¹ and go to church⁷² for worship. They deal with people on a footing of equality and treat all persons alike, disregarding all differences between the higher and lower castes. They also revere the cross (*jalpa*) and *sable* (the crucifying rod; crossbar). They claim to give up the seven deadly sins (pride, wrath, envy, lust, gluttony, avarice and sloth). They have faith in Jesus Christ whom they regard as the Son of God. Day and night they rely on him in the hope and confidence that one day he would intercede on their behalf with God and have them absolved of all sins and transgressions. This faith (Christianity) too is one of the religions of *Kaal* and my mind is repelled by it as well.’

Answer to the seventh part of Question 3

135-37. ‘In addition to these, there are innumerable religions prevailing in the world and I treat all of them as mere reflections and shadows of *Kaal* (Brahman). Now the *surat* says: ‘O Soami! I ask you one question to which you may kindly give a clear answer. What fruits will be reaped by all the *jivas* who pursue these faiths. Kindly clarify with reference to each one of them.’

Answer to Question 3

138-40. ‘O *Surat*! Here me. I speak to you clearly. All of them (referred to earlier) have gone astray and have clean forgotten me. All the *jivas* are wedded to *Karmakand* (rites and rituals etc.) and to sharia (rules and regulations followed by Muslims); without the *Satguru* they can never attain to their beloved Lord. As a result of their present acts (karmas) some of them will incarnate as kings, others as *pandits* (learned men); some others as rich and affluent, sleeping in comforts and pleasures.’

141-45. ‘Some of them will go to *Svarg* (Indrapuri), some will go to *Airaf*⁷³ (The Heights, *Surah* VII of the Holy Koran); others to heaven. Some are *sayyids*⁷⁴ (saints); some sheikhs⁷⁵ and some *maulvis*; ⁷⁶ some are practitioners of a lower order, and some of a higher order. ⁷⁷ Some attain to the *Tara*

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Mandal (galaxies) and others to the *Loks* and Moon and *Surya*.⁷⁸ Some go up and settle down on Sumeru; others on Kailash, on top of the Himalayas. Some make it to Gandharvapuri,⁷⁹ others to the Heaven of Indra, or Indrapuri.⁸⁰ Some go to *Pitra Lok*⁸¹ (the abode of ancestors) and others to Vishnupuri or *Vaikunth* (the abode of Vishnu).⁸²

146-48. ‘Some rise to *Shakti Lok* and others to the abode of *Ishwar* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*); others make it to the abode of *Aumkara* (i.e. *Trikuti*) and some get on to the level of *Rarang*. But all of them are subject to birth, preservation and dissolution ordained by *Kaal* so that they exist within the shadows of *Kaal*. None of them is outside the range of *Kaal* and none of them seeks the sphere of *Dayal* (i.e. *Satt Desh*).’

149-53. ‘None of them has been able to get rid of metempsychosis (cycle of birth-death-rebirth); sooner or later, all of them are plundered and looted by Yama (the god of death). Unaided by the *Satguru* none has escaped, and none could make it to the pole (*pada*) of *Sattnaam* – which is the true and abiding sphere. All of them have reaped the benefits of their actions and activities in the form of (perishable) pleasures but they are again hurled into the cycle of birth-death-rebirth and get into the realm of delusion. As it is, seek and serve the *Satguru* for without making it to *Sattlok*, there is no riddance from the cycle of metempsychosis.⁸³ As it is, tread the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and ascend in order to get absorbed into *Sattnaam* or *Satt Shabd* (*Satt Purush*, the deity of *Sattlok*).’

QUESTION 4

What is the secret and mystique of the *surat*’s original abode and the path that leads to it?

154. Then the *surat* asked: ‘O Soami! Do kindly spell out and bring out into the open the entire mystery and secret of His Original Abode and of the Way leading to it?’

Answer to Question 4

155-57. Then the Soami spoke up about the secret of the Way: ‘Recite the Five Names⁸⁴ (i.e. Radhasoami Name, vide *Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Poetry, Volume I, Discourse 2, Verses 1-3), and fasten your *surat* on the spot called as *Shyam-Sait* (bluish-white, i.e. the Third *Til*, where one perceives from a distance the dazzling light of the flame that burns eternally at *Sahasdal Kanwal* to which region one goes via the Third *Til* which is otherwise darkish). Then you will hear the musical instruments at *Gagan* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) where the sounds of bell and conch-shell resonate.’

158-61. ‘There you will also perceive the flame and from there you will move on to Crooked Tunnel across which you will proceed to the Region of Three Prominences (*Trikuti*) where you will hear the sound of *Aumkara* and thunder of the nimbus. Beyond it, you will soar to the middle of *Sunn* and hear the call of *Rarankar* and the sound of fiddle and *sarangi* and bathe in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality in *Sunn*).’

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162-66. ‘Beyond it, is the vast expanse of *Mahasunn* where there are four Sounds hidden in the shroud of darkness that prevails there. Beyond and on top of that expanse there is the Rotating Cave where from the flute emanates the sound of *Sohang* (and *Anahoo*) which you will experience. Beyond that, there is the abode of *Sattnaam* (i.e. *Sattlok*) where there is the sound of harp from which emanates the sound of *Satt*. Hearing the sound *Satt*, *Satt*, the *surat* moves forward and soaring high, it arrives at the *Alakh Lok* (the Invisible Sphere). The mien and countenance of the *Alakh Purush* (the Invisible Person) is resplendent and radiant as if crores of suns are shining; His Person is unique and simply marvellous.’

167-70. ‘Thence, the *surat* goes on to the Inaccessible Sphere (*Agam Lok*) and has rendezvous with the Inaccessible Lord. Billions and trillions of suns and moons cannot match the luminance of that sphere and the rapture accruing from the sound there is unfathomable and incalculable. How can I articulate the melliflence of the melody of that sphere, for there is nothing like it available here with which it could be compared. Beyond that abode, the Nameless (*Anami*), the Supreme Radhasoami – the sphere of *param sants* – lies.’

171. Hearing these details from the Soami, the *surat* becomes enraptured and ecstatic and replies: ‘O Soami! I now fully understand what is what and let us now make a move.’

172-76. The fact is that without the *Satguru* nobody can gain across to the secret of the Way; and *Satguru* is he who can show that Way and reveal its mystery. As it is, great is the majesty, might and main of the *Satguru*; nobody knows about it. All those who try to see and know of it, reach the end of their tether and accept defeat. It is only he on whom He casts his favourable eye that he can come to know about the Way and will have faith and confidence in it (and will be ready to tread that path). It is only very rare *jivas* who can bring to bear faith in Him, and have confidence in Him and hope for emancipation (with His aid and under His supervision). It is only those who accept the saint’s utterances as true that they will accept this discourse as true.

QUESTION 5

177-78. What are the characteristic features and marks of (i) the saints, (ii) *sadhs*, (iii) *bhekhs* (appearing in white or blue or green or yellow or saffron apparel), and (iv) impostors or masqueraders or pretenders?

Answer to the first part of Question 5: Characteristic marks of a saint

179-86. The Soami answered: ‘Prick up your ears to what I say; pay attention to me. O Brother! I call that man as a saint whose *surat* has become permeated in *Sattlok*. The Fourth Sphere is beyond the three *loks* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*); it is the court of *Sattnaam* and *Satguru*. It is the *surats* of the saints that remain enraptured in bliss and beatitude there; they abide in *Satt Purush* and *Satt Shabd*. Beyond *Trikuti* there is *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit), and beyond *Sunn* there is *Mahasunn*. Across *Mahasunn* there is a pole (*thikaana*) which is described as the Rotating Cave. And beyond that, the Fourth Sphere

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starts; without making it to it, everything is useless, sham and shallow. And none except the saint can reach there; and indeed none who has not been able to reach there can become a saint.'

Answer to the second part of Question 5

187-90. 'I have clearly pronounced on the secret of what makes a saint; now try to comprehend the mystery of what is a *sadh*. A *sadh* is he who is convinced of the majesty and veracity of *Sant Mat*, and who is determined to tread the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. Across *Trikuti* he takes bath in *Triveni* and *Sunn-sarovar* or *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality which is directly under the seat of *Akshar Purush* himself and immersion into which purifies the seeker of all subtle impurities of *Brahmand* that he may have imbibed during his upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* or Universal Mind). It is such an adept whom I have described as a *sadh*; without attaining to that status, nobody can legitimately be called a *sadh*, O Brother!'

Answer to the third part of Question 5

191-97. 'I now proceed to explain to you about who, according to *Sant Mat*, can be called a *bhekh* or an anchorite or hermit (one who has withdrawn from this phenomenal world) so that you may be able to sift the grain from the chaff. Those who (i) study the discourses of the saints, (ii) who have unflinching faith in the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, (iii) who are firmly fastened to the sanctuary and haven of the saints, (iv) who having full trust in the saints have tied up their *surat* with *shabd*, (v) who have no other prop or reliance save for a saint, and who have concentrated their attention and found sangfroid in the feet of the saints, having abandoned karmas (rituals, rites and all other aspects of externalism) and delusions, (vi) who are, to some extent, devoted to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and practise it as far as possible – their name is *bhekh* (according to *Sant Mat*); love them and take to serving them. Such a person is a *bhekh* (anchorite), whether he puts on coloured clothes or plain ones, whether he has forsaken his home and hearth or lives as a householder, busy turning his mind inward.'

Answer to the fourth part of Question 5

198-200. 'Now about those who don't have such beliefs and commitments (*dhaarna*), but have left their home and become strangers in an alien city. They have coloured their clothes and have developed the gift of the gab (ability to speak effectively, glibly and persuasively); they cheat and swindle the world and insist on being called as anchorites. They have to reap the rewards and retribution of their karmas, and move and wander about, deluded and beguiled, in the clothes of a mendicant, almost looking like a moving corpse shrouded in cloth (*kafni*).'

201-04. 'They are not at all *bhekhs* properly so-called; they are hypocrites, impostors, masqueraders, pretenders. They have lost this world and gambled

away the world beyond; they are neither householders nor renunciants. They

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will be kicked and knocked about at the door of Yama (the god of death); they will fall into the pit of perdition and will get into the vortex of *chaurasi*. They harass and vex the householders a great deal; they eat and drink at their houses and yet admonish them and chastise them.'

205-08. 'They insist on their being worshipped and adored; they squeeze money from them and develop and push up their own business. They generally style themselves as *sadhs* and saints; the helpless householders have to stand and suffer their nonsense and insolence. I have thus adjudged for you all of them – the saints, *sadhs*, *bheks* and the pretenders; the last have laid a great many snares and traps in the world.'

Instruction (to Surat)

209-11. 'O *Surat*! Now I tell you succinctly and instruct you to seek and search for *sadh-sant*, fully knowing what you precisely need. Once you find the *Satguru*, take to serving him and fasten your attention and your gaze upon his feet to which you ought to devote yourself heart and soul. Take the *charanamrit* (water with which you wash His feet and which for that reason becomes the water of life) and their *prasad* (their leavings, food touched by their hands and lips); make an oblation of your body and mind in order to catch his glimpses.'

212-15. 'Rendering of service to him is exceedingly fruitful and spiritually profitable – for this, one day you will definitely make it to *Sattlok*. Ever and anon, attend his *satsang*, hear his discourses and keep them implanted in your attention and consciousness. All the three *loks* are the devotees and thralls of Maya (Madam Bubble); they work under the thumb of Brahma, Vishnu and Mahadev (the epitome of *rajogun*, *satogun* and *tamogun*). The three *loks*, inside out, are the domain of *Kaal*; this is clear and evident for anyone to see.'

216. No *jiva* can escape and be saved without the help of *Satguru* and *Sattnaam*. As it is, come on and soar to *Sattlok* crossing the frontiers of *Kaal*.

Discourse XXVI (Continued)

Description of the secret of the Five Names, or Five Words, with details of the Name, form, *guna* and bliss, and the abode of each.

The Word of the First Heavenly Sphere (20 Verses)

1-3. O Companion! Hear me. I am revealing to you the secret of the first heavenly sphere (*Sahasdal Kanwal*), bringing it out into the open. Its name is One Thousand-Petalled Lotus or *Sahasdal Kanwal*; it is the abode of *Jyoti-Niranjan* (the Flame and the deity called as 'Spotless' or *Ishwar*). This sphere is the creator of the three *loks*, as also the maker of the four Vedas.

4-6. Remember that Brahma, Vishnu and Mahadev (the Procreator, the Sustainer and the Destroyer – the epitome of *rajogun*, *satogun* and *tamogun*) are the sons of these two – Flame or *Jyoti* and the Spotless (*Niranjan*). These three

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forces or deities together have created all the phenomenal realms, and they have by their force besieged the *jivas*. They have laid their net far and wide and the *jivas* have taken to their worship.

7-10. All of them have become caught in the snares and are getting consumed in the observances of karmas (rituals, rites and other forms of externalism); they all have been duped and beguiled by all sorts of delusions, illusions and hallucinations. Now, if any body were to explain to them their error and to try to reveal to them the mystique of *Satt Purush*, they refuse to accept it and get at loggerheads and quarrel with him, and out of prejudice for their own views and opinions, avoid him. As it is, I am explaining to you and exposing all these thugs, to put you on guard against them.

11-13. Do not follow their way; on the contrary you ought to take to the sanctuary and seek the protection and shelter of saints. Acquiesce to what the saints say and don't place any reliance on their (the thugs') testimony and statements. I am now revealing to you the Way and all the clues to the perils and the necessary precautions you have to take in treading this path; I am giving you all the necessary details and am fully acquainting you with this Way.

14-15. Fix and fasten your mind and your *surat* on the Third *Til* or the sixth ganglion (situated midway between the two eyes, three quarters of an inch from the root of the nose inwards – the seat of the *surat*); take all steps to get back and gather all your diffused spirit inside of you on that ganglion. There, witness the aperture (opening or window) which opens on the square yard (the *chauka* – the *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and concentrate your attention there keeping all your sensory and motor organs in check and under restraint.

16-20. Perceive the five-colour flower-bed there and inside of you; you will witness the lighted lamp-holder. For sometime, you will sight this spectacle, and beyond that you will perceive the blue-wheel. Using the strength born of love and pangs of separation from your beloved Lord, pierce through this azure-wheel and you will at once behold the Flame and turn your mind away from all else. Feel fascinated and charmed by hearing the sound of the resonating melody of the bell and the conch-shell and become immersed in the spiritual sap of a very high order. Thus, all about the first heavenly station has been revealed to you by Radhasoami.

The Word of the Second Heavenly Sphere (17 Verses)

1-5. O Companion! Now, move on to the second heavenly sphere and perceive *Trikuti* which is the abode of the gurus. There the sound *Aumkara* abides and thick blue-black clouds ever thunder. This is the sphere of red, rising sun; it is the *param guru* (Radhasoami) who has revealed the name of the guru (who abides in *Trikuti*). This is the pole (of *Aumkara*) and it has

been called as the Fifth (and the ultimate) Sound of the Vedas; the saints have called it as the Sphere of Four Lotuses. The sounds of bell and conch-shell are left below in *Sahasdal Kanwal* and here in *Trikuti* the thunder of the clouds and that of the kettledrum (*mridang*)⁸⁵ prevails.

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6-10. The *surat* moves on and opens the gate through which it enters the Crooked Tunnel and goes across, negotiating the high and the low of that rocky region and reversing the pupil of the eye. It gets into the fort and from there begins to reign, fully equipped with devotion and reverence (for the guru). At this stage it incinerates the seed of all karmas so that with its burden lightened, the *surat* moves forward. There the kettledrum (*naubat*) is played all the twenty-four hours and the *surat* gains access to the basic, fundamental Sound informing the entire *Brahmand*, *Und* and *Pind*.

11-17. The Hindu scriptures have described it as the sphere of *Maha Kaal* (*Kaal* the Great) and Tortoise (the base) and the seed of all lower creation. Here the *surat* perceives innumerable suns and moons and all sorts of starry spheres (*tara mandal*). The *surat* now becomes separated from the *Pind* (corporeal ganglion) and the *Und* (the spheres of Shiva, Brahma and Vishnu – the lower parts of *Brahmand*); and then becoming enraptured and ecstatic, it goes beyond *Brahmand*. On the way it perceives forests and mountains, and gardens and orchards, and lot of flower-beds blooming all around. It comes across canals, rivulets, and streams of limpid water, and riding on the bridges of oceans it goes across the Meru, Sumeru and Kailash (the three prominences of *Trikuti*) and enters the sphere of purified bliss and beatitude. Radhasoami affirms that the *surat* has now traversed the second heavenly sphere.

The Word of the Third Heavenly Sphere (20 Verses)

1-3. Now, the *surat* goes forward and lifts the third veil and hears the Word of *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit). Leaving behind *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and *Akash* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*), it opens the tenth aperture (*Dasam Dwar*) which is so radiant and resplendent. Here the *surat* has immersion in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality) and gets mixed up in the circle of *hamsas* (purified spirits).

4-8. Circling around, the *surat* climbs up the top of *Sunn* and hears the uproar caused by the resonance of fiddle and *sarangi*. Hearing these sounds, the *surat* becomes absolutely subtle and refined (*sar*) and goes across the *Triveni*.⁸⁶ It then makes it to the post (*naaka*) of *Mahasunn* and discerns the secrets and mystery of that regime. It is a vast expanse where darkness prevails all over and its area is seventy *palang*. There one can feel the four secret sounds rising from all sides and the *surat* hears newer and newer *raginis* (waves of *ragas*).

9-11. There the *surat* hears the marvellous buzzing, humming and clinking sounds (*jhankaaren*) which are ineffable; hearing them, the mind becomes enchanted and fascinated. There one sees the five egg-shaped creations wherein five Brahmans have become merged.⁸⁷ The sheen and splendour of these five egg-shaped creations is ineffable; some of them are greenish, some are whitish, and some yellowish.

12-13. These egg-shaped universes are so huge and gigantic that this egg-shaped planet, in comparison, appears to be trivial (*tuchh*). And the Brahman that pervades this planet (earth), would look to be non-existent in comparison to the *vyapak* Brahman in *Mahasunn*.

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14-20. Having acquired some knowledge of this earthly *vyapak* Brahman, these wiseacres have become so bloated and puffed up with airs! Their status (*gati*) is like that of frogs who keep on croaking in a well happily as if they are in the ocean. What else can these poor people do, for they are helpless in that they haven't seen the solid and substantial ocean (of spirit). Without perceiving it, how can they have any faith or trust or confidence in its existence? They are unacquainted and unfamiliar with the marvellous mores and wonts of the spiritual realm. Knowing this (*vyapak*) Brahman as infinite and unlimited, they have lost the way and have taken to speculation and guesswork. Now, how shall I explain the reality to them? They do not acquiesce to what I say, and therefore mum is the word. Radhasoami now affirms that He has made you perceive all that is there behind the three curtains.

The Word of the Fourth Heavenly Sphere (12 Verses)

1-3. I now get ready for taking you to the fourth heavenly sphere. O *Surat*! Come on and take to the Word in order to move on. The *surat* then skips over the rocky passage called as *Hamsini Nali* and she gets into the practice of negotiating the *Rukmini* Passage.⁸⁸ Here the Way is perilous and requires a serious effort for along with severe difficulties the seeker meets heart-burgling attractions also. Hence the need for *surat* and *nirat* (the force that detaches the *surat* from a particular pleasant spot) to be very steady and balanced.

4-5. On the right side, one confronts formidable isles; and on the left side, one encounters innumerable (attractive) apartments. There are palaces of pearls and turrets and towers studded with precious jewels, extremely valuable diamonds and rubies.

6-9. I have let out the well-kept secrets which only the bold and stout-hearted disciples of the saints can know. Then the *surat* perceived the mountain of the Rotating Cave and reaching there it encountered the *Sohang shabd* (*Anahoo* – 'I am it'). There the sound of flute emanates recurrently and the *surat* perceives the white resplendent sun. That sphere is like a concentrated mountain of resplendence, looking beautiful and attractive where the infinite sound of flute is incessantly resonating.

10-12. It is like a squarish arena of *hamsas* where they have fun and frolic, and hordes and bands of devotees have their sport. There are innumerable regions there inhabited by devotees who delightfully subsist on the ambrosial sap of *Naam*. Radhasoami has unfolded the secret of the fourth sphere too; the *surat* has now reached there.

The Word of the Fifth Heavenly Sphere (17 Verses)

1-3. In the fifth sphere is installed the throne of the Sultan (Supreme Monarch); know him to be the real king and sovereign. The *surat* moved on and witnessed a high *maidan* wherein there is a wondrous city with a marvellous square. There are ponds and tanks of water of life and a wide ambrosia-filled moat surrounding the fort and there are golden palaces constructed all around.

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4-5. The isles around are matchless and the courtyards are flooded with moonlight; the sheen and splendour and the forms of *hamsas* who abide here are simply marvellous. Each *hamsa* here is as lustrous and radiant as sixteen suns and sixteen moons put together; the *surat* moves on and sees the portal to the *nij* (Eternal) abode.

6-8. There the *hamsas* act as the gatekeepers; at places there are *anshas*,⁸⁹ and at places, *bansas*.⁹⁰ The *sahaj surat* then spoke to this newly arrived *surat*: ‘Tell us how could you make it to this *lok* and for what purpose?’ The newly arrived *surat* then replies: ‘A saint came my way and he gave me the clue and showed me the Way.’

9-10. Saying this, the *surat* penetrated inside and catching a glimpse of the *Sattnaam Satt Purush* wore the smile of fortune (bliss and beatitude). From the middle of the flower, a voice spoke: ‘Who are you and what for have you come here?’

11-17. The *surat* replied: ‘The *Satguru* met me and revealed to me the whole secret; it is by his grace and compassion that I have been able to catch your glimpses.’ Having caught this sight, the newly arrived *surat* became enraptured and ecstatic; the *Satt Purush* then spoke to it. He unfolded to it the secret of the Invisible Sphere (*Alakh Lok*) and reinforcing the *surat* with His own power, He encouraged the *surat* to move on. The form of the *Alakh Purush* is non-pareil and matchless; thereafter, the *surat* made it to the Inaccessible *Purush* and found him to be the Supreme Sovereign. What the *surat* witnessed is simply marvellous and astonishing and it beggars description. O Brother! How shall I dilate on the wonders and marvels that the *surat* witnessed there. The *surat* saw the three *Purushas* – the *Satt Purush*, the Invisible *Purush* and the Inaccessible *Purush* – and the three spheres – *Sattlok*, *Alakh Lok* and *Agam Lok* – and attained to union with them. There it is a state of eternal blessing and beatitude of immeasurable dimensions; Radhasoami declares and affirms this truth.

Discourse XXVII (7 Hymns)

Description of lovesickness (*virah*) and the quest for *Satguru* and his *satsang*.

Hymn 1 (21 Verses)

Main Satguru sang karoongi aarti ...

1-5. I am suffering from the pangs of separation from my beloved Lord (lovesickness) and I have resolved to perform the *aarti* of the *Satguru*; let no one obstruct and hinder me from this. I will lit the lamp of burning liver (heart) and I will entwine my mind, turning it into a wick for that lamp. I will illumine the flame of the pangs of love and will take the *aarti* platter made of the burning sensations of my love. My tearing pain and anguish (*vedana*) is
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known only to the *Satguru*; and without catching his glimpses, my mind can never attain to rest. My wicked primordial urges (lust, anger, greed, delusion and egoism) – the agents of evil – are harassing and vexing me very much, and they prevent me from having a view of Radhasoami.

6-10. O companion! What remedy shall I now resort to? How long can I stand their cruelty, excesses and oppression? I have incinerated my limbs and reduced them to ashes even as the moth gets burnt and incinerated in the flame of the candle. Before whom shall I cry and shed tears? Who is going to hear my miserable tale? I myself have to face the dire straits and the plight I find myself in. I am burning day and night, sighing in utter despair (pining for my beloved Lord); patience and perseverance refuse to come near me and I am constantly repenting, feeling remorse and compunction (at my misdeeds and lapses). Except for Radhasoami, I have none to look to for support for there is none I can call my own; anguish and pain have besieged me.

11-15. Worried and perplexed, I now implore and beseech Radhasoami whose name I keep ensconced every instant in my consciousness. I supplicate to him: ‘O my *Satguru*! Hear my *cri de coeur*; I am twirling around as the black bee squirms without the lotus. I writhe like a fish without water; one cannot stitch (restore to normalcy) a torn heart (literally, liver). O Lord! You are in every way omniscient and the knower of all that passes within (you are omnipotent and omniscient) and you alone can devise some way out of my dire straits. As for myself, I am an ignoramus and know nothing; twitch (pull or draw) the sharp sting out of me. Cut asunder the noose of Yama round about my neck.’

16-21. Hearing this *cri de coeur* the *Satguru* (graciously) suggested a device: ‘Practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. And ever sing this *aarti*. Get inside your abode and fasten your *surat* (upon the sixth ganglion or the Third *Til*). Keep on observing the Lord’s will and acquiesce to what He does. Have complete faith in Him. One of these days your hopes will be realised and expectations met.’ When the guru thus comforted and consoled me, my mind became cheerful and in great delight I implored him: ‘O Lord! Do kindly accept my solicitation; I am in pain and deeply inflicted, and I am an utter dependent on your feet (on your mercy and compassion).’ I sing this *aarti* with great verve and enthusiasm, beseeching you to grant my request to sing your *aarti* ever and anon.

Hymn 2 (7 Verses)

Dard dukhi main virahan bhaari ...

1-4. I am suffering from terrible lovesickness and pangs of separation from my beloved Lord and I am in great pain and distress; I am pining and longing for His glimpses as a thirsty person yearns for water. Every instant, I seek the glimpses of Radhasoami, and time and again I make an oblation of myself to Him sacrificing all my stamina and force unto Him. He snubs me, chastises me and reprimands me but I keep offering my mind (my ego, pride and arrogance) at His feet. I have now realised my traits: I am (spiritually) destitute, weak and fragile, spineless and infirm, haughty and wrathful, angry and violent.

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5-7. But my Lord (Radhasoami) is ever merciful and compassionate towards the lowly and the humble, and He redeems even a degenerate and decadent fellow like me. I am obstinate by temper and every moment I become adamant (like a stone) following my own base urges, and not paying attention to His *mauj* and mandate. O dear Radhasoami! Take pity on me. Pardon me my vices, deficiencies and lapses and redeem me.

Hymn 3 (16 Verses)

Kaisi karoon kasak uthi bhaari ...

1-5. What shall I do? I am throbbing with pain caused by my yearning for my beloved Lord with whom I have made friends and become attached. Every moment I am writhing in agony and every instant I pine for Him; my mind is becoming obsessed with love for Him and my state is best described as delirium tremens⁹¹ caused by pangs of separation from Him. My heart (literally, liver) is smouldering (burning slowly) and my chest is constantly throbbing and bursting, and from my heart flames are now rising and leaping. From my eyes, tears are flowing as the gushing waters of rivers in which the inebriating and intoxicating Maya (illusion) has drowned. Every instant I am heaving cold sighs, so that fiery love has overtaken me.

6-10. The cord of love is so strong and tight and even if I wish to snap it, it cannot be snapped; if I wish to abandon it, I cannot give it up; *Kaal* (my Mind) and my karmas (the evil effects of my past deeds) have tried to do so but have reached the end of their tether. I have engaged both *surat* and *nirat*⁹² as my messengers through whom I am communicating (to my *Satguru*) my plight. I am despatching letter after letter to the guru's court, imploring him 'to look after me. My city (i.e. my body) has become desolate, frail and doddering, and all my country (my consciousness) has become deserted and lonely; without you, all my world (dimensions of my hopes and expectations) has become dark. Who is going to hear my *cri de coeur*? And who is going to lend me a helping hand? All and sundry have dismissed me (driven me away).'

11-16. My boat (i.e. my life) is drifting along the midstream (i.e. into perdition); who is going to succour and save me? O my Boatman! Why are you tarrying and lingering (delaying in coming)? How shall I beseech and solicit you? I am about to give up the ghost, and how shall I survive, for you are not taking care of me. O Lord! Revive and revitalise me and give me some lifesaving drug (*sar-jivan*); I make an oblation of my life to you. Deliver your

discourses to me and show me your glimpses and rid me of all my anguish and agony. O Radhasoami! Hear my appeal, for you are my mainstay.

Hymn 4 (7 Verses)

Kaisi karoon kasak uthi bhaari ...

1-7. O my dear (companion)! How can I live without my beloved Lord? My body and mind are burning out (in the fire of separation from Him). I pray for some great saint to come by who can fetch me to and unite me with my be-

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loved Lord. I wish I may soar to *Gagan (Trikuti)*, heart and soul, and may ever tie in with Him. I am lovesick and pining and longing for Him and the pangs of separation are causing me throbbing pain as if a dagger has been pierced inside of me; I am deeply wounded and running about, completely desolated and in utter despair. It is only if the *Satguru* comes on and takes care of me that the void in my heart can be filled in and my wound recovered. He will, I am sure, give me the ointment of Name; it is a balm which I will apply (to my wounds) ever and anon. By His drugs, Radhasoami will cure me; I will make an oblation of my life to Him.

Hymn 5 (11 Verses)

Dard dukhi jiyara nit tarsey ...

1-5. Deeply anguished and agonised, my heart and soul (*jiyara*) is quivering and sizzling in the fire of love and separation from my Lord (as a fish writhes without water); there is deep pain in my body and mind. It is only if some *Satguru sant* were to take pity on me and cares to attend to me, that the dire and desperate condition of my heart and soul may be removed. I am exceedingly feckless and lowly, an orphan child and a most unaware person (*ajaan*); who except Him, can take me unto His haven and look after me? What shall I say about the ways in which *Kaal* is tightening his grip on me, and has thrown me in the dark dungeon (of ignorance and delusion)? What transpires in my mind is known to the mind alone; how can I articulate it by the word of mouth?

6-8. It is only when an all-knowing omniscient and omniscient physician cures and sees me, that my pain and suffering can be alleviated. He himself would diagnose and understand my ailment (*rog*), and will himself administer some effective drug unto me. As for myself, I am the most unaware person (*ajaan*), blinded (unable to see what is happening to me and what is in store for me – *nipat*) and a numskull (a dolt and blockhead – *moodh*); I have lost sight of my companions (*gaial*) and my track (*gali*).

9-11. But O Lord! You are compassionate and merciful. How can you be lax in disciplining me? You will (crush and grind) all my karmas and destroy them completely. My feeble, wayward and capricious mind does not comprehend the core of *satsang* and does not acquire equipoise even for a moment.

Radhasoami is the Lord of the marvellous abode; He has condescended to meet me and rid me of all my anguish and agony, pain and suffering.

Hymn 6 (8 Verses)

Chunar meri maili bhayee ...

1-4. My *chuddar* (shawl or *chunri*, i.e. my person) became besmirched (polluted). Whom shall I now approach to have it washed down (completely, from one end to the other). I have been running around all the washing banks (*ghaat* – river banks set apart for washing clothes), in search of a clever washerman, but to no avail. I am presently abiding in my parental home and I wonder how I shall go from here to my husband's (beloved Lord's) house;

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all of my self-efforts and self-willed endeavours have come to naught (*bahut marey merey maan*). Every instant I pine and writhe in my quest for a washerman (perfect saint) who could depurate and elutriate my *chuddar*.

5-8. The mischievous lust and my sinful mind are smudging and splodging it (my soul) more and yet more. Whom shall I approach? Nobody lends me his ears; on the contrary, all concerned have joined together in harming and damaging me (i.e. my spiritual mission). It was then that my best friends and companions (my higher mind, attention and consciousness) flocked together and came to see me in order to give me clues to the way out of my predicament, and revealed to me: 'The greatest washerman, Radhasoami, has Himself condescended to come down into the world, manifesting as the *Sant Satguru*.'

Hymn 7 (14 Verses)

Surat chali dhulaawan kaaj ...

1-5. My *surat* has now moved on to have her contaminated, befouled and spattered *chuddar* washed. Eventually she reached the *satsang* (which serves as the washing bank of the river) and laid herself at the feet of the guru. There she discovered the infinite and unfathomable Word (*shabd*) and she became purified, depurated and cleansed inside out. She then soared to the firmament and flew like a flying peri. This done, the power of lust was laid waste and destroyed, and all the sensual hankerings and cravings were burnt off.

6-10. She discovered the first station (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and came to meet *Hari* (*Niranjan* or the Spotless *Ishwar*). She then opened the gate of the Crooked Tunnel and made it to the region of the Three Prominences (*Trikuti*) thus making her human birth fructifarious. Reaching the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*), she bathed in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality) so that her *chuddar* became elutriated and became white and purified. Thereafter, looking across *Mahasunn*, she peeped into the latticed network and made it to the Rotating Cave, hearing the mellifluous sound of flute.

11-14. Then she came into contact with the Ancient of Ancients and reached the Immortal City (*Sattlok*). Thence, she opened the portal of the Invisible Sphere, and filled her pitcher (her Being) with the water of life. Arriving at the court of the Inaccessible Lord, she witnessed marvellous sport and all

the wondrous scenes (*lila sagri*). From there she caught the glimpses of the mansion of Radhasoami so that now the *surat* became perennial and eternal.

Discourse XXVIII (6 Hymns)

Narration of the bliss and beatitude at gaining access to the *Satguru*.

Hymn 1 (9 Verses)

Jaag ree uth khel suhagin ...

1-3. O *surat*, wedded to Radhasoami! Awake and rise and play with Him; it's a great stroke of luck that you have met your beloved Lord. Lie down at

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His feet, here and now, for such an opportunity will not come up again. All the companions and friends (i.e. all the sensory and motor organs) have joined together in singing the happy and cheery melody.

4-5. Seeing His remarkable and marvellous sheen and splendour and His beauteous form, my love for Him has augmented and intensified. All around, congratulations are pouring in and I am absorbed in the ecstatic joy of love,⁹³ and meaningless renunciation⁹⁴ has taken to its heels.

6-7. My devotion to my beloved Lord is based on deep heartfelt reverence (*bhavna*) and selfless, pure exertion and endeavour, and so my *surat* plays *Holi* in its own style marked by ardour of love (*nij kar phaag*). It has immersed in the *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush* himself), and there it has purified itself and got all its stains and blots washed down.

8-9. It (the *surat*) has taken to the sanctuary and protection of the *Satguru* and has become transmuted into a *hamsa* (a purified spirit), and it has given up the company of the carrion crow (something rotten and repulsive, mind and corporeal organs). With Radhasoami becoming pleased and favourable to me, I have abandoned all my evil propensities and disposition.

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Soya bhaag mera jaaga aaj sakhi ...

1-5. O my companion! Today my sleeping destiny (*soya bhaag*)⁹⁵ has become stirred and roused; my somnolent fate has awakened and I have gained access to the Perennial Lord in the person of my guru. I have burnt off all the karmas and their artefacts and artfulness (*kala*) for I have gained access to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. By the grace of *Satguru* I have flung open the portals of my inner being and got on to the middle artery (*sushumana*). Forsaking all the passages (*naal*) of *Kaal* (arteries of left and right, i.e. *ida* and *pingla*) I became engrossed in the Word (*shabd*) and eventually took immersion in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality) and became purified of all the subtle impurities I might have imbibed during my upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* (Brahman, the Universal Mind). I made a morsel of all Maya (illusion

and ignorance or *avidya*) and *mamta* ('I-ness', *meum* and *tuum*, attachments and aversions), and I climbed up to the top of the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*).

6-9. My compassionate guru lent me courage and made me cross the barrier of *Mahasunn*. He enabled me to sip the infinitely tasty sap of the Rotating Cave where He made it possible for me to hear the uproar of the sound (of *So-hang* and *Anahoo*). I could then perceive the form of *Satt Purush* in *Sattlok* and there I sighted (the glory of) the Invisible and the Inaccessible Spheres. Then I proceeded to Radhasoami Abode whose dispensation, beauty, sweep and extent (*gati*) is marvellous; nobody can get to know its mystery.

10-12. The Vedas, the Puranas, the Koran do not know its mystique for it is inaccessible and unfathomable. The Lord of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus (*Jyoti-Niranjan*) could never get to know its core, and indeed all those who

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remained stuck up to *Akshar Purush* (the deity of *Sunn*) remained on this side (i.e. remained confined to the region of Brahman or the Universal Mind). All the *gyanis* and yogis (men of Brahman-jnan and performers of all the yogas like *raj* yoga of Patanjali, Gita yoga, jnan yoga of Shankaracharya, *hatha* yoga, *lai* yoga, *bhakti* yoga, mantra yoga, etc.) – all of them – got tired of the struggle and accepted defeat and none of them could gain access to anywhere near Radhasoami Abode.

13-15. This post (*pada*), the sphere of the Real Essence (*nij sar*), only some rare saints came to know. As for Brahma, Vishnu and Mahadev (the Hindu Trinity of the Procreator, Sustainer and Destroyer) – they have all been swallowed up by Maya. Nobody ever came to know the secret of that sphere; it is only now that Radhasoami has revealed it.

Hymn 3 (7 Verses)

Mohi mila suhaag guru ka ...

1-7. I am blessed with the delight of my conjugal union with the guru; I have gained access to the Name as revealed by the guru (the Great Name or *Ism-i-Azam* 'Radhasoami'). I have taken to the sanctuary and refuge of the guru; I have become utterly dependent (*kinkar*)⁹⁶ upon the guru. On my forehead, there is the protecting hand of the guru so that I have become a thrall of the guru. I have discovered that the guru is my sole mainstay; and I have gripped the feet of the guru, where I sit in security and safety. In every possible sense, I belong to the guru so that I am wholly His and nobody else's. None else is as much of the guru as I am, for I am of the guru, I am of the guru, and I am of the guru.⁹⁷ The Name 'Radhasoami' is the Name of the ultimate sphere and I have gained access to the Ultimate Abode.

Hymn 4 (5 Verses)

Aaj ghadi ati paavan bhaavan ...

1-5. Today has struck the most auspicious, propitious, favourable and agreeable hour, for Radhasoami has condescended to appear in this world (as

a *Sant Satguru*) for rousing and awakening the *jivas* of this phenomenal world (from their deep slumber and ignorance). Those *jivas* (spirit-entities) on whose premises or homes He chooses to put his loving steps qualify to be redeemed and emancipated. It is an hour for jubilation and celebration and merry-making so that all the *hamsas* (purified spirits) have joined together to sing hosanna unto Him. His sheen and splendour (*shobha*) cannot be too much praised (i.e. it is ineffable); how long shall I speak of it, for it is infinite and unlimited. Everyone is ecstatically citing the Name Radhasoami; my *surat* has soared and perceived the moonlight within my being.

Hymn 5 (15 Verses)

Guru charan girah mere aaye ...

1-2. The feet of the guru have graced my home⁹⁸ so that His advent has roused my sleeping destiny.⁹⁹ He has revived and resuscitated (brought back

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to life and consciousness) and revitalised my spirit (my soul) which had withered away and dried up, and He has rehabilitated my land (my being) which had become desolate and soulless (*soona*).

3-5. What shall I say now about my inner state? My delight is overflowing my chest; I am moving about puffed up with happiness and joy, and losing consciousness of my body. The *satsangis* have also accompanied the guru and the heavenly *hamsas* (purified spirits) have been put to shame by sighting them (by witnessing their glory and majesty and purity). It is a marvellous occasion which beggars description; by witnessing it, the gods and *munis* have all been pleased and allured (*lubhai*).

6-8. The thirty-three crore gods¹⁰⁰ are repentant on their failure to catch the glimpses of Radhasoami and are left in the lurch amid delusion. Who can sing and offer such an *aarti* as this? Who can sing of the inaccessible status (*gati*) of the saints? Even *Jyoti-Niranjan* (*Ishwar*, the deity of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus) has reached the end of his tether and failed to do justice in praising His qualities; even *Aumkara*¹⁰¹ and *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Deity of *Sunn*) have not been able to get at His mystery.

9-10. The Words *Sohang* (of the Rotating Cave) and *Sattnaam* (of *Sattlok*) are on the Way, while *Alakh* and *Agam* shadow the portals of (that majestic abode). The mansion of Radhasoami looks so high and lofty and its sheen and splendour is so attractive that it is beyond all description.

11-15. Without the guru – who is all-knowing – who can enable us to perceive all this, and the *surat*, without the *shabd* can never manage to go there. The *Satguru* has been pleased to come and sit on the cot (the Third *Til* or the sixth ganglion), where I decorated and arranged the platter for a marvellous *aarti*. With that, all the apertures of the Inner Being flung open and the *surat*, like a swift-winged bird (*vihangam*), flew up singing the song of His glorious qualities. Radhasoami has come here and so showered his grace and compassion on me that I dashed to His feet in obeisance and fell down.

My love and tendresse (*prem* and *preet*) have so augmented and become so intense that I lost consciousness of my body as well as mind.

Hymn 6 (10 Verses)

Kaun karey aarat Satguru ki ...

1-5. Who can perform the *aarti* of *Satguru*? Brahma etc. are all vying for the honour but failed to achieve that high distinction. The thirty-three crore gods, *ragis* (*bhaktas* of various orders) and renunciants (*vairagis*), Indra and the outstanding *munis* (*Munidev*) have all gone astray. Without gaining access to the *Satguru*, nobody could find a trace of reality (the Supreme Lord) and all of them remained stuck up in karmas (rites, rituals and so on) and *bharmas* (delusions, illusions and hallucinations). As it is, deem all those who have gained access to the sanctuary and protection of the guru to be extremely fortunate. This because there is none so omniscient like the *Satguru* who has revealed the whereabouts of the ultimate abode.

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6-10. As for me, my sleeping destiny has been stirred and roused so that I have been able to meet the *Satguru* and I now perform His *aarti*. I am at a loss to decide as to how to show my reverence and deep-seated devotion to the *Satguru*, except whom I hold none as dear and precious? By the mercy and compassion of the guru, I have been able to reach the sphere of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and from there I flew to *Trikuti* and thence proceeded to perceive and witness *Sunn*. Thereafter, I went on to *Mahasunn* and the Rotating Cave on way to *Sattlok* where I became ecstatic. From there, I sighted both the Invisible and the Inaccessible (*Alakh* and *Agam*) spheres beyond which I went on to touch the feet of Radhasoami.

Discourse XXIX (3 Hymns)

Imploration at the lotus feet of the *Satguru*.

Hymn 1 (17 Verses)

Satguru sung aarat karna ...

1-5. I have resolved to perform the *aarti* of *Satguru*; why should I continue to suffer pains and pleasures of this phenomenal world? I will decorate the platter of my mind and attention and with restrained mind I will kindle the flame of *surat*. Flying towards the spaceless and the timeless sphere, I will make a dash to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and will hear the unstruck melody which resonates there all the time. O Guru! Do kindly shower mercy and compassion on me and continue to be my support and my protector. I am afflicted and have suffered lot of pain and anguish; both my body and mind are ailing and are diseased.

6-10. I am not able even to attend the *satsang*; that tyrant, *Kaal* has been subjecting me to great deal of force, violence and oppression. I am ut-

terly feckless (feeble, weak and ineffectual) and unable to do anything; I am helpless and all my exertions have been an exercise in futility. But you are the Supreme Giver (*daata*), omniscient and all-knowing (*daana*); you can do whatever you will. Without the slightest doubt, I rely solely on you and none else; and I am sure that you will sail me across the deep waters of this perilous ocean. Do kindly hear this solicitation of mine: 'Take me under your wing and protection.'

11-13. I ever sing doxology, glorifying your qualities and I offer prayers and obeisance at your feet; I sing hosanna to none save you. I am degenerated and degraded, lowly and a wretch; and I have resorted to your feet, becoming your thrall. Do kindly take care of me every moment, all the time; as for me, my mind, bedevilled, bewildered and deluded, has accepted defeat.

14-17. O Lord! Instruct me in the ways and mores of devotion and augment ardour of love inside of my being so that I may fairly grip your feet, clinging fast to them, for except you I have no recourse, no prop. I have strong

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expectation that you will redeem me also (as you have emancipated so many others). Radhasoami is my guru and in His mercy and compassion liberates His devotees from this material realm.

Hymn 2 (10 Verses)

Meri pakdo baanh hey Satguru ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! Do kindly catch hold of my arm or else I will drift along the surging currents of the phenomenal ocean. I wonder how can I escape from the snares (of *Kaal* and *Maya*)? Except for you, I have no support or prop. *Yama* (*Kaal* or the god of death) is a ferocious, venomous snake with frightening fangs (who is after me); (happily, now that you are here as *Sant Satguru*) I have found a marvellous opportunity (to escape). Do kindly come to me and instruct me in some mantra¹⁰² and kindly give me the shield of your gracious feet. I am just tired of wandering in the vicious circle of eighty-four (*chaurasi*), and I am at a loss to understand as to how shall I ever gain access to the immortal abode.

6-10. Hearing this imploration, the *Satguru* graciously asked me: 'Now, elevate your *surat* to *Gagan* (heavenly sphere). That valley is very uneven and irregular, punctuated by high and low; draw your mind and sensory and motor organs and fasten them upward. Then alone, you will get at the stable world, to which you must surrender your body, mind and riches.' With your mind and attention under control, devote yourself lovingly to the guru and flying to the spaceless and the timeless sphere, perform this *aarti*. Take firmly to the sanctuary of Radhasoami, and then, throughout your life, never forsake it.

Hymn 3 (32 Verses)

Guru main gunahgaar ati bhaari ...

1-5. O guru! I am an outstanding sinner! My close companionship is with lust, anger, chicanery and duplicity. I am given to gluttony (*lobh*), bewilderment (*moh*), arrogance (*ahamkar*), envy (*eersha*), and desire for honour and distinction. I am pretentious (*kapti*), lustful and lousy (*lampat*), a liar (*jhoota*) and violent (*himsak*) – I have been indulging in such grave sins, lapses and transgressions. I cannot stand either pain or dishonour; on the other hand, I have an overpowering desire for pleasures and honour. I crave for the sap of delicious viands to which my mind and tongue have been inured.

6-10. My attention and mind are ever focused on riches and sex-rousing beauty and I cherish fond hopes from children and wife. Even though my sinful mind is subject to pains and afflictions of innumerable kinds, it never gets ready to abandon its vicious activities (*kartooth*). Indeed, this mind of mine is the faithful disciple of *Kaal* and even though it is ever led astray and gets deluded, it has become a dare-devil (recklessly bold). Of course, whenever it gets hurt and suffers pains and afflictions, it becomes scared with its tail between its legs; and then it takes to meditation. But look at the grace and mercy of the *Satguru* who condescends to accept even this sort of meditation.

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11-15. I rely on my intellect and my shrewdness and I am glib-tongued, with the gift of the gab; I always discuss who is going to win or lose in any argument or argy-bargy. I am a braggart, a swaggerer and boastful without any trace of love inside of me, so that I am given to duping and deceiving the simple, innocent devotes. I have cast my spell on quite a large number of men and women; my staple diet is honour, distinction and respect. As for the love towards the guru, out of hypocrisy, and fearing retribution, I only pretend to love him; otherwise, my love for him is never consistently even: sometimes it is much, and sometimes very little. To wit, how far shall I go to narrate my faults and deficiencies; I cannot recall them and it seems I have lost track of them.

16-20. I am a pilferer, a swindler, a thief, given to backbiting and speaking ill of others at their back, inured to the enjoyment of the sap of sensual pleasure. Speaking of myself, I am grossly selfish, self-centred and self-opinionated, devoid of compassion, cruel and conceited, and I have insulted and slighted so many. I have committed crores of (i.e. countless) sins of which no account can be kept from one end to the other. O *Satguru*! Now, take pity on me; I don't have the gall to face up to you and solicit your grace and mercy. I have no faith and not an iota of love, and I wonder how and in what manner you will redeem me.

21-25. In this whole world there is no crook (*kutil*) as vicious as I am; O *Satguru*, put me on the right current, right track (*su-dhaari*). I try to use spiritual devices but I go awry (away from the appropriate course), so that reaching the end of my tether, I lie in obeisance to you and take to your sanctuary. But then, this again is mere lip service (insincere tribute or respect) for men-

tally I find it hard to take to your sanctuary and protection. I say this because if one claims to have taken to protection and also talks about it, evidently his lip service gets exposed and proven to be a lie. The fact is that it is you and you alone who knows your dispensation, ways and will; as it is, liberate me in whatever way you choose.

26-28. I am a wretch, mean and debased, blinded and sunk in doubts and misapprehensions, and I cannot devote myself to your feet with unflinching and crisp love. My maladies are incurable, unresponsive to any worldly treatment; save for you who can prescribe and give me the necessary drug. Indeed, you can remove my maladies in a moment and when you wish; the considerations of your grace and sweet will (*mauj*) are unique and unprecedented.

29-32. Time and again, I implore, beseech and solicit you for mercy and grace. I cannot notice anyone save you (for relief and succour); you alone are my protector, and saviour. I am bad, and awfully bad, yet again bad and abominably bad (i.e. I am bad in all respects: in my actions, thoughts, wishes and feelings); but howsoever bad I am, I have come and fallen at your haven. Saving me is a matter of your own dignity, honour and power (i.e. if you don't redeem me, they will only blame you, for you are omniscient and there is none so wicked whom your grace and mercy cannot redeem); O Radhasoami, avert all my afflictions and disasters!

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Discourse XXX (25 Hymns)

Aarti at the lotus feet of Satguru.

Hymn 1 (9 Verses)

Aarat gaaoon Soami Agam Anami ...

1-5. I sing the *aarti* of the Supreme, Infinite, Inaccessible and Nameless Lord who is none other than *Satt Purush Satguru* Radhasoami. I pick up the platter of ease (i.e. Easy Yoga or *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) and the wick of carefreeness (*achinta*); in the cup of lotus I pour in the *ghee* (rarefied butter) of water of life. I kindle the flame of the fundamental or basic Name (*mool naam*), and holding the platter in both hands (i.e. joining the two currents of *ida* and *pingla* on to the *sushumana*) I appear before Him. I offer the cap, back-tying cloth (*kamri*), *dhoti* (5-yard cloth piece put on across the loin by men in India) and waistcoat (*patka*), and a handkerchief as my *bhent* (present) to him for wiping the dust off his face. I place a *tilak* (mark symbolising the Third *Til*) of saffron on the forehead of the guru and a flower garland around his neck and offer to him burning incense and viands for food.

6-9. This done, I take the platter of *aarti* turning around him so that I begin to hear the unstruck melody of the Sphere of Spirit (*Rarang* of *Sunn* Sphere). Joining the pupils of both eyes I focus my attention at His feet so that the guru looked at me with compassion and mercy. Constantly sighting his mien as refulgent as that of sun and moon inside of my eyes, I became absorbed in their

sheen and splendour. All the *hamsas* jointly sang the symphony of the *aarti* so that the omniscient master condescended to own one and all around him.

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Aarat gaaoon purey guru ki ...

1-5. I sing the *aarti* unto the Perfect Guru and sing of the might and main of the top of *Trikuti*. There I am gripped by the unstruck melody, the abode of unlimited Sound (*anhad ghor ki*); and then I saunter around the sphere of *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit). I speak of the Inaccessible Pathway (*dagar*), and in the process I get rid of the pain and anguish of my heart. Then I catch the glimpses of the Lord of the Spaceless and Timeless sphere and I jettison my fondness (*mamta*) for my corporeal frame. I kindle the flame of love and pinning (*virah*) and take up the platter of *surat* and *nirat*.

6-10. While I am small, the sphere that is my target is so big; O Lord, how can I climb up (to it) with the load and burden of such a deficient and false and fake mind? Do kindly give me a push, as if to a swing, by your merciful and compassion glance so that the danger of the loss I suffer by relying only on my intellectual power may be averted. Now my mind has fallen flat at your feet, and I beat up the head of *Kaal* and karma with a pestle (i.e. I pulverise *Kaal* or mind, and karma or my past deeds).

11-15. O Lord! I am utterly dependent on you (*kinkar*), humble and meek, lowly and mean, your thrall and (how amazing and shocking it is that) so far I

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could not recognise you (i.e. your might and main). Indeed, my fitness for performing your *aarti* is very questionable; but you in your grace and compassion, have noticed me and drawn me towards you. As it is, you have got to protect and shield me; take me in your sanctuary in a manner that I may never become separated from you. I have now caught hold of you (literally, your *daaman* or the skirt of your apparel), O Soami, even though you are inaccessible, infinite and nameless! Do kindly give me love and devotion, chance to serve you and contemplate on you, as your precious gifts.

Hymn 3 (11 Verses)

Radhasoami, Radhasoami, Radhasoami, gaaoon ...

1-5. I sing of the glory of Radhasoami, the majesty of Radhasoami, and the infinitude of Radhasoami; in so doing, I have found the core (*padaarth*)¹⁰³ of the Name, the essential meaning of the Name and the Supreme Reality of the Name. I kindle the flame and look closely into the inaccessible, fathomless beauty of the form (of Radhasoami). Its majesty (*mahima*) is beyond description but that marvellous form is visible directly in the corporeal form of the *Satguru*. O Giver (*daata*)! I ask you for one boon (*var*) and that is: 'Kindly accept me as your protégé, ever to sit at your feet, for you are my father (Soami) and my mother (Radha).' I have performed this

aarti with full concentration and total dedication (*hit-chitt*) and you have made me immerse in the reservoir of water of life (*amritsar* or *Mansarovar*).

6-11. Proceeding to *Sunn*, I abided there and hearing the sound of *kin-guri* (fiddle) my mind became deeply absorbed and ecstatic. My companion, *surat*, enjoys the bliss and beatitude of that sphere and it beholds the marvelous *tamasha* staged by the circle of *hamsas* (pure spirits). There I witnessed an exceedingly attractive sport and then I prepared myself to move ahead. I focused attention on *Mahasunn* (the barrier that stands between *Brahmand* and *Sachch Khand*), and obtaining the secret clues from the *Satguru* I elevated my *surat*. I then pierced into the extremely narrow pass (*ghaat* or channel) and reached the Rotating Cave, where I heard the roaring sound of *So-hang*. Radhasoami revealed to me the secret so that I could gain access to *Sattnaam*, in my own way (*nij kar paayee*).

Hymn 4 (12 Verses)

Guru aarat main karney aayee ...

1-3. I have come to perform the *aarti* of the guru, for now all pains and afflictions, delusions and illusions have been jettisoned (thrown away and abandoned). I have picked up the platter of amiability and forgiveness (*sheel-kshama*) and then I discovered the mystery of the grandeur of the guru. I kindled the flame with the fire of lovesickness and yearning (*virah agni*), and then I performed the *aarti* with love, verve and zest.

4-6. I offered my reverence as delicious food for my guru; and thus it is that I reaped the fullest benefit of the rare opportunity I got of being born as a
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man. With my both eyes joined together, I stood face to face with the *Sat-guru* who then cast his kindly eye on me. Ever and anon, I sing of Radha and Radha¹⁰⁴ (i.e. *Satguru* and *Satguru* who is the embodiment of the *Adi Surat*), and I ever worship Soami and Soami (the *Adi Shabd*).

7-9. As it is, both Radha and Soami became one, i.e. 'Radhasoami' and on this joint form 'Radhasoami' I always rely as my mainstay, my refrain (*tek*).¹⁰⁵ How far and how long can I talk of His sheen and splendour, for crores of suns and moons are collectively on a par with the luminance of the aspect and mien of each limb of His. Sighting His form and figure, my mind becomes fascinated and charmed; my love for Him is as intense and constant as is the ancient love of the lotus for the sun.¹⁰⁶

10-12. My mind and attention never feel satiated and satisfied by sighting Him and performing His *aarti*! But then how long can I go on singing His *aarti*? I must, therefore, cry halt and restrain the verve and surging zest of my love for Him, and after performing a full *aarti* unto Him, I must calm down (my mind and attention). My Radhasoami became pleased with me and gave me His *prasad* (grace) to my heart's content (i.e. as much I wish and as much as He is pleased to give).

Hymn 5 (14 Verses)

Gaaon aarti le kar thaali ...

1-5. I picked up a platter (with edges curved all around) and sang the *aarti* (unto the *Satguru*), so that my *surat* went ahead and ascended to the top of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). I reversed my view and sighted the flame into which I threaded my mind every moment (as a thread is passed into the eye of the needle). My *surat*, goaded by *nirat*, constantly hears the unstruck melody and thus the wherewithal of the *aarti* got assembled. After performing the *aarti*, I reaped the fruit in full so that inside of me the lustrous sun rose. Seeing the luminous sun and moon shedding their light and lustre, my gardener-like mind began to irrigate and water the plants of *shabds*.

6-10. My *surat* which is like the female-gardener, looks after and takes care of the lotus bed and arranges the flowers (*shabds*) with decor and style. She kneads and strings them and brings them close to Soami and weaves them into garlands and puts them round the neck of Soami while performing the *aarti*. And then blooming and puffing, I stood in front of Soami and fastening my gaze into His eyes, I move the platter of *aarti* around Him. I converted my desire to catalonian jasmine (*champa*) and mind into basil (*maruaa*) and I filled in my pitcher (*charua*) into water of life (i.e., I felt as happy as one would feel after drinking nectar). I sniffed the threads which had knitted the net of bewilderment and delusion (*moh*) and I now abandoned all the ailments, woes and doubts and uncertainties.

11-14. By pulling and pushing my mind, I withdrew it (from the outside) by all possible means and turned it away from the phenomenal realm and united it with His feet. My body took to ataraxia and my mind to sangfroid so

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that neither bronze nor brass (*kansa* and *peetal*) any longer lured me (i.e. or fake and false things ceased to hold my interest). Love and devotion became fastened on Soami and I abandoned all other work and activity. Now, as soon as Radhasoami showered His mercy and grace on me, I concluded the *aarti*.

Hymn 6 (9 Verses)

Aarat gaawey Soami daas tumhaara ...

1-3. O Soami! Your devoted servant is singing an *aarti* after preparing the platter of love and tendresse (*prem* and *preet*). I have kindled the lamp of divine wisdom (*jnan*) and contemplation (*dhyan*); and hearing the resonance of the unstruck melody (*dhvani*) I took to the path of *bhakti* yoga (i.e. *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*). Constantly tinkling and rattling sound, the clang and twang, made me whirl in ecstasy (*jhumaava*), and my *surat* hearing the sound, became absorbed in the Word (*shabd*).

4-5. O Soami! It is now time that you kindly hear my *aarti* (my doxology); I am a damned sinner and given to forgetfulness I wandered about here and there a good deal and so kindly forgive and pardon me my lapses, faults and

transgressions; by your grace may I not go amiss once again for I have already been subjected to lot of perplexity, confusion and bewilderment (*hairaani*).

6-9. O my Master, my Overlord, my Giver, take pity on me! I am your servant, given to serve your Lordship's feet. Cast a glance of your infinite and complete mercy and compassion on me, so that I may gain access to a post (*pada*) which is endless, unbounded and eternal. Your name, O Lord, is the illuminator of darkness, and I am singing the doxology of the inaccessible and infinite Sound. O Radhasoami, shower your mercy and compassion (on me) and O Omniscient, give me your *prasad* (grace)!

Hymn 7 (15 Verses)

Guru mere daata, main bhayee daasi ...

1-5. The guru is my (sole) Giver (i.e. whatever I get, I get from the guru) and I am his slave (his devotee); he has cut off the noose round my neck which had been tied up from birth to birth (i.e. he has emancipated me from the vicious circle metempsychosis). It is now that I have got the rare human form (*nar dehi*), and (I am going to take full advantage of this opportunity so that) I will dedicate myself to love and devotion to the guru with whom I am determined to ingratiate myself. Day and night I devote myself to the recitation of the Name (Radhasoami), and I now every moment sing of the marvellous qualities of Soami. I catch his glimpses and my mind becomes vivified and zestful. Then, I get to hear the marvellous sound of the unstruck melody and with this, I became absorbed in the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*, *Gagan Mandal*).

6-10. After reaching *Trikuti*, I take my seat on the lion-cloth covering the throne and my *surat* then rules and reigns the heart and mind of everyone (*Trikuti's* deity is called as *Pranava* – the seat of *praan* or life-breath of all *jivas*). I am now fully prepared to perform *aarti* in every style and I hear the roaring

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sound of the musical instruments of *Trikuti* like *mridang* (or kettledrum). This tumultuous sound emanates from the Eternal Sphere so that hearing it I gain access to the real category (*padaarth*) of the Spaceless and the Timeless spheres. There the ambrosial currents flow and rain incessantly and my *surat* completely drenched in it, abandons the spheres of *Pind* and *Brahmand* (*naukhandas*, i.e., solar plexus, mouth, two nostrils, two ears, two eyes, *Sahasdal Kanwal* and *Trikuti*). And now in the fashion of the gait of *hamsas*, my *surat* goes up to *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*). From there it goes on to the abode of *Achinta* or *Mahasunn*.

11-15. Going across *Agam* (*Sunn*) and *Nigam* (*Mahasunn*), it breaks open the portal of *Sattlok*. In the post of *Satt Purush*, I witnessed refulgence and luminance and on seeing this, *Kaal* began to feel bitter and every moment began to regret and rue and resent. As for me, I became inebriated with the spiritual sap (of *Sattlok*) and every day I began to sing the hymns of *aarti* for the *Sat-guru*. (In my *aarti*) I solicited: 'O Compassionate Lord! Give me that gift which would make my attention and mind engrossed and permeated in your

feet. May I never become separated from you and live with you forever as does the fish in water. Time and again, I may remain the thrall of your feet.’

Hymn 8 (5 Verses)

Aarat gaaoon paanch kadi ki ...

1-2. I sing the doxology comprising five verses, as a reminder to my mind that having descended here, I (i.e. my *surat*) am being consumed by the five elements (ether, air, fire, water and earth of which my body is made). I am tied up with the rope of five *praans* (*praan*, *apana*, *samana*, *vyana* and *udana*)¹⁰⁷ and I am always at loggerheads with the five basic crooked urges (lust, wrath, greed, bewilderment and conceit).

3-5. The perfect *Satguru* has shown mercy to me so that he untied my knot of *jada-chaitanya*¹⁰⁸ and I climbed up to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). I fought well within the middle of my body against these evil forces and their allies so that I picked up the pearls of unstruck melody, kneading them into a sort of chain. Then I firmly grasped the sound of the *Sunn* sphere (Sphere of Spirit) and thence I went up and fell down at the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 9 (7 Verses)

Saat kadi ki aarat gaaoon ...

1-3. I now sing the *aarti* comprising seven verses and I lift my *surat* on the wings of the Word and move along all around. I turn my mind (from the phenomenal world) and break into *Gagan* (*Trikuti*); restraining my attention and conscious Self, I fasten it up with the feet (of the guru). Every moment, I behold the countenance of the *Satguru* and I look up to the unstruck melody of diverse kinds.

4-7. I am like a doe (female deer) and I constantly hear the sound of my guru, hearing which I become beside myself (overwhelmed) losing conscious-

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ness of my body and mind. Picking up all my five senses, my *surat* and my mind (totalling seven) I become permeated in the *Gagan*. I stare (look and gaze fixedly with hostility and rudeness) and get petulant (*aankh dikhaaoon aur jhunjhlaaon*) and on the strength of my *Satguru* I go ordering about (bullying and domineering) one and all. This *aaarat* I will ever perform; to tell you the truth I will never take offence or get annoyed (with my *Satguru*).

Hymn 10 (8 Verses)

Aarat gaaoon Sattnaam ki ...

1-5. I sing the doxology of *Sattnaam* and light the flame of the Name of the spaceless and timeless sphere. I witness the sport of the darkish corner (Third *Til* or sixth ganglion) and saunter around the White Sphere (*Sahasdal Kanwal* or One Thousand-Petalled Lotus). I extirpate the root of the crooked and wicked lust and I become the unquestioned thrall of the guru. I render service unto Him all the twenty-four hours (literally, all parts of day and

night); I entirely abandon the sound emanating from the left (*ida*). My love for the guru is as integral and organic as is the relationship between the letter *alif* and *laam* (*laam* cannot be inscribed without first inscribing *alif*); only then I could hear the unstruck melody of the Spaceless Sphere.

6-8. I have forsaken the company of the classes and masses (patricians as well as plebeians); I have lost all regard for considerations of good and bad name (honour and dishonour, fame and defame). I have beheld the sheen and splendour of the top of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and I have become inebriated of the cup of the eternal, non-deciduous liquor (the perennial *Saut-i-Sarmadi*). There is no place left for a single spoken word, for I have concluded the *aarti* of Radhasoami (i.e. with it, I have said the last word).

Hymn 11 (7 Verses)

Daya guru ki ab huyee bhaari ...

1-7. The guru has (kindly) shown me great deal of grace and mercy so that I have now decided to perform His *aarti*. I have decorously arranged the platter of the known imparted to me by the guru and lighted the flame. As I stood up in front of the guru, all my conceit and bewilderment took to their heels. As the glare of the guru struck me like a stick, my bitch-like sense of *meum* and *tuum* (*mamta*) ran away barking, crying abruptly. The guru has revealed and prescribed to me such a mantra¹⁰⁹ that the last shadows (*bhoot*) of greed and gluttony vanished from my body. Then, the *surat* soared to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and leaving this body of nine apertures (anus, reproductive organ, mouth, two nostrils, two eyes, and two ears) it ascended to the lotus of eight petals (*Ashtdal Kanwal*).¹¹⁰ I have now taken to Radhasoami Name and I have ensconced His beauteous and matchless form in my heart of hearts.

Hymn 12 (11 Verses)

Ek aarti aur banaaoon ...

1-2. I take up one more doxology which I recite before Radhasoami. By all

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possible ways (recitation of Name and contemplation on the form of the guru) and means (*Surat-Shabd-Yoga* or meditation), I am fanning the flames of love-sickness, and I decorously arrange the platter of *aarti* with love and tendresse.

3-5. I have broken (ended my relationship) with my family and my kith and kin, and I have tied up my mind with the lotus feet of the guru. *Kaal* (my vicious mind) strove hard to entangle me in all sorts of worries and botherations (involving me in conflicts as to what is mine and what is thine) but I have cut loose from the custody of *meum* and *tuum*. My (higher) mind stimulated a great deal of verve and zest in the feet of the guru, so that I lost consciousness of all around me (literally, of who is a male and who is a female).

6-11. Aided by the mystery of the Word which the guru revealed and showed to me, I elevated my *surat* and came up to the portal of *Brahmand* (*Brahmarandhra* or the Third *Til*). As I enter *Gagan* (*Trikuti*), I began to be

called a *daas*¹¹¹ (servant) and began to be wrapped and lapped into the feet of the Lord. Inside of me, I caught the glimpses of the *Satguru* and at seeing His non-pareil and matchless form, I was as much delighted as a black bee becomes ecstatic at humming around a white lotus and smelling its sweet fragrance as if sitting in the lap of love. I became aware of the resonance of the unique sounds to which my *surat* engages firmly and holds fast. Radhasoami took pity on me so that He liberated and redeemed a wretch like me (*adham* – a person pitied for his degraded position and misfortune).

Hymn 13 (6 Verses)

Agam aarti Radhasoami gaaoon ...

1-4. I sing an exceedingly profound *aarti* to Radhasoami, and I offer all that I have – my body, mind and wealth – as my oblation to Him. I sweep (with a broom) the roof, dust the eaves (the edge of a roof that projects beyond the wall; *chhajja*) and I perform all the jobs – meanest of the mean. O my master! Take pity on me now, for life after life, birth after birth, I remained confined to the vicious circle of *Kaal* (Evil). Now, the compassionate Lord has stamped me with His seal of mercy, so that thistles and thorns (*kantak*) of *Kaal* have been thrown aside.

5-6. O Radhasoami! Give me your *prasad* (i.e. shower your grace on me), so that I may gain access to the sphere of *Sattnaam Anami* (the sphere between *Sattlok* and *Alakh*). O Lord! I am an attendant of your majestic abode and I must clear away all my intellectual cobwebs (mustiness, confusion and obscurity) knitted by the Lord of Maya (i.e. *Kaal Purush* or Universal Mind).

Hymn 14 (8 Verses)

Ghaamar ghoomar karoon aarti ...

1-5. Whirling round and round Him, I perform the *aarti* of my Lord who has now turned merciful and compassionate towards me. I live on your *prasad* (grace); I subsist under the cover of your grace; O Master, I will go on reciting your Name! O Master! Irrespective of whether you look at me or not look at

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me (i.e. refuse to consider me), I will go on doing (perform *karni*) what I can. I will go on circumambulating you and I will go on taking your *char-anamrit* (the water with which your feet are washed and which for that reason has become ambrosial); I will, time and again, render obeisance to you and will cling to your feet. I will break off (become detached) the head of *Kaal* and karma (i.e. of egotism and my *kriyemaan*, *prarabdh* and *sanchit* karmas)¹¹², and I will unite and tie in my *surat* with your feet.

6-8. I will practice such a rare, marvellous devotion that I will keep on singing of your qualities: omnipotence, omniscience, omnirefulgence and omnicompetence,¹¹³ with verve, zest and enthusiasm. I will not offer even a cowry¹¹⁴ as my oblation and *puja* but I will bend and bend down before Him

and keep singing His doxology. O Lord! Even if you become annoyed with me, I will not avert from you, and will continue to grip and grasp your feet.

Hymn 15 (13 Verses)

Karey aarta sevak bhola ...

1-5. The simple-hearted attendant and devotee performs *aarti* so that the portal of the city of love has been thrown open unto him. I have cleared the path to the mental sky¹¹⁵ so that (all the accumulated karmas are eradicated) and I have caught the glimpses of the guru in His sound-form (*Shabd* Guru). Sighting and beholding Him, I was exhilarated in my mind and then my companion *surat* reached Him in a moment. I became ardently devoted and my love became stimulated and stirred, and my *surat* became fastened to His glimpses. I witnessed the flower-bed of five elements as also the bed of twenty-five *prakritis*.¹¹⁶

6-13. In the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) I witnessed a courtyard-type of platform in the middle where I found Radhasoami seated on the lion-skinned throne (*singhasan*). Then I picked up the huge dish (*paraant*) of *hiya* (heart) in my hands (i.e. I wore my heart on my sleeve and showed my feelings openly); I lighted a huge flame (*jotaa*), dispelling all darkness. I fetched the life-giving ambrosial drug (Radhasoami *Naam*) to the Inaccessible Sphere and offered it as my present to *Agam Purush*. I then performed the *aarti* with great zest and verve and smashed the head of the wretched *Kaal* (i.e. I slew my conceit). I then took to Radhasoami Name as my wings on which to soar; and then I broke the denture of Dharmaraj or Yama¹¹⁷ (i.e. I blunted all this attacks). I take all the required paraphernalia of *aarti* – flowers, betel leaf, saffron and vermilion (for *tilak* or *tika*) and delicious viands of love and tendresse to serve as food. I now receive the grace (*prasad*) of Radhasoami so that every moment I sing the doxology of my beloved Lord. I have completed the *aarti* today receiving all the decor, for this day is *Janamashtmi*.¹¹⁸

Hymn 16 (31 Verses)

Jaag re manua chhod bakheda ...

1-5. O my mind! Give up the wrangles and squabbles of this world and
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renounce and abandon the darkness (i.e. obliviousness, delusions and ignorance) of this phenomenal realm (*jagat*).¹¹⁹ And seek the perfect master of the day from morning to evening every day, for if you tarry, things will get out of your control. Then, the *Satguru* will settle and redeem your doubts (of karmas) and you will cease to move around the vicious whirlpool of the deep waters of mind and matter (*bhaujal*). It is *Kaal* that has laid this siege (around the *jivas*) so that all the *jivas* are straggling and rambling (in delusions, illusions and hallucinations). Abandoning all considerations and feelings of *meum* and *tuum* (*mamta* or delusion), serve only the *Satguru* and hold Him alone as ‘mine’.

6-10. And in this matter, don't tarry or linger, and get into the barge (*bera*) or boat bound for the Inaccessible Sphere. I look for the landing coast inside of me, and I discovered it to be very close and in proximity. Thereafter I pitched my tent in *Gagan (Trikuti)* which the saints traverse daily. Then I besieged all the smugglers and pilferers and brigands (like lust, wrath, greed etc.) and I became supremely relieved and happy, and under the close watchmanship and vigilance of saints I rest without any worry or anxiety.

11-15. I promote and develop zest and enthusiasm for performing the *aarti* (of the *Satguru*), but then where from shall I procure the wherewithal for it? My mind is hungry and so is my *surat* starving, and within my body, my sensory and motor organs are dried out and dried up (have become barren and unproductive of spiritualism). It was then that the *Satguru* gave the clarion call: 'You rise to the higher spheres, leaving the darkness (ignorance and forgetfulness) behind. Go and behold the lustre of *Trikuti* and cultivate love and fondness for the unstruck melody there'. I then flew and set up my post (*chowki*) in *Sunn* and there I found the most valuable wherewithal for the *aarti*.

16-20. I now add decor and embellishment to my *aarti* and while performing it, I make an oblation of myself unto the *Satguru*. My *surat* is now sparkling with verve and liveliness as I pick up the platter of *aarti* in my hands. I light an extremely comforting and soothing flame and I fetch a pitcher full of ambrosia (from the spring of the current of *surat* inside of me). I am offering viands prepared out of ambrosial material and place a garland of lotus flowers around the *Satguru's* neck. The sheen and splendour of the *Satguru* is so captivating that I spread out my eyes to catch His glimpses.

21-25. I spread out a carpet in the plain of *Mahasunn* where there is neither firmament, nor terra firma, nor stars, and where my Lord has created very many isles (for the *hamsas*); what shall I say about the unique spiritual sweep (*gati*) of the *hamsas* (purified spirits)? The Lord has settled clusters and batches of devotees there, who defy all comparisons and similitude. All of them come up to the Rotating Cave to watch the style and manner in which I perform the *aarti* (of *Satguru*) there. The *Satguru* has established His throne in *Sattlok* and there He sits in great sheen and splendour.

26-28. There (in *Sattlok*), the harp keeps on resounding and resonating (with the melody of *Satt* and *Haq*) and all the *hamsas* join in singing the sym-

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phony of *aarti*. This was a majestic and splendid *aarti*, and after performing it, the *surat* steps on to the Invisible Sphere. Such was the pomp, tumult and grandeur of this *aarti* that its echo could be heard even in the Inaccessible Sphere where the *surat* soon reached.

29-31. This *aarti* was so much expanded and extended that its (spiritual) power (*pratap*: the name of the younger brother of Soamiji Maharaj) became ineffable. I had made it to the abode (or household, in the context of Lala Pratap Singh) of Radhasoami; no praise is too high to be lavished on such a

great fortune. This *aarti* has now become complete, and I am reduced to the level of the dust of Radhasoami's feet.¹²⁰

Hymn 17 (27 Verses)

Dampat aarat karoon Radhasoami ...

1-5. I perform the joint *aarti* of Radha (*Adi Surat* or *Satguru*) and Soami (the *Adi Shabd* or Soami, the Supreme Lord), and with love and devotion I sing of the attribute of this Great Name (*Ism-i-Azam*). I have prepared fried victuals (*pakwaan*) and sweetmeats for His food, and stitched clothes decorating them with gold or silver braid laces and I placed all of them as my offering to my master who then commanded me: 'Perform the *aarti* after embellishing yourself with the dress of love. And perform such an *aarti* again and again.' I therefore now perform the *aarti*; may Radhasoami ever support and protect me!

6-10. The *surat* and *shabd* go round the *Satguru* (*bhanwar*)¹²¹ and He wished them a very happy, successful and perennially wedded life. The merciful guru is wholly compassionate to all and sundry; the perfect *Satguru* fulfils one and all. I sacrifice all that I have (my strength, will, mind, soul, body, riches) at His feet; except for Him, who can afford to do real good to the *jivas* (*upkaar*)?¹²² O my Master! I am your *kinkar* (utterly dependent on you; your thrall) and your feet are my mainstay and prop; who can, other than you, extricate me and lift me from the cesspool of this phenomenal world. O master! Do please put your (protective) hand on my head now, so that my love and devotion may entirely be engaged unto your feet.

11-15. O Radhasoami! Kindly shower your grace on me and O *Anami*, favour me by making a gift of devotion and its *modus operandi* to me! My mind and my *surat* have joined together in coming to you (implore you for your grace), and with your refulgence (*noor-i-qahir*) in their heart of hearts (*hiya*). Kindly take both of them under your benign protection and shelter and make them perceive the path to your Inaccessible Sphere. O Lord! Enable me to behold your luminous form in the *jyoti* (flame) at the Third *Til* and to raise my *surat* to One Thousand-Petalled Lotus (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) so that I may go up beyond, and get into the Crooked Tunnel and perceive the Sphere of *Trikuti* with great jubilation and liveliness.

16-20. Thence, I would love to ascend to the top of *Sunn*, in a moment, taking a pledge (*pan*) to go on and traverse the *Mahasunn*. Thereafter, may I

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be able to hear the unstruck melody (of *Anahoo* and *Sohang*) sitting in the Rotating Cave, eventually proceeding to *Sattlok* and hear the melody of harp. O Lord! Make me the recipient of the mercy of the Invisible and the Inaccessible *Purush* and enable me to hear the Radhasoami Name. As I hear the Radhasoami Name and ensconce it in my attention and consciousness, in an instant I will be able to cut out all my karmas and cut off all my delusions

and illusions. Indeed, by attending the *satsang*, I have developed and eradicated all my deep-seated and ingrained dirt (vices and evils and impurities) and inside of me, the primordial energy (*chaitanyata*) became luminous and dispelled all darkness (of ignorance and inertia).

21-24. The blinding darkness of *avidya* (ignorance) and *aggyan* (lack of true perception and knowledge) has been wiped out (completely destroyed and eradicated), and now I took repose in the uproarious sound of the unstruck melody. Hearing this sound, my *surat* has become so jubilant and hilarious as the fish becomes delighted inside water. Both, the female servant (my *surat*) and the male attendant (my mind) have jointly taken to your shelter and both of them have married (the sound or *shabd*) and then decided to perform the *aarti*. They now make an extremely weighty offering (their self as well as non-Self), for this body and corporeal mind are a trifle for this occasion.

25-27. As for me, I am an ignoramus and I do not know the core of Reality (*marm*); as it is I only recite the Radhasoami Name. O Merciful Lord! Do kindly accept my doxology, my imploration; we are all ignorant and unaware and we cannot and do not make out your extent, sweep and reach (*gati*). It is by sheer luck that I (undeservedly though) have gained access to your glimpses; my attention and consciousness has now taken to the refuge of Radhasoami.

Hymn 18 (8 Verses)

Aaj aarti karoon suhavan ...

1-5. Today I perform an extremely pleasing and loving *aarti* which is very moving (*bhaavan*), pure (*paavan*) and tempting and fascinating to the heart. It is very captivating to sing; it is stimulating and it enhances love; it enlivens zest and verve and drives away fickleness and unsteadiness. It energises and arouses the *surat* and it tends to attract the sound and goads both to meet each other; it makes both to become permeated in each other with ease and to bear each other's colours (to get close to each other). It eradicates and uproots all sins and destroys the family of the King Ravana – the king of demons or *rakshasas* of Lanka – who serves as the dynamic force that induces both Sita (*surat*) and Ram (Mind) to get back to Ayodhya (*Sunn*). *Surat* is the name of Siya or Sita¹²³ and mind is Ram while Ayodhya is the tenth aperture (of the saints).

6-8. My *surat* then took immersion in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality in *Sunn*) and thence it climbs to the top of *Mahasunn*. From there it watches the sport of the Rotating Cave and then reaching *Sattlok*, it hears the

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melody of *been* (harp). Getting on to the Invisible and the Inaccessible spheres it begins to hear the rousing word 'Radhasoami' to which it attains in the Radhasoami Abode.

Hymn 19 (14 Verses)

Uthi abhilaakhaa ek mana more ...

1-5. An extremely keen yearning arose in my mind to perform the *aarti* of the guru with all my resources and strength. I resolved to pick up the platter of love in my hands and on it I will light the flame of the Word (*shabd*). I will tightly tie in the *surat* with *shabd* and then I will get inside and behold the (inner) form of the guru. I will speak at length of the greatness and glory of the guru's discourses, and will concentrate on his feet in my heart of hearts (i.e. at the Third *Til*). Save the guru I recognise and accept none (as my saviour), and at long last I have gone down and taken to His shelter.

6-10. It is the guru who will row my barge (*kheva*) across (this phenomenal ocean) and will save me from drowning in the perilous midstream of this ocean. O my guru! Catch hold of my hand by your extended long arm and remove the blinding dust of this fleeting, perishable, stormy realm (*jagat*) from my eyes (i.e. give me the light to see and perceive what is real and discern it from what is unreal). O Lord! Take care and succour my *surat* today, so that I may soar and peep at the portal of *Sahasdal Kanwal (Nabh)*, and have access to and behold the luminance and lustre of the flame of the Spotless (*Niranjan*). Then, leaving the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus I will go across the Crooked Tunnel to *Trikuti* from where I will dash to *Sunn* after flinging open the stony door-fliers.

11-14. Following the line of, and accompanied by, the *Satguru*, I will go through *Mahasunn* and get on to the Rotating Cave where I will hear the melodious sound current of flute. Hearing the sound of harp, I will go to *Sachch Khand* and from there I will proceed and attend the court of the Invisible and the Inaccessible *Purush*. Radhasoami has extended his love and affection to me and I make an oblation of my 'self' unto Him. I now perform His *aarti*, deriving great bliss and beatitude, for today I have received eternal delight and joy.

Hymn 20 (16 Verses)

Kyoon kar karoon aarti Satguru ...

1-5. (My problem is) how to perform the *aarti* of the *Satguru*, for I lack the force and strength of love needed for the purpose in my heart. O *Satguru*! You are compassionate to the humble and the lowly and kind and merciful; cut my bonds and sustain me (spiritually). I am utterly dependent on you (*kinkar*) and extremely degraded and miserable, despondent and depressed, while the sweep of your love and authority unquestionably prevails over all and sundry. What do I know about your mysterious powers and secrets for I constantly live in sensual pleasure, which are my staple diet. The current of *Kaal* and his dexterity and skills are very deep and swift for which I implore you to save me and take across.

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6-10. My mind and body are spiritually good-for-nothing and feel ashamed and slighted in rendering service and performing meditation (such

is my hauteur and carelessness); O comrade, it is extremely difficult and rare to meet and get mixed in the company of a perfect saint; it is only by His grace and compassion that He has himself chosen to come my way. O Master! Some piece of rare good fortune must have become functional in my case, so that I could gain access to your glimpses. It is from a far distant land (*Satt Desh*) that I (i.e. my *surat*) came down here (long, long ago), and on top of that, *Kaal* (the force symbolising negativity, outwardness and downwardness) has placed lot of hindrances and obstructions (on my way back home). My mind gets bored and weary of spiritual pursuits which it finds dull and uninteresting, so that my attention becomes bewildered, deluded and straggled, and time and again it tends to rush back to the land of mind and body (this phenomenal realm which my *surat*, under the pressure of mind and body, treats as her native land).

11-16. It does not desire to stay in *satsang*; on the contrary, it cherishes the memory of riches and women and intensifies longing for them. O my *Satguru*! In this miserable situation, do kindly turn away my mind, so that day and night it may cling to your feet. O Lord! Elevate my *surat* to the Word (*Shabd*) of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*); and foster my *nirat* (the power that goads the *surat* upward) upon the unstruck melody of the tenth aperture (*dhunan avadh*), so that after perceiving the marvellous sport of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and the Region of Three Prominences, my *surat* may find solace from playing in the spheres of *Sunn* and *Mahasunn*. Thereafter it may behold the scenario of the Rotating Cave and *Sattlok*, after which the mien and aspect (*chhabhi*) of the Invisible and the Inaccessible *Purush* may fascinate my consciousness and attention. Radhasoami has now called out my *surat* to leave this phenomenal realm, and return to its own abode (*Satt Desh*).

Hymn 21 (11 Verses)

Dhoom-dhaam sey aayee ik sajni ...

1-5. With great pomp and style, a companion *surat* (*sajni*) has come here happy, accompanied by her husband (i.e. mind who acts as *surat*'s husband and controller in this phenomenal realm) and with two sons – *vairag* (withdrawal from this world) and *anurag* (love for the purely spiritual realm and the *Satguru*). Having come here, she has taken to the shelter and refuge of the *Satguru* and heart and soul became devoted to the *Satguru* for whom she cultivated perfect love. She is performing the *aarti* of the guru and is exhibiting a great deal of verve and zest springing from her heart. Her love for and devotion to the guru is extraordinary, and of no small order; she has joined both *surat* and *nirat* with the *Satguru*'s own feet (at the Third *Til*). As she rouses and stirs love, her karmas become somnolent and non-functional; constantly she observes more and more patience and perseverance in devoting herself to meditation and devotion.

6-11. Ever and anon, she goes on augmenting her love (for the *Satguru*)

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which takes newer and newer forms every day, and happily smiles at the sight of the sheen and splendour of the guru. The majesty and might of the guru beggars description, for crores of suns feel humiliated and slighted at the sight of the lustre of every fibre of His Being. The sweep and extent of His power and majesty is known to Him alone; who can speak of this ineffable tale? Anyone who gains access to His congregation and His company, will, every moment, rush into *Shabd* (Word). As it is, I have taken to the haven of Radhasoami; indeed you alone, my Lord, will be able to protect and shield me. As for me, I do not know in the least the art of performing *aarti*; it is only by your own grace and compassion that you have stimulated my urge for love and devotion unto you.

Hymn 22 (14 Verses)

Satguru ki ab karoon aarti ...

1-5. Now I will perform the *aarti* of *Satguru*, for my destiny has been roused and I am now stirring my stumps (move and remain active). Every day I fetch categories of love (for the *Satguru*); my verve, zest and enthusiasm is ever on the rise so that they cannot be kept concealed any more. Watching this, Sharda¹²⁴ (Saraswati, goddess of learning) was confounded and put to shame, for the grandeur and lustre of the guru is simply ineffable. Whenever I get a chance to catch the glimpses of the guru, I make unto Him an oblation of my body, mind and wealth. I perform such an *aarti* of the guru that I entirely come to the refuge and shelter of the saint, in a special style.

6-10. The wicked and wretched *Kaal* puts a very difficult obstruction in my way – he lures me again and again to go back to this phenomenal realm. As for me, I have ensconced the (majestic) form of the guru in my heart, and every moment and instant, I turn to Him for support. At this, *Kaal* fades and withers away; he gets killed by the force and strength of love and lovesickness for the *Satguru*. Even when I am remote and far away from the *Satguru*, I keep him ensconced in my heart of hearts and by virtue of this proximity, I hinder all hindrances on my way to the Lord. I have picked up the weapon of the force and might of the *Satguru* in my hand, and with that I rip up the head of *Kaal* and karma.

11-14. Every moment now, I sing this *aarti*, and ever and anon, I sacrifice myself at the feet of the *Satguru*. Even though physically I live in this corporeal or phenomenal realm, my mind abides in the shadows of the feet of the guru – my inseparable companion. In as much as every breath of my life, I abide close to the guru; what harm can be caused to me by *Kaal*'s obstructions and hindrances? I have installed the image of Radhasoami in my heart, and every moment I look at Him with my eyes wide open.

Hymn 23 (11 Verses)

Karoon ri ek aarat adbhut bhaari ...

1-5. I now perform a unique, marvellous, profound *aarti* – having become
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detached (from this phenomenal realm) I render service to the feet of the guru. My *surat* has become drenched and wrapped in the sound of the unstruck melody; my *nirat* has stirred its stumps and my sense of *meum* and *tuum* (my attachments and delusions) have taken to their heels. I have abandoned (bland) water (the ganglions of the *pind*) and have now gained access to the sweep of *hamsas* (who abide in ambrosia), leaving my misfortune, which was my lot for long, behind. I have fallen in deep love for the feet of my guru who has been pleased to confer upon me the status of a wedded wife (*suhaag*). All the sensual pleasures have fallen back (receded and re-traced) and my mind has attained to the emotional state of withdrawal from immediate reaction to impressions coming from the outer world (*vairag*); day and night, now I sing the lyrics of love for my *Satguru*.

6-8. What shall I say about my great good luck, for my *surat* has become engrossed in the Word (*shabds*). I have set karma and dharma¹²⁵ ablaze, and I have abandoned both honour and dishonour, pride and insult. I now carry the brand or identifying mark of the *Satguru*'s feet (i.e. I am now branded as the thrall of the *Satguru*) and I seek the gift of *naam* from Him.

9-11. I soar to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and perceive the posts (spheres) beyond so that my *surat* has become permeated in the *satt shabd* (of *Sattlok*). This done, my companionship (*sangat*) of the carrion crows is gone, and my fortune is now part of the dispensation of the *hamsas* with whom I have now got mixed up. I have vanquished my mind and my infatuation (foolish and extravagant passion or *mamata* for this world) has taken to its heels; I have become purified by having intimate contact with the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 24 (28 Verses)

Guru ke charan par chitt balihaari ...

1-5. I sacrifice my whole consciousness on the feet of the guru (i.e. I focus attention on His feet), and in every way, I strengthen and reinforce trust and confidence in him in my mind to the fullest extent. With keen desire and intense yearning, I have come from afar and I had had the fullest view of his marvellous glimpses. But *Kaal* indulged in his usual robbery (*thuggi*) and cheating and he generated innumerable delusions and illusions in my mind. At times, he reinforces and strengthens my love for and confidence in the guru; but sometimes he weakens and enfeebles reliance and dependence on Him, and sometimes makes me swing on the cord of bewilderment and infatuation and reminds me of my family and relations.

6-7. When by making strenuous efforts, somehow or the other, I manage to grasp His feet firmly, he makes me waver and straggle from the right track and throws me back into this perishable, fleeting phenomenal realm (*jagat*). What shall I speak of the dextrous sport and skulduggery of *Kaal*? He turns on the heat, making me heated and excited and dampens my sangfroid.

8-10. He casts me again into the old grooves (*leek purani*) and the tradi-

tional customs and rites of the family and makes me turn towards the practices of *tirthas* (pilgrimages), fasts (*vrat*) and *dharmas* (duties and obligations). In this wise, he engenders great delusions¹²⁶ and illusions,¹²⁷ misconceptions or misunderstandings and by making me think and reflect on them, he makes my love for the *Satguru* drive away far. I am feckless, feeble and ineffectual, humble and lowly, a thrall, living under the shelter of the guru. O my Lord! Avert and drive away these difficulties and afflictions any way you prefer.

11-15. This mind of mine is a thief and impostor, and very hard and very cruel (*kathor*) and it keeps on drifting fully on the currents of greed and gluttony. It never brings to bear any hopes, reliance or faith in the *Satguru* and it never reposes in His feet. Now, how shall I pursue this mind to return to the right track and keep off straggling? Indeed, without the grace and mercy of the guru, there is no recourse or resort (*thaur na thaaon*). As it is, I am entreating and beseeching you to bring my mind, somehow or the other, back to the right track and put it on the current that goes towards the Lord (*sudhaar*). I implore you, O master: 'May I abide forever in your feet and never leave them; do give me the gift of ataraxia and sangfroid.'

16-20. The guru has favoured me by revealing to me the mystery of His feet. I now fasten my gaze and *surat* upon his eyes. I have given up the company of the two eyes (duality of *meum* and *tuum*), and focus attention on one *til*, the Third *Til* (becoming one with the guru), and from there I get in contact with *Jyoti-Niranjan* (flame of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus or *Sahasdal Kanwal*). Beyond it, there is the pleasing bank of *sushumana* (the middle artery), which took me straightaway to the Crooked Tunnel into which I permeate. Up to here I remain focused on the sound of bell and conch-shell (the melodies of *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and then leaving them behind, I got on to the Region of Three Prominences (*Trikuti*) where I hear the sound of thunder of clouds and the sound of *mridang* or kettledrum, and there I become acquainted with the guru *shabd* – namely *Aumkara* or *OM*.¹²⁸

21-25. Seeing the spiritual play there, the *surat* was immensely delighted and moving along, it made a dash into *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*, the deity of *Sunn*). In the company of the *hamsas* (purified spirits) I intensified my verve and zest, and I took immersion in *Mansarovar*, becoming elutriated and cleansed. Then I mounted my assault on *Mahasunn* and accompanied by the *Satguru*, my boat steered clear of this vast expanse (of darkness). Sorting out and dispelling the darkness prevailing there, I beheld the light and lustre and went on to the Rotating Cave, where I could gain access to the melody of flute. Thereafter, my guru made me perceive the *Sachch Khand* where I could hear the infinite *Satt Shabd* (*Satt*, *Satt* or *Haq*, *Haq*) and the mellifluous sound of *been* or harp.

26-28. Thence I could get the glimpses of the Invisible and the Inaccessible Spheres, and eventually I got into and permeated in Radhasoami Abode.

Thus by singing this *aarti*, I obtained the secrets of the inner spiritual stages, receiving fulfilment of all my hopes and expectations. All the objects

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of my mind (*manorath*), all my spiritual aspirations were now realised, and Radhasoami gave me the gift of highest category of jewels and pearls (unstruck melodies).

Hymn 25 (7 Verses)

Aarat aagey Radhasoami ke keejey ...

1-3. I perform the *aarti* in front of Radhasoami and I drink the ambrosial sap of purest, serene light. I transmute my attention into sandal, and my loving heart into a garland which I offer as my oblation to Radhasoami, who is all mercy and compassion to the humble and the lowly. I make the round heavy sphere into a platter (with edges curved on all sides) and make a wick of my *surat* and with these I light the flame of the Word which resonates day and night.

4-7. In One Thousand-Petalled Lotus I hear the melody of bell and the conch-shell and in *Trikuti*, I hear the sound of *Aumkara* or *OM*. In *Sunn*, I hear the sound of the Imperishable *Purush* (*Akshar Purush*, i.e. *Rarang*). In Rotating Cave, there abides the sound of *Sohang* (*Anahoo*), and in *Sattlok*, the *Sattnaam* resonates all the time. O Radhasoami! Your devoted servants sing your doxology and in return they gain access to the repose in your lotus feet.

Discourse XXXI (12 Hymns)

Description of the deficiencies and evil propensities of the mind and of the hindrances placed by *Kaal* in the course of meditation.

Hymn 1 (12 Verses)

Ghat aughat jhaanka ri sajni ...

1-6. O comrade! I have peeped into the *aughat* ¹²⁹ from my *ghat* and found that this slow-witted mind of mine does not acquiesce to my counsel and does not engage in *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. With the mentality of a dog, the mind keeps on wandering from door to door, eating the leavings (*jhutha*) which is like poison for a man. All the time it rouses and stirs the desire for wealth, property and comforts, and remains engrossed in pride, conceit, infatuation and delusions. It has tied itself in with family, kith and kin and this unreal, fake world. It does not discern the Way and plane of the guru and ever goes into the vicious circle of transmigration (four species: *andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*). How shall I speak to it? It refuses to accept the counsel (to come round and follow the straight course), and is again and again misled by delusions and illusions.

7-12. Inured to cheating and fraud, duplicity and hypocrisy, envy and backbiting, every moment it adds to its burden of sins and transgressions. It does not devote any attention to the guru's discourses and virtuous life (*sat-tvic rehni*). How long shall I speak to it? I have accepted defeat, realising that

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but for the guru none else can save it (from its destructive dispensation). I now advise everyone to intensify love for and devotion to the feet of the guru, for I call this as the first step (towards salvation). The second step is *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* which means immersion in the inner reservoir of spirituality, i.e. in the mental lake or *Mansarovar*. Radhasoami expounds this instruction in the interest of the *jivas* who can thereby fulfil their spiritual mission (*kaaj*).

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Chhootoon main kaisey is mana sey ...

1-5. *Surat* questions the higher mind which is situated in *Trikuti* or *Sahasdal Kanwal*¹³⁰ : 'How can I get rid of this corporeal mind (*pindi manas*)? It has cast its net wide knitted with several ropes, and it has detached me from my ultimate abode. Descending here, I got tied up with these ten (five sensory organs and five motor organs, all of which are the products of five elements); these have entangled me in their five tentacles (*prapanch*: skulduggery comprising lust, wrath, greed, delusion or infatuation, and conceit). They have thrown me down from the tenth aperture (Third *Til*, seat of the spirit and encaged me in the nine-door prison of two ears, two eyes, two nostrils, mouth, reproductive organ, and anus).¹³¹ In the upshot, I have become engrossed in objects of sensual pleasures; my primary concern now is how can I be extricated from their noose?

6-11. To me nobody looks like a saviour who can take me out of this wild, diverse forest. Meanwhile, I am moving about trembling in fear of Yama (the lord of death, the torturer); I wonder who can release me from this dread. I was by birth a human being but they have degraded me to the level of a beast. I have fallen apart from my own eternal abode even as a branch of a tree breaks off its roots (uprooted). I now make *cri de coeur* before the *Satguru*, imploring Him 'to unite me with His feet, and remove my dirt and filth (i.e. elutriate me) with the purifying substance of *satsang*, so that I may become separated from this (filthy) body.'

12-15. It is only then that I will be able to hear and meet the unstruck melody and receive the ambrosial sap and be comforted, become at rest, reassured and settled. I will then get in contact with the Word so that all my pains and afflictions will be set at nought and I will not again have any sensual cravings and longings. Then I will come and meet Radha (*Adi Surat* embodied in the *Satguru* of the time) who will encourage me to cultivate love for Soami (*Adi Shabd*, the Supreme Lord). O Radhasoami, make me as your own, for I have taken your refuge, your sanctuary!

Hymn 3 (14 Verses)

Gayee aaj soch mein ...

1-5. My errant (*kuchaalan chaal*) *surat* has fallen into the pit of worry and perplexity; oh my erring *surat*, straying from the right corner, has sunk into the pit of depression and anxiety! The unstruck melodies are resonating in the

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Gagan (heavenly spheres) but it does not focus attention on their sounds. While the perfect *Satguru* is revealing the mysteries and secrets, this errant *surat* of mine is straggling in the snares of mind and matter (material pursuits)! It knows nothing about the Way of picking up the substance and core of *satsang* and continues to remain stuck up in the dragnet of this world. What shall I say? It does not come to the point of comprehending the reality, for *Kaal* has misled and beguiled it, no end.

6-7. Without the guidance of the *Satguru* and without taking to *naam*, who is there to stand by me and protect me. Every moment, the noose of the three *gunas* tightens around my neck; it is only some saint, who is merciful and compassionate to the humble and the feckless, that can cut off this noose.

8-10. Inside of me, there is the heavy and thick curtain which lust, wrath, longings and cravings (for sensual pleasure) have interwoven (that screens the Lord from me). The fire of lovesickness rises again and again but fades and dies out every time; how shall I protect it against extinction? The miscreant agents of *Kaal* (lust, anger, greed etc.) are vexing and harassing me and casting their shadow (threatening influence or blight) on me.

11-14. How can I succeed and get fulfilled without gaining access to the *surat-shabd* path? It is only by adhering to that path that my errant *surat* will soar to *Sahasdal Kanwal* and from there to *Trikuti*, and then to *Mansarovar* in *Sunn* where it will have immersion and become purified. Then it will rise to *Mahasunn* and perceive the Rotating Cave, and will eventually secure the ultimate wealth of *Sattnaam* (in *Sattlok*). O Radhasoami! Show me your grace and mercy and erase all my pains and afflictions.

Hymn 4 (9 Verses)

Mana chanchal kaahey na maaney ...

1-5. My fickle and capricious mind does not acquiesce to what I say; what remedy shall I resort? The guru all the time persuades it to come around, and the *sadh* explains and expounds what is in its interest, and at their admonition and persuasion I fasten my attention upon *satsang* in a concentrated way. Hearing the discourses there, I repent a good deal (of my evil deeds, lapses and transgressions) but then my evil tendencies make me forget everything and once again I become deluded and straggled. In my own way, I try hard to continue to follow and adhere to the ways and means (recommended by the guru and *sadhs*) to control and curb my mind and to kill my non-Self (*nafs-i-ammara* or base mind). I have, however, failed to gain ac-

cess to the plane of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*¹³² (i.e. the Third *Til*); how can I then ascend to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres like *Sahasdal Kanwal* and *Trikuti*)?

6-9. Ever enmeshed in doubt, I keep on wobbling and swaying this way or that, immersed in duality (*daanwa-dol*); and I really never get scared or frightened at the spectre of longings, expectations and hope of this world. Of course, if I can manage to grasp firmly the sanctuary of the *Satguru* and sit there at rest, only then I can rid the mind of its chronic maladies (*vyadhi*).

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The dragnet of this phenomenal world is extremely vexatious and painful, and I ever keep on burning in its fury. Since without the grace and charity of the guru nothing can get going, I go and surrender myself to the mercy and protection of Radhasoami.

Hymn 5 (7 Verses)

Chamariya chaah basi ghat maahin ...

1-5. Inside of me, the craving for leather (lust) has settled; how can then the guru step into my (unclean and contaminated) heart? Pains and pleasures ever keep on coming to me and departing and I keep on suffering the evil effects of my karmas within my mind. All the purity is taking to its heels, and love and devotion do not persevere. The love and dedication (for the guru) are being expelled and ejected; what shall I do, I find no way out of my plight. But at the end of it all, it is only the guru who saves me; but for the *naam* none comes as my succourer!

6-7. As it is, taking His shelter I attend the *satsang* and day and night I tie in my devotion with the Word (*shabd*). When in great bliss, Radhasoami turns his glance on me, and the love of leather in me (i.e. my lust and sexual drive) runs off from my being.

Hymn 6 (13 Verses)

Guzar meri kaisey hoye saheli ...

1-5. O companion! How can I carry on with this (despicable) mind? This mind is a thief, impostor, secretive, calumnious, fraudulent and pretentious, and is resistant to all checks and curbs. The guru admonishes it and I reprove it (for behaving improperly) but again and again it resorts to a suicidal course. It does not give up lust nor does it abandon wrath and it suffers great deal of agony on account of greed and attachments. It goes on enhancing its hankering for honour and distinction and its longing for worldly objects.

6-10. It always remains engrossed in eating and drinking and enjoyment of sensual pleasures. The beneficent *Satguru* seeks to make it permeate into *Shabd* (Word) but that beneficence (gift) it does not accept. It is such a miscreant and mischievous rogue that it does not acquiesce to what the guru says, and does not give up its miscreance, mischief and roguery. I relate to it

the pains and afflictions, tortures and torments of the city of Yama, but it never gets scared and does not take fright; I point out to it the bliss and beatitude of *Sattlok*, but it refuses to believe and has no faith in what I speak to it.

11-13. How shall I deal with it and admonish it? It does not listen to me; I am at the end of my tether, and in sheer frustration I accept defeat. What shall I do, for I can think of no remedy and I am failing to control and restrain it? As it is, whatever is to be done can be done only by Radhasoami and except for Him I can see no one around to help me.

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Hymn 7 (10 Verses)

Hua manas aaj dukh-daayee ...

1-5. My mind has become troublesome and annoying; I speak of its ways, behaviour and conduct. It has no fear of the guru, nor is it scared of Yama and all the time it falls into the pit of sins and transgressions. It attends the *satsang* and hears the guru's discourses but it never tries to comprehend their meaning and does not bring to bear any understanding (of what its errors and lapses are). Take it to be like the (crooked) tail of a dog so that it never gives up its bend and curve. Like a deer it is all the time fickle, capricious and impulsive and never takes to steadiness (*thirtaayee*).

6-10. Day and night, the unstruck sound (*naad*) goes on roaring inside, but O brother, it does not care to hear it, even for an instant! It is ever consumed in performing karmas (rites, rituals, ceremonies, *yajnas*, *tirthas*, fasts and such other activities) and is in delusions of all sorts; and it continues to remain infatuated with objects of sensual pleasures. It becomes spent up in sensual pleasures and the consequential diseases and maladies, but it never cares to drink the sap of *naam*. It remains lost in conceit and hubris, and seeks to be clever and crafty with the guru. Radhasoami has dealt with the sweep of the mind which cannot be controlled and nabbed without the grace of the guru.

Hymn 8 (17 Verses)

Guru ko oopar oopar gaataa ...

1-5. You sing the hymns of praise for the guru on the surface (to all appearances, externally only) but you do not ensconce the guru in your heart of hearts. Outwardly, you catch the glimpses of the guru but you never install his form (*darshan*) in the recesses of your heart and consciousness. It is only externally that you devote yourself to the guru; how can therefore your spiritual mission be accomplished? Inwardly, you cherish this desire for wealth and honour; outwardly, however, you show off the recitation of *naam* and your own fecklessness. Internally, you have set and settled lust and wrath (i.e. wrapped up in lust and anger); externally, you exhibit amiableness, amity, coolness and forgiveness.

6-10. Inwardly, you have no devotion to or attachment with the guru; what will the external devotion that you exhibit achieve? In your heart of hearts, you have not cultivated any love or fondness for Word (*shabd*); how can then the guru protect and succour and save you (from the clutches of *Kaal* and *Maya*)? In what words and style shall I explain to you and persuade you to come round to the right track? All that I can tell you is that your fate is faulty and your destiny difficult and you are short of good luck. Inside you, *tamogun* (inertia, ignorance, anger, delusion, infatuation) permeates and overshadows you; *satogun* (sincerity, agility, truthfulness and faithfulness) never comes near about you. You never perform meditation sincerely and truthfully, and your surrender to the guru is also half-baked, fake and half-hearted.

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11-15. You lack the fortitude to stand even slight admonition, snubbing, scolding, rebuke by (the guru), and if he reprieves and slights you, you begin to drift in the currents of the phenomenal realm. Taking some fright from the pains and afflictions, you begin to devote yourself a bit to the guru, but as soon as your sufferings leave you, once again you resume your airs and become overbearing, flying on the wings of your cravings. As it is, you could never procure the perennial sap of *naam* and you never become downcast, dejected, depressed and despaired of the world. I cannot really understand any remedy for you, except that I would say that without the grace of the guru, you cannot get anywhere and cannot procure anything worthwhile. You have never been able to discern the will of the guru; how can you expect and receive any grace from the ultimate, eternal abode?

16-17. You have never acquired any awareness of your perennial abode, and your *surat* has not moved even a bit inside the Word (*Shabd*). I have spoken about the real core and dispensation of mind at length and to the full; prick up your ears to what Radhasoami has narrated.

Hymn 9 (28 Verses)

Arey mana nahin aayee parteet ...

1-5. O Mind! You haven't cultivated any trust; you have failed to develop any confidence and reliance on the guru; and till now you are bereft of all confidence and faith (in the guru). You have straggled a great deal in the delusions and illusions and hallucinations of this phenomenal realm, and failed to make friends with your higher mind.¹³³ Even though you are living with the guru, and you also participate in the *satsang* and take *charanamrit* and *prasad*¹³⁴ of the guru, and yet when I probed into the state of your mind, I discovered that you failed to develop any love for the guru. Your stupid mind has been deceiving and cheating you, and misrepresenting your true state to you; the fact is that you have never followed and observed the mores and the customary line of the guru.

6-10. When the guru subjected your mind a bit to test and trial (by admonishing you and prescribing a schedule for your *bhajan* etc.) you left and ran away from the *satsang*. Your simpleton mind (stupid and idiotic) does

not acquiesce to what the guru says; it continues to sleep and snore (in *satsang*, and yet pretending to be inebriated and delighted with the discourses) and fails to overpower pretension and hypocrisy. How can I bring the mind to the right and true path, for it is ever regardful of the sense of shame and of the family and of this phenomenal world? While it is sincere in its dealings with the family and this fleshly world, it is untrue and unfaithful to *satsang*. Whenever you try and test it, you will find it dry and shrivelled (lacking interest, stimulation and warmth; cold and indifferent) and it never feels happiness or pleasure at the sight of the guru.

11-15. It never mixes up with the *satsangis* and feels no closeness with them (*hail-mail*) while its dealings with worldlings are loving and cordial. All

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the time it plays cheerfully with wife, children and all the members of the family, kith and kin. With the guru, it does not talk with any warmth or with a smiling, straight and cheerful face, and with the *satsangis*, it looks askew, goes awry and takes them amiss and talks crookedly. Albeit the guru and the *satsangis* are both its well-wishers, but this wretch and crook pays no regard and respect to their interest. This fleshly world is like a scorpion¹³⁵ and wife is a she-serpent¹³⁶ (Devil incarnate, a tempter) but notwithstanding this, the mind is always mixed up with them.

16-19. As it is, it eats deadly poison ever and anon; it stands their sting, although when stung, it repents and becomes remorseful. The discourses of the guru are like the currents of ambrosia but it never rejoices by bathing in them. This mind is so degraded, squalid and full of perverse reasoning that it does not regard the guru as its friend. With the guru, his love is thready (thin, slender, weak) and snaps at the slightest touch.

20-25. If ever the guru speaks to him unpalatable or harsh words and treats him slighly, albeit in his own interest and for his own good, the mind reverts and runs away to home turning hostile and plans to do something against Him. He then begins to think of causing some harm, pain and discomfiture to the guru on the plea as to why he has not honoured and respected him! His wife and children may shower abuses on him, and catching hold of his moustache and beard may pull and push him around. Their chastisement and rebuke he puts up with all the time and from them his mind never averts. This is because his love for them is strong and firm as an iron chain.

26-28. O Mind! Now is the time for you to become aware and conscious (of your sins of omission and commission) and become heedful, and give up your beast-like lifestyle. Casting away all fear (of death, perdition and retribution) why are you all the time drifting along the currents of gluttony and greed? Radhasoami now affirms: 'What better hymn than this can I sing?'

Hymn 10 (7 Verses) *Dagar meri rok layee ...*

1-3. This cruel and oppressive *Kaal* has obstructed and hindered my path. O *Satguru*! I am like a water-drawer and water-carrier (i.e. I am meek and humble, lowly and debased); my mainstay is water of life (i.e. spiritual pursuits); do kindly take care of me. My *surat* is like a pitcher, and my spiritual endeavour (*karni*) is my rope and aided by them I have escaped the dragnet (of *Kaal* and *Maya*).

4-7. I have peeped into the *aughat* (the reverse pitcher) and reached the sixth ganglion from which I constantly fill in my pitcher with the sap from the Spaceless and Timeless spheres. The *Satguru* has graciously revealed to me a hidden secret and with its help I arrived at the lake of *hamsas* (*Mansarovar* in *Sunn* by immersion in which the *hamsas* become purified). The Inaccessible and Nameless Radhasoami has turned compassionate and mer-

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ciful to me so that He has shown me the way of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and has cut off the dragnet spread by my mind.

Hymn 11 (8 Verses)

Gujari chali bharan gagri ...

1-3. *Gujari*¹³⁷ (*surat*) has moved forward to fill in its pitcher but *Shyam*¹³⁸ (*Kaal*) has blocked the way to the bank of water (*panghat*).¹³⁹ Accompanied by her companions (i.e. sensory and motor organs) it goes along with great verve and zest, in a bid to enquire into the secret of the unstruck melody that resonates within. What shall I do now? My strength has failed me and has become inoperative and non-functional in the matter of opening and lifting the curtain screening my non-Self. How shall I do it?

4-8. This *Kaal* has blocked the way for all *jivas* and has made them forget the straight Path and exhibits his skills of an acrobat. Turning the *jivas* round and round as if in a maze (labyrinth) he betrays them and returns them to whence they had started, and permits no one at the bank of the lake of water. He is such a swindler and beguiler that he has no regard for anyone, and never ceases to be headstrong and self-willed and never abandons his obstinacy. Except for the guru who can save anyone from his tricks, for He alone can pick and choose the right Sound and enable the *surat* to hear it. Radhasoami has displayed His sport and has driven him out straightaway (at once).

Hymn 12 (4 Verses)

Phail rahi surat bahu vidhi jag mein ...

1-4. My *surat* has become diffused in this phenomenal realm in diverse ways; without her beloved Lord (*piya*) it has become straggled (wandered from the main course) in this path. The longings for sensual pleasures are vexing and annoying me; the surging cravings of the mind are deluding me. If Radhasoami shows His grace and mercy to me, He may turn

my mind around and change its chosen course and may also make me taste the blissful sap of the mellifluous sound of the Timeless and the Spaceless spheres, so that my body and mind may repose in sangfroid and ataraxia.

Discourse XXXII (2 Hymns)

Imploration of the *surat* to mind and the latter's reply.

Hymn 1 (19 Verses)

Mana rey maan bachan ik mera ...

1-5. O my mind! Accept just one entreaty of mine! I have been your thrall since time immemorial, from one birth to another, and you have been my master. You are called the lord of the three *loks*, and all the three major gods:

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Brahma, the Procreator; Vishnu, the Sustainer; and Shiva, the Destroyer of whom you are the liege lord, are your vassals. You order about all the *rishis* and *munis* and you have laid a siege around all other *yatis* (ascetics) and *satis* (pious women). All the gods, men and yogis are inside your serfdom and none can turn their back on your commands. You may entangle anyone you like in this transitory, phenomenal realm (*jagat*) and you can redeem anyone whom you want to.

6-10. I have heard so much about your grandeur and greatness, your might and main, that I have decided to implore you. In this corporeal city and trivial sphere (*Pind Desh*), why have you chosen to be a prisoner of dark dungeon (narrow and devoid of light). The *Satguru* spoke to me and made a suggestion: 'I should take the mind along with me and straightaway embark on the journey (homeward).' As it is, I have come to solicit your support and entreat you to rise to *Gagan* (the heavenly spheres) and not tarry and linger. Do renounce here and now all the sensual pleasures and sort out the mess created by them.

11-14. I can see no better companion than you; I am yours, and you alone are mine. Do accept my entreaty for I am your thrall and rise to the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and establish your tent (camp) there; you will then become what at one time you were; why do you put up with the enormous pains and pleasures that visit you here. The perfect *Satguru* has revealed a secret to me and that is: 'Take the mind along and turn round homeward.'

15-19. I am *surat* and I have been under your power and sway; without your active aid I cannot find out the traces of the unstruck melody. O mind, my master! If you do not accede to this request of mine, then both you and I will have to stay put in the vicious circle of *chaurasi*. It is now time for you to take pity on me; hear my *cri de coeur* and search for the Sound which is nearby. Let us both soar to the timeless and spaceless spheres and go there and settle on the

mountain Sumeru. You may stay put there and earn the right to rule that kingdom but I will go and reach the sphere where Radhasoami resides.

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Mana bola srut (surat) se phir aisey ...

1-5. The mind thus replied to the *surat*: 'I cannot manage to abandon sensual pleasures. How shall I act and how shall I accept your entreaty, for I am in no small measure, under the control of my sensory and motor urges. I have lost all courage and prowess (*pau-rush*) so that my force and vigour cannot prevail upon them. I do wish to give up sensual pleasures, but the moment I see them, I become powerless. Before and after (satisfying my urge for these pleasures) I repent a great deal and feel remorseful but as soon as the hour (of enjoyment) strikes, like a thief I indulge in transgression.

6-10. O Deary! How can I climb up to *Gagan* (the heavenly spheres); I am fickle, wayward and capricious and gallop like a (refractory) horse. As it

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is, I am suggesting to you a way out: 'Let us approach the *Satguru* and implore and beseech Him and jointly surrender ourselves to Him, seeking His refuge and sanctuary; let us both attend the *satsang* and become firm and steady. When the *Satguru* showers His mercy and grace, he will, every moment, keep me averse and disinclined (to sensual pleasures). By dint of my own strength and force I will never be able to soar and ascend, till the guru who is the emancipator of all those held in bondage by the sensory and motor organs, in His grace, comes and meets me.'

11-15. Hearing the words of mind, the *surat* was very much delighted and replied: 'Let us hurry and approach that breaker of bonds and ties.' As it is, both (the *surat* and the mind) took shelter of the *satsang* and drunk cupfuls of water of life. Both of them unitedly ascended to *Gagan* and became inured to the taste of the sweet sap of *shabd*. Radhasoami showered His grace and mercy on them so that they picked up diamonds, pearls and rubies (emblems of the unstruck melodies of *Sahasdal Kanwal* and *Trikuti*). Radhasoami showed His dispensation (*mauj*) in such a wise that He fully subdued the tough and hard *Kaal* (the hard or *kathor* mind).¹⁴⁰

Discourse XXXIII (23 Hymns)

Cri de coeur before the *Satguru* for his grace and mercy, for the ascension of *surat* and for getting glimpses of the *Satguru* in his form of Word (*Shabd*).

Hymn 1 (19 Verses)

Ab mana aatur daras pukaarey ...

1-5. Now my restless and agitated (*aatur*) mind anxiously calls for catching the glimpses (of the *Satguru*); it does not take to patience and perseverance and does not keep its cool. Every moment and with every breath, it has gone crazy and is in pain and reaffirms: 'I can neither sleep nor keep awake; I can neither eat a morsel of food, nor drink water. O my darling Lord (*piya*)! On account of you I am writhing and squirming, and the sting of serpentine worry is eating into my vitals. O Companion! What remedy shall I now resort to? How can I sail across this phenomenal sea? It is the fire of anxiety and worry which every day burns me. O Comrade! Nobody is there to save and succour me even though I am melting away every instant.

6-10. 'My darling Lord (*piya*) abides in the Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*) but I am fallen into this perishable and mortal realm (*Pind Lok* where every individual dies some day). Without meeting my beloved, I suffer from excruciating pain and agony; I do wish to tread the way to Him but I cannot manage to move. I abide in a realm where the path and the stopping points are wrapped in utter, unrelieved darkness; nobody hears my *cri de coeur* I frequently raised. I cannot make out any way to escape this plight and I am at the end of my tether,

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perplexed, frustrated and exhausted, losing all courage and fortitude, for I have not been able to ingratiate myself in my beloved Lord's favour and become His darling. If my darling Lord so chooses, He could call me unto Him in an instant and elevate me by giving me the cord of Word (*Shabd*).

11-15. But as for me, I am so unlucky that I failed to grasp the cord of *shabd* and remained tied up and securely bound with the strings of lust, anger and Maya (*avidya*, illusion and allurements). I did gain access to the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* (from my *Satguru*) but even that I completely failed to practise. In every conceivable way, I am degraded and mean and lowly, and my mind is not elutriated and purified, and my *surat* is splodged and spattered, impure and contaminated. But O Lord! You are omniscient, omnipotent, omniscient and omnirefulgent (*samarth*) and you are exceedingly perfect and skilful (*ati parveen*) while I am squirming without you, like a fish without water. O Lord! I am utterly feckless, and I have taken to your shelter; as it is, accomplish my (spiritual) mission here and now, taking care of everything involved.

16-19. Defeated and vanquished, I am now lying at your portal, for except you who can look after me? At this entreaty of mine, my master (*Satguru*) spoke thus: 'Look for my *mauj* (my will and disposition) and take to silence. Be patient, keep to perseverance, and trust me and have faith in my word, for I will fulfil your hopes in no time.' Hearing his reply, I became quiet, cool and composed, and became steady in the sanctuary of His feet which I firmly grasped.

Hymn 2 (10 Verses)

Ab main kaun kumati urjhani ...

1-5. In what a perverse disposition I have become entangled, so that I have become alienated from my own native land (*Satt Desh*) and have become a stranger and an alien in a foreign land (*Pind Desh*). O my Lord! This time, do kindly put me on the right track (*su-dharee*), and day and night I am making an oblation of my non-Self at your feet. I am repentant and remorseful and I am scorching within my own mind, fading and withering in the anxiety as to how can I get back and unite with my darling Lord (*piya*). I abide on this earth (*terra firma*) while my beloved Lord dwells in the firmament (Imperishable, Eternal Abode), so that without gaining access to Him, I remain downcast, dejected and depressed. O *Satguru*! Do kindly hear my *cri de coeur* which I am making repeatedly: 'Besiege the vicious circle of *Kaal* and karma (*chaurasi* or transmigration which is the outcome of my evil deeds or karmas) and vanquish both of them.'

6-8. In great misery and despair, I am now calling and crying for help; O Lord! Hear this imploration of mine. O merciful Lord! You lavish gifts upon everyone around; it seems that I alone am doomed to remain unlucky so that I have virtually become a mine of pain and suffering. What shall I tell you about my agony and anguish? It is as if someone is pierced by the point of an arrow.

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9-10. Then, the Soami gave me this consolation: 'Take on the wings of ardent love and soar to *akash* (heavenly spheres).' I became a recipient of His mercy and compassion so that I met my beloved Lord and he drove away all my pains and removed all my suffering from my heart of hearts (*jiya*).

Hymn 3: *Agam Geet* (27 Verses)

Karat hoon pukar, aaj suniye guhaar ...

[Note: This hymn has three parts. The first part runs from verse 1 to 12 in which the seeker offers prayer and appeals to the *Satguru* for help; in the second part, which runs from verse 13 to 18, the *Satguru* replies to his appeal for help; the third part runs from verse 19 to 27 and spells out the results of the acquiescence of the seeker to the advice of the *Satguru*.]

1-2. O *Satguru*! Now I am calling for help! Do kindly hear my cry for succour, for I am meek and utterly dependent, while you are the compassionate guru, par excellence. Now, take care of me, for my boat is drifting in the midstream (of the perilous sea of mind and matter) and I am forlorn (miserable, wretched, cheerless and desolate) and burdened with a heavy load (of karma and *Kaal*); but you are the most competent, expert boatman.

3-4. The agents of *Kaal* and my evil and mischievous proclivities (like lust, anger, greed etc.) have besieged me and are vexing and troubling me no end and frighten and scare me with torments on the gateway to Yama's premises; you alone are my vigilant protector. Do take full care of me for I am in your refuge and sanctuary; *Kaal* is going strong, making good going (going merrily along) and with great pomp and show raises uproar and commotion all around; you are the premier among the warriors!

5-6. My intellect is perverse and my reasoning polluted and my intelligence dull and sordid; my mind and *surat* are defiled and spattered, and my strength and prowess (*paurush*) have all faded away and died out; you are the perfect, all-powerful and omniscient *Satguru*. O Lord! Bestow a boon upon me for which I beseech you with a full sense of responsibility (*nidaan*), namely the clue to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, for you are omniscient and omniscient (*sujaan*).

7-8. I am devoid of lovesickness and of love, destitute of ardent love, devoid of emotion of devotion (*bhakti*) and tendresse (fondness), empty of faith (*shraddha*) and confidence and trust (*prateet*); I am sunk in the cesspool of lust, anger and greed; I wonder how will you redeem your pledge and fulfil your commitment to liberate me? Disease and deprivation, maladies and grief always vex and annoy me; I am unable to merge the practice of recitation (of the Great Name) and meditation (*bhajan*); my craving for sensual pleasures never goes down (indeed it is ever on the rise); worry and anxiety keep on burning me more and more; and on top of that, nobody is there to listen to my tale of vexation and maladies; you alone are my physician (my *Luqman*).

9-10. Except for saints, there is no saviour; there is no right recourse save the *Satguru*; the karmas (rites, rituals, *japa* and *tapa*) and delusions are not the

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appropriate resorts (*theek nahin*); in sum, there can be no teacher, no instruction, except the Word and the unstruck melody which I beg of you; give me only this alms (*bheekh*). Kindly elevate my *surat* today and show me the decor (*saaj*) of the *shabd* so that attracted by it, it may rush to One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and have a look into its dispensation (order of life or *samaaj*) there so that my mind may be put to shame (by comparing the life there with what it is used to here in *Pind Desh*); do kindly accomplish this task.

11-12. Across the Crooked Tunnel there is the tall hill of *Trikuti* (Meru, Sumeru and Kailash), from whence opens out the path to *Sunn*; and thereafter the *surat* may remove the screen from the face of *Mahasunn* and in great style, may march to the Rotating Cave and test the flavour of *Satt Shabd*; O Lord, take me to *Sattpur* (*Satt Desh*). From there the *surat* will perceive the Invisible and get into the Inaccessible regions and in Radhasoami Abode which is beyond the gamut of writing and which remains unknown to *pandits*, *bheks* (anchorites), the *qazi* (kadi or cadi, a judge in a Muslim community), the *mulla* (*maulvi*, a Muslim scholar, teacher or legal luminary) and the sheikh (prominent theologian or expert in law amongst the Muslims). Nobody can go there save a saint or one who is the recipient of the saints' grace and favour.

13-14. (To these implorations, entreaties and prayers, the *Satguru* replied:) 'I impart to you one instruction; acquiesce to it. Give up the persistent commandments of your mind and realise that the sweep and extent of the guru is infinite and inaccessible; recognise and understand the mystery and secret of the Word, getting over your ignorant intellect; and abandon lust and anger. 'Know the worth of *satsang* and realise that this human form is a rare

opportunity (which you ought to exploit fully); drink the sweet sap of Name and focus your attention on and position your contemplation upon the form of the guru; keep a tight leash on your mind and sensory and motor organs and move in with eyes wide open, inspecting and examining everything on the Way with great care.'

15-16. 'In this world, you have no friend; your family and kinsfolk are out to loot and plunder you and swallow you up. Your youth, beauty and wealth would not go along with you and will not give you company; the noose of the deluding allurements of this sensual world is round your neck; *Kaal* (your mind) and karmas (your deeds good, bad and indifferent) will snatch whatever (good) you have, and you will definitely go into the vicious circle of four species (*andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*). Birth after birth you will remain doomed to live in perdition and Yama (the lord of death) will make you experience horrible torments and tortures so that you will squirm and writhe every moment, with every breath, and you will never be anywhere near the fulfilment of your cherished desires, and you will never gain access to any place where happiness abides, and you will remain subjected to endless troubles and tribulations.'

17-18. 'As it is, abandon your craving for this fleshly world and give up the desire for everything and everyone here, and go and seek the saints and

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take to the sanctuary and shelter of the *Satguru* and install his discourses and utterances in the heart of your hearts, so that he may rid you of all the bonds (which according to Vashisht are eightfold).¹⁴¹ In short, O seeker, follow the instructions of the guru and jettison the urges of the mind. Cast yourself in the mould of right intellect and correct understanding. Discard and throw aside the company of those who are mind-oriented;¹⁴² this is the way of conduct of one who is guru-oriented; thus it is that you will be able to eradicate the traces of *Kaal*.'

19-20. 'O seeker! If you adhere faithfully to the above instructions, you will be able easily to pull the current of your *surat* from both eyes and pierce the *Akash* and the Third *Til*, and witness the mysterium fascinans (*jamaal*) of the flame, and will be able to penetrate into the entrance of the Crooked Tunnel focusing your attention on the unstruck melody there, and will be able to lift your *surat* to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). From there you will sight the full moon on the top of *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit) and perceive the white complexioned tenth aperture and will realise liberation (*mukti-pada*) by having immersion in the reservoir of spirituality – *Mansarovar* – and hear the special sound of *kinguri* (fiddle); you will rub out the hard lines of karmas (*kriyemaan*, *prarabdh* and *sanchit*) and will assume the form of *hamsa* (purified spirit).'

21-23. 'Thereafter you will land in the vast expanse of *Mahasunn* wrapped up in unrelieved, blinding darkness and easily penetrate into the impregnable great barrier; there the *surat* will gain strength and will move speedily accompanied by the *Satguru* and will soon hear the roaring sound of

the Rotating Cave and permeate in the unstruck melody of *Sohang* (*Anahoo*). You will then take to the next lane, piercing the infinite *shabds* and meet the clean and smart *hamsas* (purified spirits) who will display their emotions of pure love (*prem*), and then you will take to the portal of *Sattlok* and will play upon the instrument of harp (i.e. you will hear the mellifluous sound of *been* or harp). From there you will go across and will perceive the Invisible *Lok*, hearing the sound of the *Akshar Purush*, witnessing a marvellous resplendence, and making the melodious sound your mainstay, and catch the glimpses of the *Alakh Purush*.'

24-25. 'There you will find the traces of the Inaccessible region and will dash upward; catching the glimpses of the Inaccessible Lord you will get into the headspring of marvellous refulgence, and will reach the ocean of the water of life (*amrit*) and will become one with the Inaccessible Lord. From there also, the *surat* will move on and will dance in ecstasy, and will mingle and become merged into the ocean just as do the rivers into the sea; you will lay your head at the feet of the Perfect Lord and will meet and unite with Radhasoami reaching your ultimate Eternal Abode.'

26-27. 'What shall I say now? I have already spoken a good deal that is absolutely right. From time immemorial, birth after birth, life after life, you have been lost in forgetfulness; it is only now, in this birth, that you have put the dust of His feet on your head so that all your deeds (good, bad and indif-

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ferent) and all your delusions, illusions and hallucinations have become washed out (faded and exhausted); and now go on reciting the name 'Radhasoami', singing of His glory. Now bring to bear ardent love and unquestioned faith in Him and focus and concentrate your attention upon *satsang*, so that you may get into the grooves of *Satt Desh*; sing this song which is inaccessible to others and win the game in this human life which is a rare opportunity; remember that there is no (trustworthy and reliable) friend in this phenomenal realm; believe Me and have faith in Me; I have explained to you all that was necessary.'

Hymn 4 (13 Verses)

Guru gaho aaj meri bahiyaan ...

1-5. O Guru! This day, kindly hold my arm; I abide under your protective shadow (as an inseparable companion). Incinerate all my dark spots, traces of *Kaal* and all the dirt and filth I have accumulated (*kal-mal*); I have abandoned the evil shadow of *Kaal*. I will adhere to the Way you have prescribed, for I have no *Gosain* (or Goswami or master) other than you.¹⁴³ You alone have rehabilitated my ruined home (i.e. my life that was in ruins till now); I have been putting up with pains and afflictions birth after birth, life after life. And now, I am resolved to do exactly what you prescribe; do kindly rub out my oblivion and forgetfulness in this labyrinth of the realm of mind and matter.

6-8. Do kindly rid me of this deep-dug peg (*khoonta*) of karmas (accumulated and *prarabdh*) with which I am tied up and make me drink the sweet sap of *shabd*. I have been enduring plenty of pleasures and pains and yet I find it impossible to renounce the sense of shame and regard for the family and kinsfolk. I have become a thrall of my sensory and motor organs and have become entangled in the dragnet of sensual pleasures.

9-13. Nobody has spoken to me as clearly, as directly, as truthfully and as sincerely as you have done. When you elevated my *surat* to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*), both mind and Maya (delusion, ignorance and allurements) became exhausted and frustrated. You have revealed to me the mystery of *Satt Purush* and have shown me the Inaccessible Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*). You have ferried my barge across this phenomenal sea and have shown me the scenario of the Invisible and the Inaccessible spheres. Eventually I have become merged and wrapped up in the feet of Radhasoami so that every moment I make an oblation of all that I am and all that I have, at His feet.

Hymn 5 (19 Verses)

Maut dar chhin chhin vyaapey aayee...

1-5. Every moment the fear of death stalks;¹⁴⁴ every instant the dread and fright of *Kaal* (evil tendencies of the mind) threaten and vex. O Brother! I do my utmost to elevate and sublimate my mind and *surat* a great deal but they do not stay in *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) even for an instant. It is indeed a sort of plague (*balaa*, affliction and calamity); tell me how to deal with it, even

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though the guru always keeps on telling me the way out of it. But my *surat* and mind never become steady, quiet and calm; I don't know what shall I do and how to find a way out of this predicament. I always make a *cri de coeur* to the guru and complain to Him that my *surat* and mind never become absorbed in the Word.

6-10. One cannot rely on when would the reprieve granted to him would expire and he will perish like everyone must; so to say, life can end any moment; and yet till now, I haven't been able to discover the core of the mystery of this life and the life after; I am helpless. What shall I do? No remedy to which I resort, succeeds; the only way to which I must stick is to take the refuge of the guru. But even here there is a snag: I find that (a) I lack the appropriate intensity of love for the guru, and (b) the resolution to take the shelter of the guru is also wavering and unsteady. Since neither of the two steps can be managed by me, the course left open to me is to end my life by taking poison. Then the guru spoke to me about the substance of my problem and counselled me: 'O distracted and distraught! Don't kill yourself and preserve your balance and fortitude.'

11-15. 'Recite the Great Name, heart and soul, all the time and ensconce the form of the guru in your heart of hearts. Act on this formula ever and anon, so that all the evil propensities operating in your being may get ejected and expelled. It is by a carefully planned *modus vivendi* that you can overpower the devil in you (*mana ka bhoot*) and you may fall in line with the Word. 'Don't be slack and ever perform this practice, living with the guru; constantly attend His company. This done, the hopes and expectations that you have fastened upon the phenomenal realm will be erased and you will start enjoying the bliss and beatitude within your being.'

16-19. 'Becoming despaired of the fleshly pleasures here, abandon all the objects of sensual pleasure; only then, your *surat* will be able to gain access to its abode in *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). With every breath, incessantly, drink the sweet sap of the Word, so that you may get into the (Lord's) mansion and abide there. Trusting Me, watch My *mauj* (will and discretion) without indulging in any other trial and toil (*jatan* and *prayaas*). Become a thrall of Radhasoami; one of these days He will fulfil your hope (for redemption).

Hymn 6 (17 Verses)

Naam daan ab Satguru dijiey ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! Bestow upon me the gift of *Naam* (the Great Name or *Ism-i-Azam*), for *Kaal* (my downward and outward mind) is constantly vexing and harassing me, and the span of my life is being shortened. Day and night, I am subjected to excruciating pain and afflictions; as it is, I have surrendered and taken your refuge and shadow (inseparable companion). There is no Giver (*daata*) like you; I am like a child and you are my Father (Soami)

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and Mother (Radha). I am indeed perplexed and wonder as to how can you quietly see me suffering? Of course, I am a sinner, degraded and wretched, and vicious; every moment I forget (the right track) and lapse into transgression and errors.

6-10. How long and to what extent can I go on relating my deficiencies and faults? My intellect cannot comprehend the mystery of it all. I do not know in the least your sweep (*gati*) and your ways and dispensation (*mati*); I can only speak according to my lights (i.e. my shallow ideas, scanty knowledge and severely limited understanding). You are omniscient, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient and omnirefulgent, and knower of all that is within; what shall I tell you, my Lord *Satguru*? In your grace, be pleased to expel my pain and affliction from my being, and cast your kindly eye and benign glance on me. I implore you for the gift of the Great Name (*naam*), not name and fame; bestow this gift upon me any way you choose to.

11-15. As for me, I am extremely degraded, meek and humble, a destitute and feckless, hungry (of spiritual pabulum); I lack the emotion of love alto-

gether, and thus, I am in every way, dry (hard, lacking softness)? I have taken a full measure of myself and have carefully weighed my traits, and after this exercise I wonder how will you award to me the gift of the invaluable, precious *naam*! As it is, I have become disappointed and dejected and have sat down in depression, resigning to my fate (*sabar kar baithaa*); but then my (fickle) mind does not persevere and has not even an iota of patience. All the time, I am still hoping (against hope) that perhaps some day your grace may dawn so that I may become the recipient of a bit of *Naam* (i.e. that I may be able to decipher and hear the *Naam* at least from a distance). Indeed, I cannot divine my *modus operandi* except with the device of your own grace; it is only by your charity (*baksheesh*) that I may be able to make out what is what!

16-17. It is only a grain of *Naam* that would accomplish my spiritual mission; O *Satguru*, my honour is wholly in your hands. My (higher) mind has cried SOS at length, time and again! O Radhasoami, save me and redeem me!

Hymn 7 (7 Verses)

Naam rasa peeo, Guru ki daat ...

1-5. Drink the sweep sap of *naam* given to you as a gift by the guru; let your mind be drenched in the Word's water of life. With your body and mind, catch hold of the feet of the guru; beat up hauteur and conceit, and attain to ataraxia. After weighing and examining carefully, comprehend and believe the word of the guru; and tread the path, carefully watching the ambushade of Maya (lying in ambush to beat you up). This entire phenomenal, vicissitudinous realm (*jagat*) is sliding and sinking into the surging waters of this phenomenal ocean; and unaided by Name, there is no way to snap your bonds and linkage with Yama (trans-migration). Day and night, reverse the direction of the spirit-current which has ever been flowing downward and outward; only then the ploy that infatuation (*moh*) is using in its game with you will be checkmated.

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6-7. It is by the *surat* that you test the rightness of the *shabd* (for the sound from the left is that of *Kaal* and Maya, while that from the right is from *Dayal* or the Compassionate Lord); and after choosing the right word, ascend to *Gagan* and see the Reality face to face. This done, all the mischief, pranks and tricks played by the mind would be defeated and driven away; Radhasoami has Himself discerned things and enables His devotees also to discern what is right and what is wrong.

Hymn 8 (14 Verses)

Guru karo meher ki drishti ...

1-3. Cast a kindly eye on me for this slave of yours every moment is subjected to pain and suffering; I am taking steps to perform your *aarti* so that all my maladies may become less acute. When I look into my own deficiencies, faults and vices, within my own mind, I repent and become remorseful; I don't have the face to cry that *Kaal* is deluding and beguiling me! My *jiva*

(*surat* and mind) is wasting its energy and time in struggling against the evil forces like lust, anger etc. O Radhasoami! Save me, for I am terribly upset, worried and getting scared.

4-5. O my compassionate Lord! Hear my *cri de coeur* and solicitations made again and again; knowing you to be omniscient and omnipotent, I am trying to apprise you of all my anguish and pain. Do kindly open the door of pure love (*prem*) or else karma (evil effects of my *kriyamaan*, *prarabdh* and *sanchit* karmas) will wash me away. Reinforce my hold on *shabd* so that I may ever sing of your glory and majestic attributes.

6-10. May I continue to drink the sap of Word, for nothing else can satisfy me and is agreeable to me; this is because I have suffered a good deal and my sordid and wretched mind, left to itself, never acquiesces to any right counsel. In what way, shall I cry and complain that my mind does not let my *surat* become engaged with the *shabd*? I am certain that it is only today that I have got a chance to achieve my object, for this opportunity¹⁴⁵ will not come up again. I am meek and mean, and I am burning in the fire of envy (*eersha*); why not remove and drive away my infinite inclination towards *Kaal* and evil forces (*kaleh*), and allow them to become more intense. I am just unable to control them and to prevail over them; you alone can protect and shield me; day and night I am scared of *Kaal* and go about hiding myself in a bid to save my life from his onslaughts. Ever and anon, I am crying for help and protection but you just don't pay any attention to my *cri de coeurs*; I do not know in the least about the core of your intention and the purpose underlying your *mauj* (will and dispensation) as to what it seeks to achieve.

11-14. To what extent can I go to apprise you about my plight and of the complete failure of my mind to remain under check and control? I had always been with you (before you launched on this creation and handed me over to *Kaal* and Maya), and yet you don't care to save me! I am indeed amazed and astonished (at your disposition in relation to me) and all this is

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certainly completely beyond my comprehension! Everybody has been saying and quoting the maxim, 'There is no rescuer and succourer except for the Guru'. I don't know what vicious karmas and sins I have committed which make me suffer ever and anon from such disastrous retribution; completely defeated and frustrated, I have fallen at your portal in a bid to conciliate, coax and cajole you. Give me your blessing and benediction any way you like but so far as I am concerned, I can think of no other way out of my sad plight; all the twenty-four hours, now I sing and recite the Radhasoami Name.

Hymn 9 (12 Verses)

Satguru meri suno pukaar ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! Hear my *cri de coeur* for I am making it time and again. Do kindly eject my negative and perverse disposition (*durmat*), and make me

totally dependent on your feet for my sustenance and functioning. Row and ferry me (i.e. my boat) across the deep waters of mind and matter, for my boat is drifting towards midstream. Except for you, I can see and conceive of no other support; take care of me, treating me as your own. As it is, I am a hypocrite and a pretender as well as sordid, cruel, squalid and oppressive (*kutil*), but nonetheless I am yours! And, of course, you are a giver (of gifts and boons) and almighty and all-powerful, over and above all, infinite, unlimited and absolute (*apaar, apaaro*)!

6-10. I am lowly and meek, and in very deep distress; do rescue me whenever you so desire. I perform your *aarti*, making an oblation of my body, mind and wealth unto you. I am, of course, degraded and wretched, innocent and an idiot, but (luckily) in you I have found a great supporter – my mainstay. While you had graciously expounded and explained to me the mystery of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, my hostile and inimical mind failed to find it tasty and having a pleasant flavour. Amid the opposites of pain and pleasure, it became deluded and confounded and ever craves for worldly honour and distinction.

11-12. How can I turn it in the opposite direction (towards you, O Lord), without your grace and compassion? O Radhasoami! Now kindly pull up (move it ahead) my mind (in the race against *Kaal* and *Maya*); I implore you and solicit this favour from you.

Hymn 10 (26 Verses)

Tum dhur sey chal kar aaye ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! You have descended here from the ultimate abode; why are you now tarrying and lingering (in the matter of my liberation)? Kindly accomplish my task as soon as possible; O Giver, don't please delay, defer and procrastinate! I am getting distracted and overwrought (*aatur*), I am calling you (for help); I am definite in my mind that I have none to take resort to. You are the mainstay and the anchor (roots or *moor*) of my life and I look for you as the pearl oyster (*seepi*) looks for a drop of *svati* rain.¹⁴⁶ As it is, it is now time that you may kindly implant and embedded the pearl of Name in my heart of hearts and fulfil the ardent aspiration of my heart and soul.

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6-10. Raise my mind and *surat* to the timeless and spaceless spheres; and this time (i.e. during this rare occasion of my getting human form) row and ferry my boat. There is no end of this phenomenal ocean, this side or the other side; in its furious and perilous currents all are drowning. All this vastly spread of the phenomenal world is false, fake and mythical (like a fable) and here, the worldlings have taken the deceptive appearances of things as real. Unaided by the *Satguru* (who alone can make a gift of perception and discernment), this deception cannot be dispelled and exposed, and without the *shabd* (as revealed by the *Satguru*) the *surat* will continue to straggle. As it is, I fastened my gaze upon your haven and sanctuary; I am fast asleep (somnolent in *avidya* and ignorance), and except for taking to your shelter, how

can I be roused and stirred from this deep slumber and become awake (i.e. come to grips with the Reality)?

11-15. Without your grace, all the means and ways I have tried have gone awry (away from the right and appropriate course) and became exhausted; after trying them and testing them in diverse ways I have been obliged to abandon them. My strength and prowess (*paurush*) have not come good and proved to be of no avail so that I am enmeshed in the dragnet of *Kaal*. I am now imploring and beseeching you, O *Satguru*, to help and rescue me by your grace. I am humble and under your control, dependent on you; save you, who is there to look after me? O Lord! I am wrapped up in the darkness of delusions, illusions and hallucinations and in misery and despair; give me some comfort or consolation (so that my misery and suffering may be alleviated).

16-20. Make the sun inside of me rise and illuminate my being, so that the darkness of my delusions and ignorance (*avidya*) may be erased and expelled. I am repeatedly telling you and dinning into your ears: 'Leaving you, whom shall I resort to? Give me the gift of your grace whenever you choose to, but remember that except for you, how can I accept anything from anyone else?' I am lying in obeisance at your portal, and I am trying to keep my balance and equipoise by taking recourse to pretence and fortitude. My distracted, overwrought and agitated mind is unable to cope with the pain and suffering I am undergoing, and time and again, it rises to cry and call for help and protection.

21-26. O Compassionate Lord! I am under your shelter and refuge; quickly emancipate me (from *Kaal*'s thralldom). There is no dearth or deficiency in your treasury of gifts (literally, in your power); I apprehend that perhaps my own fate is falling short in meeting your norms and standards. But even this matter of my faulty fate is entirely for you to handle and you can, if you so like, make me well protected by playing my father (*sanaath*) and change my status of an orphan which presently I am. To what extent and how long shall I go on crying and calling for your rescue operation? I am lost and defeated in every way and I am at the end of my tether; but you are the (majestic and generous) giver and merciful; O Radhasoami, you can, without doubt, fulfil me and make me a solvent (*nihaal*). I have made your *aartis* my mainstay; O Radhasoami, you are the most prodigious heavyweight, stronger and more powerful than all of them put together!

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Hymn 11 (8 Verses)

Maangoon ik guru se daana ...

1-4. I implore the guru for one boon or gift: Do kindly teach me the way to recognise and mark the *shabd*. In the company of mind, I ever wander about deluded and beguiled; by your grace release me from the trap of karmas (rituals, rites, fasts, pilgrimages, *japa*, *tapa*, worship of *samadhs* and idols etc.). Make my *surat* hear the mellifluous mine of the unstruck melody and elevate it (to the higher spheres); beat up and defeat the mind and eradicate (the effects of) karmas. May I be enabled by you to get rid of all obnox-

ious (unpleasant, injurious and harmful) habits – all habits, good, bad and indifferent – and make me stabilised in the fold of *Satt Shabd*.

5-8. O *Satguru*! Make me inebriated of and possessed by the *Satt Shabd* so that I may fasten my gaze upon the signal at hand (*nishani*) of *shabd*. Nobody should be able to harm or injure my spiritual interest, and I should, all the time, sacrifice myself unto you. O Lord! Don't allow me to be washed away by the furious currents of *Kaal* and make me firmly lodged in the *Shabd*. My mind has become cowed, humble and meek and wrapped up (completely engrossed and absorbed) in the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 12 (24 Verses)

Main likhoon guru ko paati ...

1-5. I am sending a letter to the guru complaining that my (wayward) mind is indulging in lot of mischievous and undesirable activities (that cause trouble and disturbance). Every moment, my heart throbs and palpitates, and I cannot remain patient and steady and cannot persevere, and I suffer a good deal. Ever and anon, the fire of lovesickness keeps on burning me, and every instant I sing of the glory and virtues of my guru. In diverse ways, pain rises and I cannot manage to take anyone in confidence about it. I have abandoned all considerations and regard for my family and caste, and my *surat* ever remains wrapped up in the Guru's feet.

6-10. My *surat* remains ecstatic and delighted in my love and devotion so that now it rises to *Gagan* (higher spheres) where it feeds itself on the ambrosial sap of the *shabd*, and brings to bear love in my heart of hearts. Without catching His glimpses, I cannot attain to rest and peace so that it reverts back to the body. Nobody listens to my tale of suffering, and I ever remain worried and scared. Day and night, I keep weeping and my mind keeps on kicking me around in diverse ways (so that I remain neglected, forgotten and wandering here and there).

11-15. O Guru! Favour me with the gift of your compassion and mercy so that I may escape the ambushade of *Kaal*. If my elephant-like mind ever falls into my hands, then it will be able to get the better of the leonine *Kaal*. The dagger of ardent love has pierced into my heart so that it can never rest in peace and perseverance. Now every moment, I work up the feelings of verve

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and zest and witness the light and luminance emanating from the guru's countenance and figure. I overawe, overcome and overpower the fiery *Maya* and I ensconce the form of the guru in my heart of hearts.

16-20. I have now got rid of all delusions and stragglings. I have now procured (from the guru) the scythe¹⁴⁷ (*daraanti* or *hansiya*) of *Naam* with which I will cut down and fell my ancient or *Adi* karmas (*karam sanaati*); why should I then accept and worship anyone except the guru? I will let the guru know all my secrets, all my woes and sufferings I have undergone in di-

verse ways and from time immemorial. I will also ask the guru as to how can I manage to have an immersion in the *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality which is directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*, in *Sunn*) and how can I reverse the direction of my spirit-current so as to make it move upward. If my union (*jog* or *yoga*) with the guru could be effected, I would have got to perceive the core of all the secret mysteries.

21-24. Then I could also ever remain in touch with the feet of the guru and would have flown my kite-like *surat* in the highest spheres. I would have also put the *chuddar* (sheet) of my mind dyed in the imperishable and undying colour (that never fades) of the *Naam* and would have listened to the resonance of Sound ever resonating inside of me. I could have expelled all the pain and suffering caused by birth-death-rebirth (metempsychosis) and would have incinerated all my infatuations and attachments (*mamta*). In sum, I have now taken the shelter and haven of Radhasoami and I am now called a thrall of Radhasoami.

Hymn 13 (10 Verses)

Guru mohin deejeey apna dhaam ...

1-5. O Guru! Favour me by putting me in your own abode. I am a slug-gard, inert and worthless (*nakaar* or *nikkamma*), ever living under the subjection and control of delusions and illusions, but you, O compassionate Lord, in your grace and mercy, will keep me steady. I do not quite know what atrocious sins and transgressions I have committed as a result of which my *surat* does not grasp the Name. What shall I do? for my strength fails me and I fail to keep my mind under control so that it continues to waver and fails to remain steady and find a firm resting place. O merciful Lord! Just think of taking pity on me, for all the twenty-four hours, I suffer agony and anguish. Neither my *surat* is able to soar, nor my mind can remain steady, or realise and appreciate the greatness and grandeur of *shabd*.

6-10. I accepted and took to the *Sant Mat*, hearing its reputation for its loftiness and majesty, and that being so, I wonder why do the saints not come to help me and support me? If my spiritual task is not fully accomplished, it will be the *Sant Mat* that will be put to shame. Whatever I am saying and crying for is in accordance to my own lights, for I do not know what your *mauj* (will and dispensation) is. I am supplicating and making a humble request to you, time and again, for your grace; do give me the gift of the Great Name

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(*Ism-i-Azam* or *nij naam*, Name of the Absolute Lord Himself) any way you consider to be fit and proper. Radhasoami (the real Great Name) is promising that anyone who is pining and suffering from pangs of separation, will have rest and will attain to sangfroid.

Hymn 14 (10 Verses)

Surat meri dhoi daalo ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! Wash down (wash completely from top to bottom) my *surat* or else weeping, wailing and crying, I will die. Wipe out (destroy completely, eradicate) my karmas, for I have taken to your refuge. Repel (drive back) all my delusions, for I am your thrall. Give away the core of (divine) secrets, for you are my *Satguru*. Beat up and kick out and knock down *Kaal* for you are a great, valiant warrior.

6-10. Fulfil your vow or else I will suffer colossal damage. In your grace, complete this task. Take on (fight out) my attachments, infatuation and bewilderment (*moh*) for you are omniscient and all-powerful. Do extricate me from the dragnet for they (*Kaal* and *Maya*) have put my head in a noose. *Radhasoami* is a guru, sui generis, for I haven't seen the like of Him.

Hymn 15 (11 Verses)

Guru mohi apna roop dikhaau ...

1-5. O Guru! Show me your own (real, inner) form. This outer form, you have assumed in the realm of three *gunas* (*sattva*, *rajasa* and *tamas*), for the sake of liberating the *jivas*. But your real, inner form is inaccessible and infinite, and it is that which you may graciously show me. Perceiving that (abstract) form, I will settle down delighted and you will then give me the boon of rising above all fears and apprehensions (from any quarter – *Kaal* and *Maya*, and karma and *Brahma*). Of course, even this outer (*sagun* or corporeal) form of yours is very dear to me, but do enable me to perceive that (inner) form through the medium of this outer form. Of course, nothing worthwhile can be achieved for except through the medium of this corporeal form how can that abstract form of yours be perceived?

6-11. As it is, this corporeal form of yours is highly significant and is of capital importance; but then do kindly enable me to perceive that (inner, abstract) form of yours. That form of yours is eternal and perennial, while through this (corporeal) form, you rouse and stir the *jivas* and awaken them (from the slumber of ignorance and delusion). Even about this mystery I have heard from you, for you ever advocate the pursuit of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. So to say, do kindly make my *surat* wrapped up also in the *shabd* which is your real, inner form. I am all the time scared of death and pains; do kindly liberate me from them and make me fearless. O *Radhasoami*! You are ever merciful and the biggest well-wisher of the *jivas* and I implore you kindly to fulfil my spiritual mission (that of emancipation).

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Hymn 16 (12 Verses)

Dekh pyaarey main samjhaaon ...

1-6. Oh my dear seeker! Look here, I will explain to you all about my form. That inner form of mine nobody can perceive, so long as I myself, in my grace, do not enable him to perceive it. The way to that is that you ought to render all possible endeavour (*karni*) and beat up your mind, curbing and restraining

your motor and sensory organs by stopping the flow of spirit-current through these gates. And this done, elevate your *surat* and make a dash to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and from there proceed across the top of *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit). Then I will make you perceive the form of *Satt Purush* (in *Sattlok*) and take you into the portal of the Invisible and Inaccessible sphere. Beyond that is the abode of Radhasoami, which indeed is my own inner form.

7-12. Persevere in patience and fortitude and (regularly) attend the *sat-sang* (the congregation of saints); by my grace and mercy, I will restore your *surat* on to the right track (*su-dhaara*) and into the current that goes straight to Soami. Without the slightest doubt and definitely, I will not rest content till I show you that inner form of mine; why are you then making haste and restlessly crying? Believe me, I have taken on myself all your worries and anxieties; as it is, become carefree (*achint*) so that all that is required of you is to cultivate and develop your love for me. Give up all doubts and misgivings, and strengthen your love for Me and reinforce your faith in me. But then, to be sure, even this exertion and endeavour I will myself make you render and will take you to the ultimate court (Absolute Lord). Radhasoami speaks of that which He deems to be proper in His will and discretion (*mauj*) on varying occasions.

Hymn 17 (17 Verses)

Surat ki aaj laga dey taari ...

1-5. O Lord! Join the cord of my *surat* with *shabd* so that I may ascend to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and drink from the current of water of life (*amrit dhaar*). There the sound of *shabd* resonates and reverberates loudly; by hearing the resounding Name there, I have washed down my body as well as mind. Even though I am an utter dependent (*kinkar*), degraded and ignorant, by His grace I have perceived the form of the guru, time and again. O my *Satguru*! You are the emancipator of the fallen, the sinners and transgressors; you alone can think about your sweep and the extent of your power. As for me, every moment and every instant, I feed upon sensual pleasures; but from your being and by your grace, the current of ambrosia flows incessantly.

6-10. O Lord! Now, graciously, emancipate me and enable me to ensconce the *naam* in my heart of hearts. I am forgetful (i.e. I have forgotten who am I, whence I have come, where I will go and how) and I am entangled in obliviousness and ignorance; do kindly extricate me (for I am forlorn). I am a wretched drawer of water and I am *servus servorum* (the slave of slaves, the drudge of a servant of yours), and I make an oblation of my self at

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your feet. Now do kindly reveal and unfold the path and take my mind to sangfroid and ataraxia. I have none whom I can call my own; you alone are mine and, of course, I am entirely your own.

11-15. In what words and idiom shall I relate my plight to you and tell you how and in what ways this mind of mine has been making me dance attendance on him (i.e. to attend to him solicitously and obsequiously). My sensory and motor organs all the time vex and harass me by intensifying the craving for sensual pleasures. I all the time, wallow in maladies and diseases; I am drawn into the deep dungeon of this phenomenal existence. And I don't quite know how shall I wriggle out of it and who will extricate me, for even my *surat* (which is too sanguineous with *shabd*) has not become the darling of *shabd*. Without gaining access to *shabd*, I have straggled a great deal so that I have become the worshipper of water (the so-called sacred rivers), stones (idols of gods and goddesses), and of this phenomenal, perishable, fluctuating *jagat*.

16-17. I have been beguiled and have wandered about in these delusions and illusions; it is now that you have graciously met me and put me in the right current that goes straight to the Soami, the Absolute Lord). I am the lover of the feet of Radhasoami; do kindly separate me from this phenomenal world and give me the gift of the Great Name (*nij naam*).

Hymn 18 (15 Verses)

Ghat ka pat khol dikhaao ...

1-5. Lift the curtain from the *ghat* (non-Self) and show me the scenario within. This mind has accepted defeat after a lot of struggle against its own proclivities and has found that quite a few remedies it tried have not come good. But O *Satguru*! You are omniscient and omnipotent, and what is it that is beyond the sweep of your power and that you are not up to? Why do you tarry and dither? I always oscillate between pain and pleasure and how is it that the proper opportunity for my relief and redemption has not yet cropped up? O my Lord, my Giver (*daata*)! The hour has now struck for you to take pity on me and raise my mind and *surat* to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). My mind is wicked and wretched and cruel and does not develop lovesickness; give it the gift of ardent love and abiding faith.

6-10. It (my mind) always craves for false, unreal and fleeting sensual pleasures, and has no trust or faith in true bliss and lasting beatitude. All the time, it asks for the pleasure of this transitory sensual realm and has no room for the sweet sap of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. How shall I deal with it and explain and expound the truth and reality to him, for it has no place for the discourses of the guru in its heart of hearts. This mind has such a peculiar make and mould that it has no feelings of warmth and reverence and faith for *shabd*. How can it escape disaster and be saved from getting consumed in the vicious circle of *chaurasi*? for it refuses to embark on the boat of the guru (i.e. in the vessel of the Name as revealed by the guru).

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11-15. It is always subject to the bumps and jostles, and is ever pulled and pushed around roughly by the worldlings (while alive) and (at the hour of death) it goes on receiving knocks and kicks, beaten and blown at the

hands of Yama (the deity of death). He will suffer enormous afflictions of this order but at the moment, he does not acquiesce to the words of counsel of the *Satguru*, under the spell of delusions and illusions. O Guru! Inside the beings of all and sundry, you alone are the stimulator and motivator (*prerak*); why do you then not call this wretched, miserable fellow into your presence? Save for you, there is none that I can call my own; in all the four *loks* you are the only one I can see and count upon. O Radhasoami! Take pity on me and raise my *surat* to a higher plane (from where I can practise devotion to you).

Hymn 19 (10 Verses)

Satguru se karoon pukari ...

1-5. I now implore and beseech the *Satguru* to launch the *satsang* so that I may witness the marvellous springtide of redemption and emancipation of all the *jivas*. When all of them perform your *aarti*, I will enjoy great bliss and beatitude. Witnessing this game of their liberation I will be extremely delighted; O master! Do accept this solicitation of mine. I will always keep to your side; taking this into account, do kindly shower your grace and compassion.

6-10. I am a child who has taken your refuge which is my mainstay; and I earnestly supplicate and implore (your mercy). And if that be not your pleasure (which, of course, would be unique and unprecedented), then turn my *surat* in some other direction so that inside of me, I may attain to stability, calm and composure and I may feed upon the sap of mellifluous sound of the unstruck melody (*shabd*). Indeed, either of the two courses will be equally pious and positive; but it would be marvellous, if you could be pleased to accept both (i.e. launch the general *satsang*, and turn my *surat* in a positive direction). I am always in agreement with what you will and choose, for like a child I am always wrapped up in the lap of Radhasoami.¹⁴⁸

Hymn 20 (7 Verses)

Lagaau meri naiyya Satguru paar ...

1-5. O *Satguru*! Row and ferry my boat across this phenomenal ocean for I am drifting in the current of this realm of matter and mind. Except for you, there is no other rescuer or succourer (*kadhiyaar*); anchor my sailing boat ashore. (The *Satguru* replies:) ‘O my companion! Don’t be depressed and disheartened and don’t accept defeat. I will show you all about this perishable realm (*jagat*) – this side as well as the other side. I will elevate your *surat* athwart the spirit-current which primarily flows outward and downward by reversing it and making it go upward and inward; I will ferry your boat across to the other side along the current of *shabd*. Ensconce the guru in your heart of hearts and hear the jingling resonance of Name inside of you.’

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6-7. ‘Waves (of the cravings of mind and senses) surge (rise and roll with a heavy swelling motion) time and again, with eddies or currents doubling back on itself causing (a miniature), but infinite whirlwind or whirlpool.’ (The earnest seeker now says:) By this grace I have reached the third orifice (*Sunn*, Sphere of Spirit), and Radhasoami has taken my boat safely across the phenomenal ocean.

Hymn 21 (16 Verses)

Darshan ki pyaas ghaneri ...

1-5. I have excessive thirst for the glimpses (of the *Satguru*) so that my mind and soul are burning with the desire to see Him. The worldly pleasure now looks like ailments so that I have devoted my *surat* to *satsang*. O *Satguru*! I have realised that the sweep of your power is inaccessible and unlimited but then without obtaining your glimpses, I have not been able to attain any satisfaction. To cultivate the attributes of *gurumukhta*¹⁴⁹ is beyond me; how can then I gain access to His glimpses, face to face (*partyaksh*). Though, O *Satguru*, you are internally with all and sundry and not remote from them, you are yet hidden from the views of *jivas*.

6-10. O Lord! Without the grace and charity of the Perfect *Satguru*, you never show your own ultimate form (*nij roop*). I now writhe, squirm and twist in pain in diverse ways and although you are so close, yet you are so far that I cannot gain access to you. O *Satguru*! You are the omniscient Giver (*daata*) for all; do kindly drag and pull me towards you and call me. I cannot contrive and devise ways and means by which I can manage to behold you. O lovely beloved! Lift the curtain from my heart and soul (*ghat*); for you, it is not too difficult a task.

11-16. O Lord! You can do so (lift and raise the curtain and remove the barriers and screens between me and you) in a moment, if you so like, or else I will keep on straggling from one birth to another (till eternity). It is time that you kindly show me your glimpses soon, for in their absence, I remain downcast and depressed, and withered, drooping and shrivelled. Now, do kindly think of taking pity on me in such a way that I should remain devoted to and engrossed in your feet. I know of none other than you, and I ever remain wrapped up in you. I have sung this *aarti* which is sui generis and in performing it, my *surat* has become permeated in the *shabd*. Radhasoami Himself has been pleased to affirm that I am *servus servorum* (the dreg of a slave).

Hymn 22 (7 Verses)

Sochat rahi ri bechain ...

1. I have been restlessly brooding upon my sad, perilous plight; I have miserably failed to develop and cultivate love for the *shabd*, so that everyone around is talking about my sorry tale.

2. Silently, in my mind, I keep on sulking sullenly having a burning sensation; when shall I be taken in confidence about it, I wonder! He who alone

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should hear and resolve my agonising problem (i.e. my *Satguru*), does not lend his ears to my entreaty; now tell me, my Lord, what to do and whom to take recourse to.

3. What can be done without His pleasure (*mauj*)? And yet I don't know the ways and means of inducing your pleasure and will (in my favour); patience and perseverance don't come anywhere near my consciousness and mind, so that my night passes in agony and anguish.

4. As for my day, in the day I keep on persisting with my *cri de coeur* to my guru, who is the knower of the entire inner realm (*antaryaami*); when I reflect upon my lapses and my sins of omission and commission, I become extremely worried, nervous, distraught and distracted.

5. O merciful Lord! You are the support and prop of all the lowly, humble, weak and degraded fellows! Do hear my entreaty soon; I have caught hold of your feet on which I am lying in prostration, and I obstinately beseech you to give me the gift of your kindness and compassion.

6-7. I am an ignoramus as well as unlucky; the whole world knows me to be a wretch, hard-hearted, cruel, wicked and vicious; now that you have taken me to be your own, you yourself will be put to shame if I am allowed to continue to wallow in mud and indulge myself in passions and sensual pleasures. (My liberation, therefore, is your concern now.) Radhasoami is speaking and making this marvellous announcement: 'In this transaction (of love and devotion), you will get all your due, and you will sustain no loss whatever.'

Hymn 23 (31 Verses including couplets)
Dheeraj, dharo, bachan guru gaho ...

1-5. Take to patience and perseverance and follow what the guru instructs; drink the water of life and soar and abide in *gagan* (higher spiritual spheres). Don't regard the *Satguru* as remote from you, for He is quite close to you; day and night, repose faith in His feet. The wave of His compassion is an ocean of grace and mercy; Radhasoami has bestowed marvellous bliss and beatitude on all. He makes his devotees play around like children, and watching them, He becomes as delighted as a mother feels jubilant at seeing her children play. In His form as the Word, He is the protector of *jivas*' life and their life-breath and this aspect of His compassion He never abandons.

6-10. Every instant, He ensures the correction (hammering or *garhat*)¹⁵⁰ of His devotees for He is everyone's friend and comrade. Every minute, he pardons and forgives your lapses and your sins of omissions, and day and night He remains with His devotees. But, then, the mind of the *jiva* is infirm, wavering and capricious and fails to comprehend His ways; how can then he grasp and understand the sweep of His power. Caught up in the dragnet of this fleeting and vicissitudinous realm (*jagat*) he lives a delusive existence so that his *surat* does not become fastened on the Word and does not get a firm hold of *shabd*. As it is, he is constantly vexed and discomfited by sorrow and

suffering and denials and deprivations (*viyog*, i.e. separation, death of friends and relations) and he can never manage to bring his mind under his control.

11-15. If the *jiva* does not forget and keeps to the key (i.e. the guru who is the master-key for opening all locks and resolving all problems), the lock of his inner being will be opened in an instant. And once the lock of his inner being is opened, he will be able to look at *Sunn* and become aware of the unstruck melody and perceive the real form (of the Lord). When he soars high to the spaceless and timeless spheres, he will become wrapped up in the *naam* and drink the sweet sap of bliss, and his *surat* will make it to her eternal abode. When the mine of jewels and gems (of unstruck melodies) opens within, all his afflictions, pains and evil propensities will be repelled. Look for the guru's will and pleasure (*mauj*), and take to patience and perseverance, and dispel the darkness of delusions and the games you are in the habit of playing (i.e. abandon unfairness and injustices you perpetrate – *kautuk*).

16-20. Become purified (*a-mal*) and elutriated and steady (*achal*) and take a firm hold of the feet of the guru, so that all your afflictions may be expelled and you may secure all the happiness. This *samsara*¹⁵¹ is the headspring and unlimited storehouse of fire, while the utter dependence on the *Satguru* serves like cool and comforting water. As it is, those who have gained access to the *Satguru* are indeed very, very lucky, for they stand safe and secure from the vicious circle of *chaurasi*.¹⁵² Whatever pains and pleasures crop up here, are the products and rewards and retribution of the past deeds. One of these days, all the afflictions, maladies and sufferings will disappear; they will not last long, for the *Satguru* will redeem you soon.

21-22. Radhasoami is the protector of the *jiva* but the *jiva* does not comprehend this mystery; he is not aware of the guru's sport and suffers from the effects of his past karmas. His afflictions and pains will be rubbed out by the glimpses of the guru only, for there is no other remedy for them; and Radhasoami assures and reassures that you will catch His glimpses sooner rather than later.

23-24. Take to patience and persevere; don't be worried, anxious and perplexed; focus your attention (on the *Satguru*); become wrapped up and absorbed in His form; always sing hosanna to Him; never let the spirit-current flow outward. Your target and aim (is the *Satguru*) and as the *papiha* (the pied-crested cuckoo or *cuculus melanoleucos*)¹⁵³ awaits for the *svati* drop in expectation, likewise await the arrival of the *Satguru*. Concentrate your attention inward (on the Third *Til*) and don't let it flow out anywhere else; endure all difficulties, hardships and sufferings in your mind; sap the sweet water of bliss and beatitude, and stick to patience and perseverance; don't divulge any spiritual secrets and experiences; and abide with Radhasoami as does the fish in water.

25-26. For the rest, it all depends on the grace and charity of the *Satguru* who alone can give you a clue to the ultimate Abode. Radhasoami has narrated this discourse which He had it reduced to writing at the insistence of *jivas*.

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Couplet (Doha)

1-3. Settle your *surat* in the *shabd* which abides in *Gagan (Trikuti)*; establish lovesickness in the *hiya* (heart)¹⁵⁴ – the *hiya* which abides in *Trikuti*. Unite the *surat* with *shabd* so as to make them of a piece with each other, and then watch and experience the pure springtide.¹⁵⁵ In the middle of *sushumana* (middle artery), the Third *Til* is situated and inside the *Til*, there is the form of flame. The *Satguru* is ever with you, albeit in the form of *shabd* and He is never remote; persevere and have patience in your consciousness (*chitt*), and you will sight the light of truth (*noor-i-qahir*).

4-5. The full form of *Sattnaam* and *Satt Purush* is perceivable in *Sattlok*; raise your *surat* to get into *shabd* and you will straightaway catch the glimpses of the omnipresent Lord. Remain wrapped in love and faith keeping away from vicious proclivities and wicked disposition and propensities; let your *surat*, grappling with mind, settle in *shabd* and become a valiant warrior (*soor*).

Discourse XXXIV (13 Hymns)

Obtaining the grace and mercy of the *Satguru* and ascension of the *surat* to higher spheres, and description of the might and main of *Shabd* and *Satguru* and the secrets, mysteries and divine sports in higher spheres.

Hymn 1 (13 Verses)

Jiva chitavan aaye Radhasoami ...

1-5. Radhasoami descended here to rouse and stir the *jivas*, and time and again, I hail and salute Him and render homage to Him. Having purified my consciousness (*chitt*), and out of it I have made the platter for His *aarti* and decorated it appropriately. It is now incumbent on the *jivas* to approach Him and surrender their body (motor and sensory organs, their objects of pleasure), mind (all desires, cravings and evil tendencies and propensities) and head (their 'I-ness', hauteur and hubris). To begin with, I kindled the flame of the fire of lovesickness (*virah*) and made a wick out of the current of devotion and love. When I thus decorated and completed the pre-parations of *aarti*, the *Satguru* looked upon me, casting a kindly eye.

6-10. Regarding me as meek and humble, He instructed me, initiated me and admitted me to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. He directed me to soar and open the window to *Gagan* (i.e. to the sixth ganglion, *Brahmarandhra*, the entrance to *Brahmand*); I then tied up the cord of my attention with the bluish corner (Third *Til*). Thereafter, I focused my mental eye on the White Lotus (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) where the flame became manifest to me and I got ready to move on to *Sunn*. I had left and departed from both the white and the blue lotus (i.e. the sixth ganglion, and *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and got into the entrance of the Crooked Tunnel, where I lost all consciousness of my (corporeal and sensual cravings).

11-13. My mind and *surat* became alert and began to stir their stumps and

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and they became engrossed in *Shabd* Guru in *Trikuti*.¹⁵⁶ I now found a place of rest and peace, and live in *Trikuti*; I completed the *aarti* of the guru.¹⁵⁷ Up to this sphere, the *surat* progressed (by the grace of Radhasoami) and eventually I became wrapped up in the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Aaj kaaj merey keeney poorey ...

1-5. Today all my spiritual tasks have been accomplished, so that now inside of me the unstruck sounds are resonating. Today, my good luck has dawned, for Radhasoami has graciously put His feet on my head. As it is, now I have resolved to sing pure, undiluted *aarti* and touching His feet, I make an oblation of each and everything I have (including my 'I-ness'). For crores of births I have been deceived, swindled and cheated (by *Kaal* and its agents) and unaided by the *Satguru*, my Master, I have been straggling in metempsychosis from one species to another. This time, however, the die has been so cast in my favour that I came in touch with the feet of Radhasoami.

6-10. I have now gained access to the immoral, non-deciduous and indestructible bliss and beatitude; I am so overwhelmed with delight that I find it impossible to sing of the greatness and majesty of my Soami (my *Satguru*). Every pore and vein of my body, every fibre of my being speaks, saying that Radhasoami has untied my knots (*jada-chaitanya*).¹⁵⁸ My entire being (i.e. all my motor and sensory organs) is dyed in the unfadable colours of (i.e. has worn the colours and become united with) the *Satguru* and my love for him; hearing the unstruck melody, I have become unique and invaluable. I have gone round the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and then I peeped into the tenth gate (the entrance to the Sphere of Spirit). I took immersion in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality below the seat of *Akshar Purush* in *Sunn*) and became purified, shedding all the subtle impurities imbibed during my upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* (Brahman). As it is, I now became engrossed in the contemplation of *Sattnaam*.

11-15. I then made a dash to the vast expanse of *Mahasunn* whence I rushed onward and got on to the feet of *Satt Purush*. Now, I performed the *aarti* of *Satguru*, together with the *hamsas* (purified spirits); becoming ecstatic in the fervour of love, I now washed down all my pains and afflictions. I fed myself on the extremely delicious ambrosial viands, and every moment I continually caught the glimpses of *Satt Purush*. His sheen and splendour are ineffable, infinite as it is; my *aarti* of *Satguru* is now completed. Excellent, well-done, marvellous and bravo (*dhan-dhan, dhan-dhan*) to you, for how can I sing of your majesty, might and main! I can only recite the Name Radhasoami and Radhasoami every moment and every instant.

Hymn 3 (23 Verses)

Bhayee hai surat meri aaj suhagin ...

1-5. Today my *surat* has become like a wedded wife (wedded to Radhasoami) and every moment she keeps awake (in the remembrance of her lord, Ra-

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dhasoami). It keeps on crying for her lord, Soami, at the same time repeating the Name 'Radha', 'Radha' (*Adi Surat* embodied in the *Satguru*).¹⁵⁹ The entire sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) is roaring and thundering, and all the vicious fellows (my evil predilections) have taken to their heels. I have surrendered my body and mind (to the *Satguru*) and my *surat* has now become wrapped up in the feet of the *Satguru*. In my bid to perform *aarti*, I have made a platter (with edges all around curved; *thaal*) out of *naam* and converted recitation into a wick, and the devotional modus operandi into a flame (lamp) inside of me.

6-10. With all these I take the *aarti* platter around (the *Satguru*), surrendering my *nij mana* (*Brahmandi* or subtle *manas* or mind) as an oblation to Him, and soaring to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) I heard the *anhad* sound (unstruck melody of *OM* and the sound of kettledrum and thunder of the clouds). By the grace of the *Sant Satguru*, I gained access to the Perfect Pole (*pooran pada*), and I pulverised all karmas (rituals, rites etc.) and delusions, illusions and hallucinations. I then cleared and refurbished the mirror of my mind, crushing and wiping away my sense of *meum* and *tuum*, and attachments and infatuation and flirtation with Madam Bubble. Then I caught sight of the light of the Spotless Lord (*Niranjan*) which sustains the entire *jagat*¹⁶⁰ in the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus to which I flew. Then I began to peep into the needle of the eye where my unlimited and innumerable transgressions and sins were ripped up.

11-15. After penetrating into the Crooked Tunnel I rushed towards *Trikuti* where I heard the sound of *Aumkara*. In the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn mandal*) I gained access to the sound of *Rarang* as well as the mellifluous melodies of fiddle and *sarangi*. In this sphere of Full Moon where I beheld the lustrous moonlight I found that *hamsas* (purified spirits) have assumed entirely fascinating forms. Thereafter I moved on to *Mahasunn* in order to have immersion in its deep ocean and here the *surat* met the transcendental Brahman (*Maha Chaitanya* or *Neeh-Brahman*). Then I made it to the extremely hallowed sphere of the Rotating Cave where I heard the charming sound of the flute.

16-20. Hearing this mellifluous sound there and having witnessed the sheen and splendour of the *hamsas* there, my mind became exhilarated and ecstatic and my love for them became intense. Traversing carefully the infinite squarish expanse of the Rotating Cave I reached *Sattlok* where I developed faith, and worshipped the *Satt Purush*. This is the sphere which is called as the 'Fourth Lok' (the other three being *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*), which is the *causa causan*, the initiating or the primary cause of the three *loks*, and where the saints abide for the emancipation of the *jivas*. In the Invisible Sphere (*Alakh Lok*), a *Purush* (*Alakh Purush*) majestically occupies a marvellous seat. Ahead of that sphere, I then witnessed the Inaccessible

Sphere (*Agam Lok*) where I shared the splendour of the *Agam Purush* by getting close to Him.

21-23. Now, the *surat* began to experience and relate the essential secret and mystery of its rendezvous with Radhasoami who is the liberator of all the

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the sinners and transgressors. How can I judge the majesty and resplendence of the *Anami* Radhasoami; a wink beckoned to me that He is ineffable and infinite. Now my *aarti* for the *Param Sant* became complete, and with this, I got rid of the play of the network of the three *gunas* (*gunavan*).

Hymn 4 (12 Verses)

Sant daas ki aarti suno Radhasoami ...

1-2. O Radhasoami, hear my *aarti* which is that of a devotee of the saints; I am exceedingly humble and dependent on you; indeed I am your unbought thrall. Birth after birth, I have been in your refuge and sanctuary – you, who are the Nameless *Purush*; take pity on me, make me your own, for you are the knower of all inner realms and secrets (i.e. you know my inner state of yearning and pining).

3-4. I lack understanding, comprehension and discernment, and I render obeisance and homage at your feet; you are the Giver of the pole of the spaceless and the timeless (*pada adhaar*), and I am a useless and worthless slave. Who can speak of your sweep and the extent of your power and will (*gati-mati*) ? for you abide in the inaccessible region; if I get a clue and a signal of that region it is merely because you have generously extended compassion and mercy to me. In the higher spiritual spheres, the sounds of unstruck melodies resonate, hearing which my mind became rid of all cravings and became desire-less (*akaami*); I took to the shelter of the *Satguru*, abandoning the fears and sense of shame of this phenomenal realm.

6-8. My *surat* then soared to the hilly valley of *Trikuti* and thereafter it made it to the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) which is the *Atma-pada* or nirvana-*pada*, the spirit-pole and the sphere of *mukti* (where 'I-ness' is crushed); and I now hear the secrets of the realm beyond and indeed it is a marvellous narration (*acharaj baani*). This is the bank of *Mansarovar* (which is the focus or reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush* himself and immersion in it purifies the adept who reaches that stage of all subtle impurities of *Brahmand* that he may have imbibed during his upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* or the Universal Mind) where the *hamsas* (purified spirits) abide and rest, engrossed and wrapped up in mellifluous instrumental music of fiddle and *sarangi*. This is the spirit-pole of Brahman; both subtle (*laksh* or *nirgun*) and gross (*vach*) can be identified as one. The transcendental Brahman (Uni-versal Mind) is beyond this, in *Mahasunn*, the deity of which is *Neeh Akshar*¹⁶¹ and which is called as the ancient realm.

9-10. Beyond *Mahasunn* there are the spheres of the Rotating Cave and *Sattlok* of which the saints alone speak; beyond them are two more *loks* (*Alakh* and *Agam*) the story of which is kept secret and hidden from all (save the saints). On top of these there is He whose sweep and extent is unknown and unknowable, ineffable and unfathomable, and who is formless and nameless; His esoteric mystery is inaccessible to all except the *param* saints.

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11-12. I now began to move the *aarti* around the Absolute Lord, taking the platter of patience and perseverance in my hands; joining my eyes and focusing them on the countenance of the Lord, I stood up and ripped up the dragnet of mind and Maya altogether. The flame of lovesickness began to glow vividly and brightly and I jettisoned *Kaal*; Radhasoami has showered His grace and charity on me and made me fulfilled beyond limits.

Hymn 5 (21 Verses)

Satguru sant miley Radhasoami ...

1-5. *Sant Satguru* Radhasoami has graciously met me and I have resolved to perform His *aarti* according to the appropriate procedure (*vidhi*). I have made the *aarti* platter out of the spaceless and timeless sphere, and the flame out of the sphere of *Akshar Purush* (Imperishable Person), and by ardent love my *surat* puts the thread into the eye of the needle of *shabd*. With the help of *nirat*, I put the garland of the sound of the Great Name round the neck of the *Satguru* and apply the *tilak* of cooling saffron on His forehead. I make Him wear the clothes made out of emotion of love, and offer to Him viands made out of ambrosia. I make an oblation of my body, fleshly mind (*antehkaran*), corporeal or *pindi* mind (at the sixth ganglion) and *nij mana* (at *Trikuti*), and scatter the nine treasures (*nau nidhi*)¹⁶² around him as my sacrifice unto him (*nyochhavar*).

6-10. I keep a close watch of wisdom (*niti*) on all the nine-gates (anus, reproductive organ, mouth, two nostrils, two eyes and two ears – vide *Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Prose, Part I, para 25) and then I focus and concentrate attention upon the point of the sixth ganglion, and open my mouth to sing the song of *aarti* before the *Satguru* saying: ‘I am extremely meek and humble, degraded and wretched and your thrall; the desire of performing the *aarti* has sprouted in my heart of hearts; I happen to come from a far-off land (*Satt Desh*) in order to perform the *aarti* here and now, in order to please and ingratiate myself with you. Do kindly cast a kindly eye on me now; O brother or comrade of the meek and the lowly (*deen bandhu*), take me into your sanctuary and under your protection. Your secret and mystery are extremely fundamental (primary and basic, *ati kar saara*) and knowing a bit of it as I do, I have taken to the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.’

11-15. I will catch hold of the *shabd* firmly and will elevate my *surat* and perceive the *Nabh* – the entrance to *Sahasdal Kanwal* – where I will notice your subtle form. Penetrating into *Sahasdal Kanwal* I will ring (i.e. I will hear the sound of) the bell and ascending to the Crooked Tunnel I will hear

the stimulating sound of the conch-shell. From there I will go round *Trikuti* and with the sound of *Aumkara* I will besiege (control and vanquish) my mind. My mind now becomes wrapped up (completely absorbed and engrossed) in this Sound and I begin to recognise and discern the identity of the *surat* (as distinct from my mind and body), and the subtle, abstract and recondite sound begins to get into my ears. Thereafter I took immersion in *Man-*

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sarovar (the reservoir of spirituality in the Sphere of Spirit) where I became purified (shedding the impurities that I had imbibed in my upward journey through the realm of the Universal Mind or Brahman) and attained to the purified *pada* (i.e. *Atma-pada* or the Spirit-Pole).

16-18. I went round the top of *Sunn* and from there I moved up and captured the fort of *Mahasunn*. Reaching the Rotating Cave I heard the sound of *Sohang* (*Anahoo*) and then, every instant, I picked up the sound of *Sattnaam*. Ascending to *Sattlok* I found a resting place there (*baithak*) and my True or *Satt Surat* (i.e. my *surat* that is the son of *Satt Purush*) became absorbed and merged into the *Satt Shabd*.

19-21. Beyond it, there are the Invisible and the Inaccessible spheres and beyond them is the abode of Radhasoami, the Nameless Lord; Radhasoami has made me perceive this pole (*pada*). How far can I go on speaking of the might and main of the *Satguru*? Having performed His *aarti* it is time for me to fall silent. O Lord! Give me *prasad* (your grace) so that I may ever abide in your feet and every moment and every instant I may sing of your glorious attributes.

Hymn 6 (12 Verses)

Guru pey daaloon tana mana vaar ...

1-5. I have decided to wave my own self and my mind on the body of the *Satguru* (*varpher*) and to surrender all my strength and all that I have (*bali-haari*) to the guru. The guru has revealed to me the basic, Great Name and has unfolded to me the infinite mystery. I must serve and worship the Great Name by my *surat*; its jingling sound is audible in the middle of the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus where my eyes perceive the flashes of lightning and treasury of beauty opening out. O Seeker! Time and again pick up and sort out the sound of bell and ignore all other sounds completely.

6-10. Beyond that, I catch hold of the sound of conch-shell and going from there open up the entrance of the Crooked Tunnel. Thereafter I focus my attention in a concentrated way on the sound of *Aumkara* in *Trikuti*, where I hear the sounds of thunder of cloud and that of the kettledrum (*mridang*). In the tenth gate (*Dasam Dwar* or *Sunn*), the sound of *Rarang* resonates which I heard with intense love and tendresse. There, in the pure, uncontaminated currents of *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality) I take immersion, where I cast away the form and proclivities of the carrion crow and become transmuted

into *hamsa* (purified spirit). This done, in great sheen and splendour, I reached *Mahasunn* and had love-sport (*vihaar*) with the Sound.

11-12. Rising up to the Rotating Cave I sit down becoming alert and watchful, for now my *surat*, having taken recourse to the right current (that goes straight to Soami, *su-dhaar*) is about to reach her true abode. Having made it to the Invisible Sphere, I held court with the Invisible Lord (*Alakh Purush*) and thereafter, I met my darling friend Radhasoami.

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Hymn 7 (17 Verses)

Guru miley ami rasa daata ...

1-5. Even though I am a wretch, inured to sensual pleasures and hauteur, yet the giver of the sweet sap of ambrosia has gracefully come my way and met me. I am lowly and mean, ignoramus and witless, lacking intelligence, yet He has made my *surat* the darling of *shabd*! As it is, every moment I sing of the greatness and grandeur of the guru and I engage my corporeal mind (that operates at the place of the sixth ganglion) and my *nij mana* (that becomes kinetic in *Trikuti*) at the guru's feet. Inside of me, I ever perform His *aarti* and I preserve my *surat* in the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus to fly where I penetrate into the Third *Til*, kindle the unique flame at *Sahasdal Kanwal*, and then soar to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*).

6-10. Then I heard the uproar of the sound of unstruck melody and I fasten my *surat* on the middle artery (*sushumana*), broke into the fort of the Crooked Tunnel, O brother, and then I could gain accustomed to the melody of *Aumkara*. There my *nirat* (the goading force) pushed my *surat* upward, and abandoning the bluish realm (region of *Kaal*) got into the whitish realm where I witnessed the lustre and light of the Full Moon (*Sunn*) and where the *hamsas* are assembled in rows. There I picked up pearls and fed myself on them and I got on to the *Atma-pada* (Spirit-Pole) presided over by *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Lord).

11-15. The *Satguru* became so compassionate and merciful that I could penetrate into *Mahasunn* and go beyond into the Rotating Cave where my *surat* heard the unstruck melody of the flute. By dint of the grace of the *Satguru* I made it to *Sachch Khand* (*Sattlok*) where I performed the marvellous *aarti* of *Satguru*. Soaring beyond, I sighted the Invisible Sphere and then the guru showed me the way to the Inaccessible *Purush*. The love sport of that sphere is so marvellous and ineffable that even the *gyanis* and yogis (those who have the knowledge of Brahman) are unaware of the secret of that sphere.

16-17. Indeed they all remain deluded in the region of the Universal Mind; it is only the saints who know and who have made known the mystery of the sphere of the compassionate Lord. In sum, I have gained access to the wondrous palace of Radhasoami, the extent of the beauteous form of which is unfathomable and ineffable.

Hymn 8 (8 Verses)

Aaj main dekhoon ghat mein til ko ...

1-4. Today I watched the Third *Til* (situated midway between the two eyes, three quarters to one inch from the root of the nose inwards – the seat of *surat*) inside of me. These developments made a great appeal to my heart. Every moment, the guru made me His own, and I got to know the core of mysteries when I flew to the *Nabh* (the entrance to *Sahasdal Kanwal*). Rising to *Sahasdal Kanwal* I met the invisible – *Jyoti-Niranjan* or the Spotless Lord of the Flame – and leaving this *samsara*¹⁶³ I could perceive the Flame. Then

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I abandoned the bluish region (of *Kaal*) and reached the whitish sphere (of spirit) and perceived the Region of Three Prominences (*Trikuti*).

5-8. Thereafter, I sighted the bank of *Mansarovar*, the *Sunn*, of which I opened the gate and tore down the curtain. In *Mahasunn*, I discovered what was so far concealed and hidden from my understanding; and then I ascended to the Rotating Cave and comprehended the secret and mystery of the (*So-hang*) *Purush*. Then my *surat* moved beyond and met the *Satt* Pole where she heard the melody of harp (*been*). Taking to *birat* (the force that detaches *surat* from remaining stuck to a delightful intervening stage) and *nirat* I reached the Invisible Realm after piercing which I proceeded to the Inaccessible Sphere, and eventually such a wretch as me attained to Radhasoami Abode.

Hymn 9 (16 Verses)

Prem in door desh sey aayee ...

1-5. The loving disciple (my *surat* deeply in love with the *Satguru*) has come from a remote country (*Satt Desh*) in order to go to the mart (*satsang*) of the *Satguru*. O loving disciple! Intensify your pangs of yearning and lovesickness and enhance your pure attachment (*vimal anurag*) and get on to the premises of the *Satguru*. Becoming inebriated of the love for the *Satguru* and pining in the pain caused by your mind's preoccupation and maddening desire for Him ascend and open up and lift the barrier of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). The majesty of the *Satguru*, *éminence grise*,¹⁶⁴ is spoken of as inaccessible and unfathomable, and on understanding my *surat* began to smile in delight. The guru shot very many arrows of His discourses which ripped my heart.

6-10. How shall I go on dilating on the falseness, fakeness and adulteration of this mind? It refuses to tread the path prescribed by the *Satguru*. While the guru has pointed to the ocean of ambrosia (asking it to go there and drink the water of life there), this mind, however, takes to the poison (of carnal pleasures)! While the guru has explained to it the characteristics and hallmark of *shabd* through his perfect discourses, as a gift to him, this distracted and frenzied mind (*bauraaya*), on the contrary, became deluded and crazy. Who will listen to me (and help me) except the guru? And who is there to exhaust and cut off my karmas.

11-16. It is only if I render service to Him and take firm hold of his haven and sanctuary, that he will put his gracious hand on me. Then, of course, my *surat* will move on with the help and support of *shabd*, and will hear the unstruck melody with the fullest concentration. Soaring to One Thousand-Petalled Lotus she will move on to *Trikuti* and then the gate of the tenth gate (*Sunn*) will be flung open. From here to *Mahasunn* and from there to the Rotating Cave, and onward, it will cultivate and develop the taste of *Sattnaam* in *Sattlok*. There she will discover the whereabouts of the Invisible and the Inaccessible Sphere and will then perceive the sheen and splendour of Radhasoami. There I performed the perfect *aarti* of *Param* Guru, tactfully pulling down the powerful *Kaal*.

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Hymn 10 (10 Verses)

Guru ke darshan karney ...

1-5. In order to catch the glimpses of the guru, I have come from quite a distance, indeed from afar, watching from a remote land. I am meek and humble, feckless and an orphan, a destitute, a beggar at His door – a beggar though of the Ultimate Abode to the base of which only the guru can take me. I have no other hope and expectation and no faith in anything else, and it is only for the sake of that (ultimate abode) that I grasped the feet of the guru for He alone will extricate me from that rubbish heap of falsity and fakeness (*Kaal* and *Maya*). The cord of my *surat* is tied up with the feet of the guru, so that fickleness, impulsiveness, unsteadiness and capriciousness has run away from my consciousness (*chitt*); now He alone will put me in tune with *toor*¹⁶⁵ (tambourine and tabor). The unstruck melodies are ringing and resonating in *Gagan* (heavenly spheres); my *surat* has soared and become engrossed in its reverberation (*dhun*); my eyes have now come in contact with effulgence (*Noor-i-Qahir*).

6-10. Cowardice has run away from my mind and every moment, my *surat* becomes wrapped up in the *shabd*; as it is, *Kaal* takes fright from the valiant guru. Abandoning the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus she has soared to *Trikuti* and *Sunn*, and beyond it, ascended to *Mahasunn* of which the seat and mystery has been unfolded by the perfect guru. Thereafter, she broke open the lock of the Rotating Cave and reaching the Immortal City (*Sattlok*) she became joined up with it, so that now she became merged in the radiance of *Sattlok*. There she became permeated in love for the Invisible *Purush* and thereafter, it takes its seat in the Inaccessible Sphere; she became elutriated, purified and hallowed by taking on to the dust of the feet of the guru. Eventually, I perceived the feet of Radhasoami and they looked to me so lovely and attractive that I resolved to perform His *aarti* by exercising proper care and according to established norms.

Hymn 11 (15 Verses)

Karoon main aarat sakhiyan saath ...

1-2. I perform the *aarti* of *Satguru* with all my companions (accompanied by my sensory and motor organs, my mind and attention fully concentrated); I hold the platter made out of my controlled mind and concentrated attention. I light the flame of the fire of pangs of separation and yearning for the *Satguru* and with deep love and tendresse, I sing of His attributes and of my attachment (*raga*) with Him.

3-4. I decorate and embellish the platter of *aarti* and make full (spiritual) gain out of it; my *surat* was drawn and abandoning *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal* or One Thousand-Petalled Lotus), it reached *Naabh* (*Trikuti*). Today a great uproar and commotion is occurring in *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and the entire congregation there has become wet and drenched in the cooling waters of love.

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5-6. Leaving the nine apertures below, my *surat* has made it to the Tenth Aperture or Tenth Gate and opened up the lock of *Sunn* where the reverberations of the sounds (*Rarang*, fiddle and *sarangi*) are all the time resonating and where the *surat* perceives the form of unlimited and infinite beauty.

7-10. Following strictly the line of *Satguru* she arrived at *Mahasunn* and from there she mounted to Rotating Cave where the springhead of the *shabd* opened up. Then I found the *Satt* Pole which is the mainstay of the timeless and spaceless spheres and held court with the Invisible *Purush*. Thereafter I discovered all about the Invisible Sphere from one end to the other, and instantly I sighted the beauteous form of Radhasoami. And with that, my *surat* gained access to the *nij sar* (the sum and substance and quint-essence of the original abode) as graciously revealed by Radhasoami.

11-15. Abandoning egotism and hubris, I attended the company of *sadhs* and lovingly I joined up with the company of the guru. I received the wealth of Name taking into account my lovesickness for the guru who then graciously made it possible for me to perceive the core of Reality (*marm*). I then mounted to the ultimate Lotus (Radhasoami) into which I peeped with great excitement and annihilating my mind so that I saw the essence and the coast¹⁶⁶ of Reality inside my own being. Ensconcing the feet of Radhasoami in my heart of hearts, every moment I am now wrapped up in His feet. Today, Radhasoami has become compassionate and merciful so that I have now received the sweet sap of Name and discovered the current (of *shabd*).¹⁶⁷

Hymn 12 (11 Verses)

Guru aarat tuu kar ley sajni ...

1-5. O Comrade! Perform the *aarti* of guru here and now, for the day (i.e. the best part of your lifespan) is past, and night (old age and the time of death) has overtaken. Ripping up the mind, mount to your own *Gagan* (i.e. *Trikuti*) and drinking the sap of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, become hilarious and joyous. Every moment give up the greed (*hirs*)¹⁶⁸ and *havas*¹⁶⁹ (aspiration) of this world and every instant run off (depart hurriedly and past) towards the *naam*. Wear the

colours of flame and Sound (i.e. get united with them) every moment; and by piercing the beautiful form of your Lord, intensify your devotion to Him. But without the guru who will enable you to make this endeavour? Without the guru's help, leaving the happiness of the high firmament (high spiritual spheres), you will come a purler (headlong and a spectacular fall)!

6-11. As of now, I am rid of the vicious cycle of birth-death-rebirth; by the grace of the *Satguru*, my *surat* moves on to *nabh* (heavenly spheres). Now my *surat* has started soaring, the infinite resonance of unstruck melodies is reverberating in my heart of hearts. I have now taken to the shelter and sanctuary of the *Sattnaam Satguru* and thereafter I fell at the feet of the Invisible *Purush* and Inaccessible *Purush*. Touching the feet of the guru, and breaking into my inner being, I moved on and pulverised Maya¹⁷⁰ (illusion and *avidya* or ignorance), *mamta* (attachments) and *trishna* (cravings). I had

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become involved and entangled in the snares of this sensual world as the parrot is caught and held on a nail in the cage. But by the charisma (*pratap*) of the guru, all my sufferings and agonies have been averted. By the kind eye of Radhasoami, my cruel and hard mind has melted away¹⁷¹ (faded and disappeared), and I am now nurtured and nourished in the lap of my guru like a child in his mother's lap.

Hymn 13 (25 Verses)

Aao ree simat hey sakhiyon ...

(The *surat* says:)

1-5. O my companions (motor and sensory organs)! Come here (within) after withdrawing yourselves from the outside world, for I have decided to perform the *aarti* of the guru. You join up and sit down singing, for I am going to perform the *aarti* of the guru. Join me with your company for I am about to perform the *aarti* of the guru. You ought to intensify my love for the guru, whose *aarti* I am going to perform. All of you help me collectively in performing my *aarti* for the guru.

6-10. Without you I have neither power nor prowess for accomplishing this task of performing the *aarti* of the guru to which I am going to resort. All of you are the attendants of the true master whose *aarti* I am going to perform. O my comrades! Now hear the implorations of this wretched fellow, degenerated and degraded (*adham*), so that I may be able to perform the *aarti* of the guru. You kindly teach me the ways and mores of performing *aarti* by making me wear the colours of love (by becoming drenched in the colour of love and devotion), here and now, for I am going to perform the *aarti* of the guru. I am going to perform the *aarti* of the guru now, for such an opportunity will never crop up again.

11-15. I will never be able to get such an opportunity again and therefore I must perform the *aarti* here and now. My mind has kindled the flame of the

fire of lovesickness for the guru and so I am going to perform the guru's *aarti*. In order to perform the *aarti* of the guru, I have picked up the platter made out of verve and zest in my hand. Now that the wherewithal (necessary equipment) of *aarti* have been assembled, I am going to perform the *aarti* of the guru. Mounting to the bluish corner (Third *Til*), my *surat* has peeped into this *Brahmarandhra*. I am therefore going in for the *aarti* of the guru.

16-20. Thereafter I flew and penetrated into the Crooked Tunnel; I am about to perform the *aarti* of the guru. I have removed the rocky barrier on the gate of *Trikuti* in order to get ready for performing the *aarti* of the guru. In the whitish *Sunn* (*Dasam Dwar*) I acquired the sweep (*gati*) of *hamsas* (purified spirits) so that I am now ready to perform the *aarti* of the guru. Watchful and vigilant and looking over (inspecting) everything, I get on to *Mahasunn* because I must perform the *aarti* of my guru. In the Rotating Cave, I took care of hearing the melodious tunes of the flute so that I am about to perform the *aarti* of the guru.

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21-25. In the *Sattlok*, I discovered that the melodious sound of harp is constantly kinetic (*jaagi*) and that is the moment for my performing the *aarti* of the *Satguru*. Getting across, I become wrapped up in the Invisible *Purush*, and I am now going to perform the *aarti* of my *Satguru*. From here I sighted the Radhasoami Abode where I shall perform the *aarti* of my *param* guru. Radhasoami is the perfect *Satguru* and I must perform his *aarti*.

Discourse XXXV: Part One (11 Hymns)

Ascension of the *surat* in the firmament (heavenly spheres) and the mystery and sport of the intervening stations which the *surat* has witnessed on the way.

[Note: This discourse has two parts. Part One has 11 hymns and Part Two, 27.]

Hymn 1 (15 Verses)

Karoon aarti nana vidhi sey ...

1-5. In diverse ways I perform the *aarti* (of the *Satguru*); O Master (i.e. *Satguru*), look at me with infinite grace and charity. I make the platter of my inner being, and I convert my attention into a wick and I make the flame out of the fire of zest and consciousness of the majesty of the Name. I place the viands made out of my emotions of love and devotion (to the guru) and then I effect the union of my *surat* with my vision. Ever and anon, I hear the reverberations of the sounds emanating from the musical instruments within (i.e. the sound of unstruck melody) and I witness and taste the drops of the current of ambrosia falling constantly from the inaccessible spheres. I perceive the unexampled and unique beauty emerging from the deep of the *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) from where pearls and diamonds dazzle (*shabd* as attractive as are pearls and diamonds).

6-10. I get on to the sphere of Sun (*Trikuti* which is red as the rising sun) full of effulgent radiance and brightness, and from there I open the gate of the sphere of Moon (*Sunn* which is glistening white as the full moon). I then elevated my *surat* to the waterway of the middle artery (*sushumana*), and with ease it entered the Crooked Tunnel. In *Trikuti* I heard the uproar of the sound of *Aumkara* and witnessed the red light of the radiant sun. On the hill of *Trikuti*, my *surat* became roused and wide awake (i.e. there very many parts of my sleeping destiny became kinetic and functional) and the *surat*, so roused and reinforced began to move up to *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality situated at the seat of *Akshar Purush* in *Sunn*). The glistening white *madaan* of *Sunn* is unexampled, without precedent and parallel and there I perceived the beautiful forms of *hamsas* (purified spirits).

11-15. The beauty of the forms of these *hamsas* is as glorious and bright as is the radiance of twelve suns. The sheen and splendour of that sphere is unfathomable and inaccessible, something that cannot be attained even by the prac-

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tice of *samadhi* yoga.¹⁷² It is only by virtue of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* that a rare seeker can attain that sphere, and that too by reason of the grace and charity of Radhasoami. The mystery of the realm beyond *Sunn*, I am keeping confidential and secret; I speak of them sometimes only to those who are entitled to it and who are deservers of high spiritual spheres. This doxology is now completed; O Lord, bestow your *prasad* (grace) on me.

Hymn 2 (23 Verses)

Laayee aarti daasi saj ke ...

1-5. This devoted attendant, fully embellished and decorated with the beauty generated by the moment to moment recitation of Radhasoami Name, is introducing this *aarti*. I have covered myself with the *chuddar* of amiableness, piety and forgiveness, and I have sorted out and dispelled the clouds of lust and wrath. In my spread out hands I have picked up the platter made out of *naam*, and I carefully light the flame with the fire of my lovesickness (*virah*) for the guru. I have filled up the pitcher of my heart and soul from the water of life from the *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality at the seat of *Akshar Purush*) and poured it on Radhasoami, standing face to face before Him. I have fetched viands from the Inaccessible *Lok* and zestfully place them before Radhasoami.

6-12. I have surrendered all my corporeal instruments, all elephants and horses (sense, ego and *manas*) to Him. I have subdued and controlled the ranks of all the five elements and the troops of all the three *gunas*. I launched a massive invasion on the forces of *Kaal* and rode on to *Trikuti* in my intrepid and dauntless march. My *surat*, and her companion *nirat*, permeated into the *Shabd*. I sit on the artillery of the Crooked Tunnel (*Bunknaal*) with sparkling darts shooting out of the fire of my lovesickness. This action routed the

armed forces of Dharmaraj, the plenipotentiary of Brahman and the supreme giver of the universal laws governing all existence in *Brahmand* and *Pind* regions. My reputation and fame spread like an uproar all over. I sounded the instruments of bell and conch-shell (sounds of *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and I beat drums (one of the sounds of *Trikuti*), and I heard the marvellous sounds of kettledrum (*dham, dham*). The ranks of *Kaal's* forces fell in disarray and surrendered.¹⁷³

13-18. The *surat* now mounted to the gate of the sphere of the full moon (*Sunn*) and went beyond the three *loks*. There (in the Rotating Cave) the rays of the midday sun began to come to view and beyond that (i.e. in *Sattlok*) the inaccessible and beauteous form (of the *Satt Purush*) began to shine (*paagi*). With my (inner) eyes wide open, I witness the waterfall (in *Sattlok*), about the sheen and splendour of which I am incapable of speaking (what shall I say about it)? The resplendence of every fibre of His Being cannot be compared even with the brilliance and dazzle of crores of suns. Witnessing this scenario the *surat* becomes stirred and roused (i.e. all the sleeping parts of my destiny were now stirred and my *surat* was reinforced with all its original

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might). Now the *surat* and *shabd* became absorbed in each other and it remained for the *surat* only to go up to meet the Inaccessible *Purush* (beyond *Sattlok* and the Invisible Sphere). The *surat* then proceeded to that spirit-pole where there is no distinction between duality and oneness (where, that is to say, there is only the Absolute Lord, beyond space, time and numbers); there the *surat* became absorbed in that Absolute Lord.

19-23. This is the fruit which my *aarti* (i.e. when my *surat* became *rut* or absorbed in the Lord) brought me; all my pains and sufferings and my delusions were washed down and driven out far away. My *surat* now attained to perennial sangfroid; of the majesty and grandeur of the unstruck melody of that stage what can I say? O Lord! I have surrendered my body and mind and all unto you; and now show me your grace and compassion to the full. Ever and anon, I sing and recite the Great Name 'Radhasoami', 'Radhasoami' and I don't remember any other word, now. O the Lord of the Inaccessible Realm! Shower your grace on me; I render homage and obeisance at your feet with ardent love and deep devotion.

Hymn 3 (15 Verses)

Hey saheli aali, mauj kari ab bharee ...

1-5. O my close companion, my comrade! I am now at the peak of my delight, for now I have ensconced the lotus-like feet of my darling lord (Radhasoami) in my heart of hearts. In the middle of my heart (my *Brahmandi hiya*), a flame is shining, spreading its luminance in *Gagan* (higher spiritual spheres); the reverberations of the unstruck melody are resonating and roaring. From the hole (the aperture of the sixth ganglion) I peeped into the spheres of Moon and Sun and occupied the window (entrance) of the

middle artery (*sushu-mana*); there (in *Trikuti*) the gusts of life-breath (*praan pavan*) administer jerks downward, but my *surat* is now firmly implanted there and becomes unshakeable without any wavering and does not yield to its pressure. As it is, I now resorted to the shield and support of my guru, in the form of *shabd* (i.e. I held the Great Name firmly) so that I now stepped into the mansion of *Trikuti*.

6-10. From *Trikuti*, I made it to *Sunn* where I immersed in *Mansarovar* at the seat of the *Akshar Purush* with the *hamsas* close by; there the *Akshar Purush* has His splendid isle. There each female *hamsa*¹⁷⁴ has the brilliance and lustre of four suns and every *hamsa* has the dazzle and luminance of twelve suns each. The sport and spectacle of that sphere is so marvellous that it cannot be described in words; by seeing that sight, the mind becomes ecstatic and exhilarated. Standing at attention and contemplating only at one point – the sound of that sphere – the *surat* becomes speechless and motionless; it becomes completely absorbed in listening to the sound of the fiddle. Passing through the vast plane of *Mahasunn*, it reached the *Sachch Khand* (*Sattlok*) and from there it soared and became wrapped up in the Invisible and Inaccessible Spheres.

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11-15. How can I give an account of the play and dispensation (*mauj*) of the Nameless (Lord)? The beauteous form, the like of which I witness, is simply ineffable. It is such a marvellous form that Radhasoami (*Anami*) has assumed! He has descended on the earth from His own eternal abode only for the (spiritual) good of the *jivas*. At His feet I make an oblation of my body and mind; every instant, I ensconce His fascinating mien and countenance in my heart of hearts. I move around the platter of *aarti* with verve and enthusiasm generated by the ardour of love; I have ceased to be conscious of everything around, and all my senses appear to have left me. The fruit I received of my love and devotion to Him is infinite and unbounded, inaccessible and unprecedented; I now live and find sustenance from the water of life (*ami aahaar*).

Hymn 4 (16 Verses)

Prem preet ghat bheetar aayee ...

1-5. The stimulating current of love and tendresse has penetrated the heart of my hearts; and so this devout slave of the *Satguru* gets ready to perform His *aarti*. I have made the platter of *aarti* out of the Third *Til* and have made a wick out of the pupils of my eyes and I bring the platter to One Thousand-Petalled Lotus. Turning the sixth *chakra* (ganglion) I kindle the flame and piercing the headspring and its stream I fly up. Then I notice *Sunn* (that which is above the sixth ganglion and below Shiva *Lok*) and going there I hear the unstruck melody and getting into the middle (*sushumana*) I penetrate into the hilly, uneven region of the Crooked Tunnel. There, Sankhani (a third-rate demoness) raises Cain (commotion and uproar, confusion and disturbance) and Dankini¹⁷⁵ (the stinger) keeps on ordering everyone about.

6-10. But the moment I took in my hands the bow of *shabd* and shot a large number of arrows of sound, the hordes and throngs of these evil spirits took to their heels, and my *surat*, holding fast to the *shabd*, marched ahead and made it to *Brahmand* which is the abode of *Naad*¹⁷⁶ (unstruck sound or *anhad shabd* or *Naad Yoga*)¹⁷⁷ and where there are infinite number of sounds¹⁷⁸ and from where the Vedas have emerged. There *Kaal* has laid his serpentine meshes but these are ripped up by the heron (*garud*, the vehicle of Vishnu of the Hindu Trinity, and the enemy of snakes). Again, when the *Satguru* becomes your rescuer and helper, innumerable obstructions and hindrances are thrown aside.

11-16. Beyond *Trikuti* there is the moonlit square (*Sunn*) where the form of the transcendental Brahman was perceived. Ahead of *Sunn* there is *Ma-hasunn* – the deep sea of darkness – which I crossed with the help of *Satguru* who advised me to maintain patience and perseverance. Flying up, I opened up the gate of the Rotating Cave, and then I heard the *Satt Purush* speaking up. Hearing His words, my *surat* permeated and became absorbed in these worlds; then alone I could make out the sweep and extent of the Invisible and the Inaccessible Spheres. As for the *Anami Pole*, its majesty is indescribable; it is the Absolute Lord's own Eternal Abode. This doxology is now completed, and every moment I recite the Name Radhasoami.

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Hymn 5 (15 Verses)

Pashchim tuj poorab chal aayaa ...

1-5. Leaving the West behind, I have come to the East¹⁷⁹ – and I have gathered and fetched the wherewithal of the *aarti*. This wherewithal includes humility, fecklessness (or a feeling of helplessness characteristic of a person living in foreign land, like the *surat*, native of *Satt Desh* living in the lands below, in *Pind Desh* or the phenomenal realm), ardent devotion and spiritual adornment (like amiableness, forgiveness and contentment), zest and a dash of verve, concentrated attention. Of verve and enthusiasm I have made the *aarti* dish, and of my concentrated attention, I have formed the flame. Then, I peeped into the gate of the guru (i.e. the sixth ganglion which is called as the *Brahmarandhra* or *Dhrig-dwar*) and rendered my homage by bowing down my head there and by withdrawing my mind from all around, I induced my mind to wrap itself up at the feet of the guru. In diverse ways, I sang His doxology and performed the *aarti*, and I elutriated and depurated my mind from all delusions, wanderings (i.e. I ceased to be errant, straying from the right course). I drove away *Kaal* by following the strategy of ambush and I purified my mind from the pollution caused by the eight metals, viz. five elements and three *gunas* [the five elements being ether, air, fire, water and earth and the three *gunas* being oxygen (*satogun*), hydrogen (*rajogun*) and nitrogen (*tamogun*)].

6-10. I heard a sound from the Sphere of Three Prominences – Meru, Sumeru and Kailash (*Trikuti*) – and by following the route of the eyes (i.e.

through the sixth ganglion, situated between them), I raised my *surat*. With great pomp and style, I turned the two petals (pupils of my two eyes) inward, and then I removed my *surat* from the nine apertures (anus, sex organ, mouth, two nostrils, two eyes, and two ears, i.e. I dissociated my *surat* from all the phenomenal urges). Thereafter I opened up another door-fly or barrier that screens the four-petalled lotus or the sixth ganglion into which I turned. There I witnessed the lower *Sunn* or the six-petalled lotus (above the sixth ganglion and below Shiva *Lok* – the first station of the lower *Brahmand* or *Und*); beyond it, swings the *Ashtdal Kanwal*¹⁸⁰ (i.e. *Sahasdal Kanwal*). Thereafter my *surat* became wrapped up in the sphere of twelve petals or *Trikuti*, and from the lotus of thirteen petals (i.e. *Sunn*) emerged the *shabd* (of *Rarang*).

11-15. At the entrance of *Mahasunn*, there is the lotus of ten petals penetrating into it, I gazed at the chandeliers. Beyond it is the Rotating Cave where there is the *Santosh* (Contentment) Isle – the state of contentment and relaxation, where streams of the water of life spring and follow and where I filled up the pots of my *surat* and *nirat*. Beyond it, I opened up the lock of *Sant Mat* (*Sattlok*) where the *Satt Purush* speaks of *Satt* and *Satt*. From there I focused my attention and fastened my devotion to the Invisible and Inaccessible spheres, and my *surat* became wrapped up in the pole of the Spaceless and Timeless. Radhasoami is the name of the Nameless (*Anami*) Lord, and time and again, I salute and render homage to Him.¹⁸¹

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Hymn 6 (11 Verses)

Guru ka Agam roop main dekha ...

1-5. I have perceived the Inaccessible form of the guru and I discovered the *Satguru* and *Sattnaam* to be one and the same entity. By virtue of the power of the *Satguru* I have routed *Kaal* and having exhausted and cut down my karmas I got into the *Satguru*'s pole. I properly arranged the platter of *aarti* for going up to *Sahasdal Kanwal* and there I kindled the flame in the lamp. I rang the bell and blew the conch-shell (heard the sounds of bell and conch-shell) and then I fastened my gaze upon the Crooked Tunnel. As I concentrated my sight, my mind became exhilarated and I could discern the melody emanating from the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*).

6-11. As I witnessed there (*Trikuti*) the form of the rising sun and its light and lustre, all my darkness (inertia, ignorance and delusions) was dispelled and the celestial horizon began to dazzle. I then gained access to the grand Spirit-Pole (*atma-pada*) where I took care to hear the sound of *Rarang*. There I also perceived the square of the full moon light; it is the pole of undiluted whiteness without a trace of darkness or blue tint. My *surat* became fully focused on that sphere and the clusters and galaxies of *hamsas* (purified spirits) were looking extremely fascinating and attractive. Radhasoami assumed such a beauteous demeanour that by performing His *aarti* I became ecstatic. I receive His kindness, compassion and grace ever and anon, and raise and apply the dust of His feet on my head.

Hymn 7 (7 Verses)

Guyyaan ri lukh maram janaaon ...

1-2. O Friend! Look, I am revealing to you the core of Reality (*maram*) – the inaccessible and deep mystery (of the macrocosm) within your being (inside the microcosm)! I fetch (elevate) the *surat* to the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and perceiving its secret with my inner eyes, I give you an indication of it by a wink (*sain*).

3-5. I witness the glimpses of the glowing flame there and abandoning the bluish zone (the sphere of *Kaal*) I join up with the white zone. Thereafter I mount the Crooked Tunnel and make you hear the unstruck melody of *Trikuti* (*Aumkara*, thunder of clouds and the sound of kettledrum). I wrap up my *surat* (*Sunni*, the denizen of *Sunn*) in with *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit) and make a dash with a bang to *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality, immersion into which purifies the adept and transforms him into a *hamsa*).

6-7. I enhance my intimacy and affection with the *hamsas* and constantly hear the sound of fiddle. I recite the Name Radhasoami, and with its help I row and ferry my boat across (this perilous phenomenal ocean).

Hymn 8 (18 Verses)

Bahuriya dhoom machavat aayee ...

1-5. The young bride (*surat* or *bahuriya*) came up with great éclat (pomp)

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and show, ostentation), in order to fly up to the abode of the *Satguru*. With great devotion and reverence and possessed and overwhelmed (*diwani*) by the ardour of love, she gathered the wherewithal of the *aarti*. The guru who is the treasure-house of charity and compassion, is sitting gracefully as if in the middle of a flower, deeply engrossed in the meditation of the *nij naam* (the Great Name ‘Radhasoami’). His sheen and splendour is overwhelming (profuse and concentrated) so that I have lost awareness of all my preoccupations. She has lost consciousness of her body and mind and has now attained to the state of sangfroid.

6-10. Having elevated my *surat* to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres), I have dispersed away with the need of oral recitation of the Name that dwells inside (*ramna*). I have now gained access to the Perfect *Satguru*, who unfolded to me the mystery of *Sattnaam*. I sighted the (Third) *Til* (*nukta-i-sveda* or the sixth ganglion) and broke open that aperture (*til*) where the bluish flame blooms. From there I caught sight of the dazzling flame spreading its luminance around (*thaali*) and then I went up to *Sahasdal Kanwal* – the abode of *Kaal Niranjan*. There the sounds of bell and conch-shell are booming with great éclat, acclaim and ostentation, hearing which Yama (the lord of death) lost the battle (against my *surat*).

11-15. Then my lovesick *surat*, suffering from pangs of separation from her Lord, traversed the Crooked Tunnel and settled in the village of *Trikuti*

(*Trikuti Graam*). From there, I dashed to the top of *Sunn* where I blew the trumpet and found the cool, comforting shade. Then, I began to roam in *Mahasunn* (with a loud cry as in triumph) and after that I proceeded to the Rotating Cave where I halted and rested. In that timeless and spaceless sphere I began to hear the sound of flute good enough to put crores of Krishnas (Krishna known for his expertise in playing the flute) to shame. Thereafter I entered *Sattlok* and became wrapped up with it and its mellifluous sound of harp which is playing through all the twenty-four hours.

16-18. Thence, I caught sight of the Invisible and Inaccessible spheres, where only a devotee who is a class by himself can get admittance, not the general run of devotees. The *surat* there goes forward where Radhasoami met her and in His Abode she found ataraxia (final, undisturbed and uninterrupted peace). By repeatedly performing *aarti* (i.e. by becoming merged and *rut* into Him), greed, cupidity, gluttony and lust took to their heels.

Hymn 9 (15 Verses)

Surat saheli nabh par kheli ...

1-5. My good comrade *surat* plays in the *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and discerns the form of the mark of flame. She penetrates further and becomes wrapped up in the sound, gaining access to the guru in the form of *shabd*, and His transcendental, intuitional knowledge (as distinguished from dianoetic or intuitional knowledge and reasoning). Reaching *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit) she gained access to the sound of *Akshar Purush* (Invisible Lord, i.e.

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Rarankar, fiddle and *sarangi*) and perceived the location of the Full Moon. She enjoys the love sport, fun and frolic with the *hamsas* and takes immersion in *Mansarovar* (the reservoir of spirituality). By virtue of the power of the guru, I mounted to *Mahasunn* and surveyed the scenario and found that sphere as a vast *maidaan*.

6-10. Then I spread my mat (*aasan*) in the Rotating Cave to sit there and engaged myself in contemplation of the form of the *Satguru*. Making it to *Satt Desh*, I gained access to the *Satguru* and there I heard the melodious tunes (*taan*) of the harp. Thereafter, I caught the glimpses of the Invisible Lord and arrived at the Inaccessible station. It was only then that I could hear the sound of Radhasoami Name which I very well discerned (recognised clearly). Now, I took the dish of *aarti* and came face to face with Radhasoami for performing the *aarti*, and offered my life-force (*jaan*) unto Him.

11-15. My ardent love and tendresse became tied in His feet, and perceiving His (beauteous) form I was stunned and astounded and fell into a state of all absorbing love (*hairat*). By attaining to this state, all speeches, all assertions and affirmations (*kehni* and *kathni*) became exhausted and came to an end, for to believe this state one has to perceive it. I have performed this marvellous *aarti* which some rare saints alone can understand and appreciate. The sweep and view that I have attained to now is entirely different from

all the rest; even the knowers of the esoteric knowledge and the yogis of different older orders do not know the core and mystery of this. I have found the jewel of a meaningful pole (spiritual sphere) inside of me; this indeed is the gift bestowed on me by Radhasoami!

Hymn 10 (11 Verses)

Chal surat dekh nabh galiyaan ...

1-3. O *surat*! Come along and perceive the lanes of *Nabh* (the sphere of *Sahasdal Kanwal*) where the petals of the One Thousand-Petalled Lotus are spread all over. I witnessed passages (*naliyan*) in every leaf, and in every passage, the flame is alight (lit up or illuminated). There the deity of *Sahasdal Kanwal* – *Jyoti-Niranjan* – mix up with each other (*Jyoti* with *Niranjan*) and make merriment, and the flower-beds of innumerable colours are blooming.

4-6. Sighting the beauteous aspect of the sphere and its deity, my mind has disgorged (vomited or ejected) this sensual world (which it had swallowed and gulped down); and hearing the unstruck melody there, my *surat* permeates and pervades in its sound. The unfathomable delight that I got there is beyond words; there, every moment, the products of karmas become incinerated. This is the sphere where lust, wrath and hopes and expectations from this sensual world are pulverised and then the *surat* begins to fly up beyond.

7-11. To the marching *surat*, the way to Crooked Tunnel, *Trikuti* and the middle artery (straight path to higher regions) open up (rendered accessible) and the *surat* watches the sun, new moon and flashes of lightning. Reaching the top of *Sunn*, the *surat* becomes steady and she notices the lotuses of white colour. In *Mahasunn*, my *surat* met *Maha Kaal* (*Neeh Akshar*) and

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then she soared to the Rotating Cave. Arriving at *Sattlok* she meets the *Satt Purush* and hears the melody of *Sattnaam* which unfolded the mysteries of that sphere – the permanent abode of the saints – and then she gets on to the poles of both the Invisible and the Inaccessible. Getting in touch with the feet of Radhasoami, all the dirt and filth and impurities are washed down (completely) so that I now attained to perfect bliss and beatitude.

Hymn 11 (14 Verses)

Merey ur mein bharey dukh saal ...

1-5. My heart is replete with throbbing and tormenting and agonising pains! O merciful Lord! When are you going to cut them off and repel them? I am struggling in the dragnet of the mental-material realm, and *Kaal* is displaying its stunning and astonishing games (tricks). Sometimes he spreads light by lighting the (earthen) lamp (*diya*) and sometimes he ties up a blinding curtain and spreads unrelieved, deep darkness. Sometimes he shows the colours of the five *tattvas*¹⁸² and attracts everyone, and sometimes he lays a trap by making us hear the sound (from the left). He deludes, deceives and misleads *jivas* a great deal by involving them in taking to various yogic prac-

tices¹⁸³ misleading the yogis with delusions and illusions, hallucinations and false ideas and notions.

6-10. I myself have straggled as an errant for a long time; what can I say of my distracted state? It is only now that the merciful *Satguru* has graciously met me; he gave me the key (Radhasoami Name and love and devotion to the perfect *Satguru*) by which I opened the lock of the sixth ganglion. Through that aperture, I gazed at the marvellous and magnificent form (of the guru) and soaring to the Crooked Tunnel, I heard the Sound (*Shabd*). Then at the hill of *Trikuti*, I could get to know the mystery of (Brahman or *Aumkara*); and in the sphere of *Sunn*, I got in contact with *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Lord). There I witnessed the dazzling waters of the river flowing majestically and its marvellously rolling swell and waves, which overwhelm the seer.

11-14. There, every moment, the sound of the cymbal¹⁸⁴ resonates on hearing which the *surat* rips up the dragnet (of *Kaal* and *Maya*). In as much as I am aware (*mehram*) of the secrets and mysteries of that sphere, nobody could obstruct my way to that mansion; by the compassion and charity of the *Satguru* my barge could successfully go across. I now perform *aarti* with great reverence and care; Radhasoami has fulfilled me in every respect. Rising to the White Pole (*Sattlok*) I beat up *Kaal* and get at the root leaving aside the stems and branches.

Discourse XXXV: Part Two (27 Hymns)

Ascension of *surat* and secrets of higher spheres

Hymn 1 (12 Verses)

Mana aur surat chadhao Trikuti ...

1-3. O seeker! Lift your *surat* to *Trikuti*; play in *Gagan* and perform the
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aarti. Decipher and discern the *Naam* and string the pearls of your *surat* in the cord of sound, for here amidst the thunder of the clouds, the flame glows and dazzles. Then I see *Maya* weeping and wailing disconsolately with her empty hands, devoid of all her skulduggery; and I meanwhile gain access to *Rarank-ar* into which I have consanguinity (relationship by blood and kinship; *nij goti*).

4-6. Here all my hopes, expectations and aspirations died out (in eternal sleep), and rising up to the banks of *Triveni* I wash down all my dirt and filth. Here all my inertia and sloth, sleep and hunger are lost, and all my 'I-ness' and attachments as well as my afflictions and anguish (*vipta*) are rendered hollow (ineffective and non-operative). Every moment my *surat* feels exhilarated and delighted; she strings a garland of lotuses.

7-9. Now the *surat* goes to *Sattlok* in response to the invitation from *Sattnaam* and for this she (*surat*) lays the flower-bed of *shabd* (i.e. *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*). Hail, hail my *Satguru* Radhasoami for He has enabled me to fly up and see this marvellous spectacle. How shall I perform His *aarti* for I

have heard that His might and main, His sheen and splendour is inaccessible and unfathomable?

10-12. As it is, I will never be wholly satisfied and fulfilled by speaking and singing of His glory; my verve, zest and enthusiasm, love and tendresse for Him are beyond my words. I have no hopes or expectations from anything or anyone save His lotus feet; my black bee-like mind goes around Him in bliss and beatitude. In my *Brahmandi hiya* (*Brahmandi* Mind), the sound 'Radhasoami' 'Radhasoami' gushes forth; my wedded *surat* (*surat suhagin*) now sees and unites with her beloved Lord (*piya*, Radhasoami).

Hymn 2 (11 Verses)

Chet chali aaj surat rangeeli ...

1-5. My colourful *surat* (resourceful and delighted), fully conscious and energetic and taking all precautions) has embarked on the spiritual journey, leaving behind all erroneous, dirty and filthy conceptions and faulty understanding and vicious proclivities. The bagful of unstruck melodies has come to her hand, so that she has become a hot favourite of the original, ultimate abode (*nij ghar*). Breaking into the embrace of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*), she pushes on, assuming a unique, cheery and happy disposition. She makes the dish of *aarti* out of *ida* (the left artery) and converts *pingla* (the right artery) into a flame and getting into *sushumana* (the middle artery) she performs the *aarti*. Penetrating into the Crooked Tunnel, she blows the conch shell, and making it to the hill of *Trikuti* (region of Three Prominences – Meru, Sumeru and Kailash) it could hear the sound of *AUM*.

6-8. She heard the sound of kettledrum (*mridang*) and the roar of tabor and tambourine (*tambora*) and hearing these sounds, the mind becomes bold and fighting fit. Having become a valiant warrior, it routed *Kaal* and instantaneously tears the *chuddar* of Maya. Leaping over the corporeal realm (*Pind*) and breaking the *Und Desh* (i.e. the lower parts of *Brahmand*) it rips up the parts of

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Brahmand into small pieces.

9-11. Taking a high jump, she reached the *Satt Desh* and there she gained access to the immortal and unbreakable and indivisible pole (*pada*). From there she went up and became wrapped up in the *Anami's* (Nameless Lord) Pole and there she discovered the full procedure of performing the *aarti* (i.e. it came to know the details of the wherewithal required for the *aarti* or for getting absorbed in the *Anami* Lord). Radhasoami rained and showered His mercy and charity, so that I now took full charge of my pole (i.e. I attained to the Immortal, Eternal Abode).

Hymn 3 (11 Verses)

Chali surat ab Gagan gali ree ...

1-5. My *surat* now set out towards the lane of *Gagan (Trikuti)* in order to meet and become united with her beloved Lord! O companion! She now pulverised all her evil tendencies and cravings (*mansa*) and reaching the top of *Sunn* she plays merrily without any reserve (*khul khul kheli*). The *surat* then becomes the devotee (*cheri*) of *Sattnaam*; piercing into *Gagan (Trikuti)* she enters as a fine companion (of *Satt Purush*). O comrade! She now gained access to such an elevated sphere that in the middle of her being the flame of catalonian jasmine sprouted and bloomed. She put on the neck-band of unstruck melody and took up the dust of the guru's feet (and put it on her head).

6-7. Then she alone mounted to the tower of the inaccessible heights of *Sunn* (i.e. she flew up there leaving behind the company of mind and body); that indeed is the sphere from which all this creation (*Brahmand, Und* and *Pind*) emerged and spread out. How shall I openly speak of its process (the process of creation, which better remains confidential), for none can comprehend its secrets and the idioms which I will have to employ to reveal them?

8-11. This is the *aarti* of the *Param Purush*, the Primary, Absolute and Perennial Lord; as it is, I myself grasped the sound of the spaceless and timeless Elysium (the state or place of perfect bliss – *Arsh-i-Bareen*). Now the *Satguru* did me the favour and showed His mercy and charity by gifting me His own Pole (*pada*) and casting aside and repelling *Kaal*. Then I entered into a transaction (*sauda*) with the *Satguru* for getting into the Inaccessible Sound (*Agam Shabd*) – the transaction was that I surrendered my all and took to His shelter and He made a gift of His own abode to me. My master (*Satguru*) is merciful to the humble and the lowly; He is the unlimited treasure house of charity and compassion; as it is, He extricated me from the cesspool of mind and Maya, for He is the knower of the entire inner realm and conversant with the innermost recesses of all the *jivas* (in as much as He is present in every particle, every atom, He knows them all inside out).

Hymn 4 (12 Verses)

Gagan nagar chadh aarat karhoon ...

1-5. I ascend to *Gagan (Trikuti)* and every moment, leaving behind the
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corporeal realm (*Pind Desh*), I perform the *aarti* (from *Trikuti*).¹⁸⁵ In *Gagan*, I heard the unstruck melody (*anhad raga*) and there my love and devotion for the guru went on intensifying every instant. The unexampled beauteous form (*roop anoop*) of the guru, I witness inside my *hiya* (*hiya* of *Trikuti*, i.e. in my heart of hearts) and this wondrous form is so fascinating and beautiful that I am incapable of describing it in words. Churning the word or *Shabd* (i.e. by continually focusing attention on *Shabd*), I gained access to the radiance of the flame, and by constantly hearing the unstruck melody, my *surat* became imperishable (*avinashi*). I cut loose (became freed) from duality (*pind*) and fog (*dhundh*¹⁸⁶ or *Brahmand* where there is fog-like darkness, i.e. where on the rays of darkness rays of light prevail) and I crossed both these realms and opened the gate of *Sattlok-Sattnaam*.

6-10. Then I played in bliss and beatitude with the *anshas*, *hamsas* and *bansas*¹⁸⁷ and perceived their radiance. My *surat* became steady and heard the sound of harp; who can describe that marvel, when the *surat* recognised that sound? The yogis reached the end of their tether, tired and exhausted by practising *samadhi*, and the Brahman *gyanis* by attaining to the *atma pada*, of the glory of which they sang. But this mystery of the saints is beyond their capacity, sweep and gamut; nobody except the saint himself can weigh and measure it. The sweep and reach of the saints is simply inaccessible and infinite; what shall I say about it, for it is endless, having neither this side nor that.

11-12. Whosoever is the recipient of the grace and favour (*mauj*) of the saints, to them the saints gift the immortal *pada* (pole) so that their wandering in the vicious circle of birth-death-rebirth (metem-psychosis) ceases. I have performed this *aarti* with great verve and zest, true love and dedication; I recite this doxology and do it regularly every day.

Hymn 5 (21 Verses)

Aarat gaaoon Soami surat chaddhaaon ...

Note: In this hymn under each verse, its interpretation is offered separately in footnote. In this work, however, I am only giving the English rendering of each and every verse and interpreting them according to my own lights, of course taking into account the interpretation as given in the text.

1. I now sing the *aarti* of (Radha) Soami and I am lifting my *surat* (from the corporeal sphere) into *Gagan* where I go about with great éclat.
2. While ascending I perceive the bluish hole and feel very much delighted for it is so beauteous and is the gate of the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*), and then I make it to the white pole (*Satt Pada* or *Sattlok*) on which I make an oblation of my body and mind. So to say, I reached the *Sattlok* after becoming withdrawn and dissociated from the pulls and pressures of my body and mind.
3. Churning (*manthan*) the forest of my body made of a drop (literally *brinda-vana*), I vanquish the family of senses and organs – both sensory and motor organs (*gaukul*); I reached *Sunn* (i.e. I became detached from the realm of *indriyas* and mind) and snatched (vanquished) the power of *Kaal* (*Kaalindri*), rendering him powerless (in relation to me).

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4. Then I spotted (observed and discovered) the great mountainous forest of *Sunn* (*Girivar*) and thence I made it to *Mahasunn* where I drank ambrosia, the water of life.
5. I made a dish out of patience, endurance and perseverance, and a flame out of the fire of ardent love, and hearing the sounds with a sense of discrimination between the false and the true, the fleeting and the permanent (*vivek*), and treating them as pearls, I make a string of them (*moti poti*).
6. Abandoning all attachment with this sensual world (*raga*) I wear the colours of *virah* or lovesickness in relation to my guru (i.e. becoming strongly attached to them), and taking the help of *surat* and *nirat*, I become wrapped up in the Word (*Shabd*).

7. Performing a circular dance (whirling dance) I staged an amorous play with the Lord and noting the skulduggery and tactics of the Lord of Blackness¹⁸⁸ (i.e. *Kaal*) and getting the better of them I procured the *Nabh* (heavenly spheres).

8. An uproar and commotion arose in the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and perceiving the radiance (*tej*) of *Trikuti*, the *surat* becomes exhilarated.

9. At this stage, my arrogance and hauteur, and my attachments and bonds with this sensual world were rubbed off and driven away, and hearing the captivating and fascinating sound of flute (in the Rotating Cave) my mind developed a new understanding (of spiritual mysteries).

10-12. My *surat*, comparable to milkmaid (*gujari*) and accompanied by the assembly of sounds and their reverberations, comparable to cowherds and their wives – the cowherdesses – respectively, goes on flying up. All of them, playing and hopping and jumping and causing uproar, commotion and noise, churn the firmament and extract and fetch the life-essence and primordial energy (*chaitan-yata*). In all the four directions they are calling for their beloved Lord, and Radha (i.e. the ascending *surat*) hearing this call and watching this play (*lila*) becomes excited and ecstatic.

13. All over, the sound of ‘Soami’, ‘Soami’ rises and becomes stirred in my heart of hearts (*hiya*), and every moment verve and zest surges.

14. I have now forsaken all hankering after this fleshly world, and my mind has now easily become emotionally withdrawn from immediate reaction to all impressions coming from the phenomenal world (*vairagi*).

15-17. O Radhasoami! Now continue to shower your grace and charity on me so that I may go on rendering homage and obeisance at your feet. O the one who is merciful to the humble and the meek! Avert my mind (from this phenomenal realm) so that I may ever perceive the glimpses of your majestic and grand form. As of now, this mind of mine keeps on dragging me outward and downward, towards this phenomenal realm; disregarding what I counsel it squeezes me (i.e. grips and presses me firmly so as to crush me and compel me to accept his harsh and Draconian demands).

18-21. Do kindly irrigate and water the sapling of devotion and dedica-

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tion that you planted by your grace and kindness. My mind is not in my control and it has spread its tentacles and dragnet far and wide. But then, you are omniscient and the Perfect, Infinite Lord and I am sure that you will rip up that trap. Now this *arti* has become complete in all respects; may I always remain present before your Lordship.

Hymn 6 (16 Verses)

Hridai mein gul paudh khilani ...

1-5. The sapling of rose (love) has blossomed in my heart of hearts, and I have become inebriated like a bulbul (ardent lover). In my being, the orchard of love and tendresse has been laid, and it is being watered and irrigated by my

mind like a gardener. In all the four directions, an immortal creeper has spread and it is drenched in the sap of ambrosia. The unstruck melodies are resonating in the *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) and in my devotion to them I have lost consciousness of my body. My (inner) eye has opened and it sighted a wondrous view (*jhaanki*) of a figure and form of unfathomable beauty and charm.

6-10. This inner form was attended by ruby, pearls and other jewels of sound (*naad* or *nida* – internal voice), sapphire and emerald like reverberations with mellifluous music of infinite depth. In the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) I found a small four-footed seat studded with jewels and gems at the sight of which my mind became lost, forgetting everything else. At *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality), *hamsas* (purified spirits) have their blissful fun and frolic and they jointly and playfully enact marvellous *tamasha* (entertainment). The *hamsas* (with predominance of *shabd*) and *hamsinis* (with predominance of *surat*) dance and sing, and mostly play upon tabor and tambourine (*toor*, *tambura*). In this atmosphere, the marital *bedi* (enclosure) is laid to enact the play of wedding (of *surat* and *shabd*) and they jointly speak (of chants of ‘Radhasoami’, ‘Radhasoami’).

11-16. The bridegroom (*shabd*) and the bride (*surat*) are seated together and joined together they go around the marital fire (*bhanwar-pherey*), seven times.¹⁸⁹ Thus wedded they come home and there (in *Sattlok*, their abode) they catch the glimpses of *Satt Purush*. There they occupy an indestructible platform and immortal terrace (*ataari*) and a marital bed (*sej*) sleeping on which does not induce the birth of any species. Now the bride *surat* has found a perennial and imperishable union (*suhaag*); and with her union with her beloved Lord, *Satt Purush*, she constantly hears the unstruck melody of harp. Radhasoami himself laid the *lagan* (*tewa*)¹⁹⁰ and issued the invitation for marriage; it is only by virtue of that loving invitation that the *surat* has gained access to such a bridegroom. It was a marvellous *tamasha* without the slightest obstruction or fear or suffering; it is all beauty, perfection, amusement and happiness, solace and contentment all around.

Hymn 7 (11 Verses)

Surat chadhi ghat mein ab daudi ...

1-5. My *surat* now runs fast to other higher spiritual spheres inside of me;

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and hearing the unstruck melody it becomes steady and strong. It has given up all hopes and aspirations and cravings for the fleshly, ephemeral, material universe (*jagat*) and it has snapped all the ties of shame, honour and prestige of her family in which she was born as an entity. It has worn the colours of *satsang* (became closely attached to *satsang*) so that in the eyes and the view of worldlings it became insane and crazy, distracted and deranged; in truth, however, it became joined perennially with the gate of the White Spheres (*Sattlok* and beyond). It began its spiritual exercise by coming to the bluish city (the sixth ganglion or the Third *Til*) by tearing the curtain which had screened it, and then it turned towards the sphere of *Gagan*. Then the *surat*

reached the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and entered the portal of *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit) so that now, a garden of flowers bloomed in the heart of my hearts.

6-11. In *Sunn* I came across a wide square, and getting into the *nij dhun* (the Sound that is so dear to me) I was immensely delighted. Then, in the Inaccessible Sphere which is spaceless and timeless (*adhar*), I got rest and sang-froid as I reached home (Radhasoami Abode). Everyone there, in his heart of hearts, is enjoying bliss and beatitude and noticing this, I also became exhilarated and joyous. It is tragic that the unaware and ignorant *jivas* do not become aware and alive (to the peril facing them); abandoning the happiness that is there in the Eternal Abode (Radhasoami Sphere), they are straggling in the desolate tracts (wilderness). It is amazing that those whose abodes are the unlimited storehouse of joy and happiness are wandering about from pillar to post (crestfallen, running from door to door). Radhasoami counsels: 'Attend the *satsang* so that you may develop right understanding.'

Hymn 8 (7 Verses)

Ghat jhoom rahi ab surat rangeeli ...

1-3. Inside of me, my colourful (resourceful, wise and joyous) *surat* is merrily swinging about; and that beauteous *surat*, with attractive mien (*chhabhi*) hearing the unstruck melody straightaway turned upward. Turning up the eyes, she pierced into the (Third) *Til* and from there, it pierced the bright, dazzling flame glowing, O companion. That inebriated and extraordinarily beauteous, trim, spruce and smart *surat* (*albeli*) hearing the Sound and in tune with it, began to dance; rising up to *Gagan* (heaven) she gains access to *Trikuti*.

4-5. Washing down all impurities, the splodged *surat* became elutriated and depurated (cleansed or *nirmal*); she became rid of the dirt and filth to which the play of three *gunas* had given rise. Thus bereft of her ancient companions (evil tendencies) she alone goes to *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality immersion in which removed all the subtle impurities she may have imbibed during the journey upward through the region of *Kaal Purush* or the Universal Mind); she now became withdrawn and entirely detached (from everything mundane) and became entirely concentrated in the sound, without spreading out.

6-7. In the wide and dark expanse of *Mahasunn* she played a marvelous

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game (with *Satguru* who made it possible for her to traverse and go across it), and in an instant she made it to *Sattnaam Sattlok*. On the tree-like *shabd* the creeper-like *surat* rose up and wore the neck-band of the Inaccessible *Naam*.

Hymn 9 (9 Verses)

Surat meri huyee shabd rasa maati ...

1-5. My *surat* has become charmed, fascinated and absorbed in the sap of *shabd* so that now, every moment, she sings of the majesty (*mahima*) of the guru. Hail the guru who made her perceive the secret and mystery of the *shabd*, so that she became wrapped up (completely engrossed) in the inner Sound. The *ragas* and *raginis* (music, songs of diverse order) which are sung in the outside are deemed by her to be trivial, mere trifles. Putting her friend *nirat* (that goads her on) in the front (as a forerunner or herald – *agua*) she (*surat*) every instant, becomes absorbed in the Sound. Piercing the *shabd* (of the lower regions) she goes into the *shabd* of *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit), watching which Maya (Madam Bubble) and *Mamta* ('I-ness', *meum* and *tuum*) beat their breasts (display their guilt, remorse and grief publicly).

6-9. Getting dizzy (affected by a whirling sensation caused by overwhelming grief and bewilderment), *Kaal* shrieks in dismay and disgust: 'Fie! Even this *surat* is out of my hand, my domain!' The *surat* (thus getting better of Maya and *Kaal*) arrived at the court of *Satt Purush* and thence it catches the glimpses of the Inaccessible Lord (*Agam Purush*). She sings the song of doxology (*aarti*) along with the *hamsas* and ever feeds herself on the water of life (*ami aahaar*). She is hardly in a position to say anything more; she now sacrifices herself on Radhasoami.

Hymn 10 (7 Verses)

Surat ab jaana nij ghar apney ...

1-5. My *surat* has now come to know about her own Eternal Abode (*nij ghar*) and by making a quest of *shabd* got into it. Now I discovered by experience and by intention that this ephemeral phenomenal realm (*jagat*) is a mere dream (appearing to be real so long as it lasts although it does not last long); and with this experience, all my delusions and illusions vanish and I get rid of all my mental images (*kalpana*, *sankalp* and *vikalp*). O Seeker! What will you do with *japas* and ascetic practices (like heating by five fires or *panchagni* or severe and hard practices in the forest and mountains)? By these means *Kaal* cheats, deceives, swindles and robs all those concerned. Through these devices, *Kaal* drops a curtain on the face of the mysteries of *Sant Mat* so that the *jivas* gain nothing out of them save straggling and wandering (from pillar to post). As it is, I counsel you: 'Now no one should get stuck up in these useless practices; do anything that you can to throw them away with a jerk and toss them and fling them.'

6-7. 'Taking resort to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* straightaway slip and slide (*sa-*

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takna) into *Gagan* (heavenly spheres), and reaching there ogle, coquet and flirt (*matakna*). Throw aside and sweep off (as if through a winnowing basket) all *karmas* (rites, rituals, fasts, pilgrimages etc.) and *dharmas* (*varna dharma*, family dharma and so on) and become wrapped up in the feet of the *Satguru*.

Hymn 11 (9 Verses)

Gaao ri sakhi jud mangal baani ...

1-5. O comrades! Let us join together in singing in a delightful hymn, in a chorus, for this day my beloved Lord (*piya*) has given me a clue to His whereabouts. I spotted in my heart of hearts, the portal of His mansion; every moment, I now take the rare gift of His love. My mind now flies up leaving behind the post (*thana*) of body (i.e. I am now liberated from the tight cage of my body) and with great verve and zest, becomes absorbed in His mansion in *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). From there, the *surat* becomes dissociated (from body and mind) and she now discovered the *shabd* of *Sunn* (*Rarankar*, the sounds of fiddle and *sarangi*). What shall I speak about the majesty and mellifluence of these *shabds*? Both *Kaal* and *karmas* turned crazy, distracted and distraught, possessed by these sounds.

6-9. I now found the way to my beloved Lord and at all the intervening states, I kindle the flame (of love and enthusiasm). As it is, darkness (ignorance or *avidya*) took to its heels (vanished) and dazzling, cooling light dawned in which I could perceive and locate the door to the moonlit square of *Sunn*. How long shall I dilate on the sheen and splendour of that mansion? It looks as if thousands of suns are sparkling and shining on every corner, tower and turret (*kangurey*, *kangurey*). I could not find the way beyond it; I pray Radhasoami to sort it out and take my barge across so that I may have my spiritual mission fully accomplished.

Hymn 12 (13 Verses)

Prem bhari meri ghat ki gagariya ...

1-5. As I filled in the pitcher of my inner being or *surat* with my ardent love for Him, I got rid of my polluted and filthy habitat (body and mind). The nine agents of *Kaal* and *Maya* (lust, anger, greed, bewilderment or attachment, ego, *pindi* or corporeal mind, attention, intellect and hubris) raised Cain (i.e. caused commotion and uproar) with me, but the tenth (i.e. my *surat*, the ambassador of the Absolute Lord) pulled me and lifted me up. The arrays of the circle of *hamsas* fought and gave battle to *Kaal* who, confronted by this grand army, was routed and showed his back. *Maya* (Madam Bubble) came down to lure me into sensual pleasures and she shot the arrows of woman and wealth (*kanak-kaamini*). But I, on my part, was alert, vigilant and on my mettle (roused to putting forth my best efforts) and fought valiantly with renewed zest and enthusiasm, and vanquished the vast array of his (*Kaal's*) forces.

6-10. *Maya* deserted her ranks and her land (i.e. my body and *indriyas*), so that I now respectfully salute and pay homage to my *Satguru*. Now, the

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Satguru held my arm and pulling me up lifted me to the middle of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). Hearing the unstruck melody there, I felt wholly satisfied and was fulfilled (*nihaal*) and in gratitude I exclaimed '*Satt Purush* is my merciful Lord, who showers His compassion on all the meek and the lowly (*deen dayal*)'. He took pity on me and clasped me (in a firm embrace) and I held fast to His feet as my shield and became wrapped in His protection and

shelter. He made me aware of the events and happenings of my crores of births, and terminated and destroyed the cycle of birth-death-rebirth for me.

11-13. I now stumbled upon the treasury of ardent love and tendresse and also realised that the way to victory (*jeet-reet*) lies through the Word as revealed by the guru of the time. Having gained access to that Word, I heard the call from the *Satt Shabd* (inviting me to *Sattlok*); in response to that call, my *surat* moved on and took to that sound as her own (i.e. as her own solvent and liberator). Radhasoami is the knower of the whole inner realm (*antar-yaami*); how can I deal with and describe His sweep and reach?

Hymn 13 (11 Verses)

Shabd dhun suni asmaani ...

1-5. I heard the heavenly word at which my *surat* was baffled and astonished and got into the state of all absorbing love (*hairat*), which to be perfect must be selfless. I flew up at the speed of a swift-winged bird, and I became familiar with the way the fish swims fast against the flow of the stream. I moved up in the wise of the thread spun by a spider; like a pigeon that can look in the direction of its tail, I can see ahead and towards the back, left and right; I can now recognise *Gagan* as easily as I can make out the earth; I see the flower-beds of *naam* blooming inside of me. The flame of my *surat* now merges with the flame of One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and the flame of my *surat* now ever remains with the *Jyoti* – the flame of *Sahasdal Kanwal*.

6-11. My *surat* has now become meek and humble, for it has perceived the mark of the Sound. It has now become possessed by her love for the Name; this is the truth which I now reveal. Then I could gain access to the unstruck melody of *Sunn* and take immersion in the *Mansarovar*, directly below the seat of the Imperishable Lord (*Akshar Purush*). The *surat* has now become extremely exhilarated; but she concealed the hidden secrets of it all. How can I bring it into the open? What is indescribable in words, can only be indicated by the hint of a wink. Radhasoami's abode is inaccessible; but you can, by His grace, proceed to it without coming to any harm.

Hymn 14 (10 Verses)

Ali ri mathoon nij pinda ...

1-5. O my comrade! Radhasoami has revealed to me the mystery and the secret of the One who is indestructible and imperishable; as it is I now churn my own self (for verification). I hoist the flag of love and hold it aloft; rising up in the heaven, I break through and penetrate the *Und* (the lower part of 140 *Discourse XXXV, Part II, Hymn 15*

Brahmand). Penetrating the gate (i.e. the Third *Til*) I break open the mystery and rising up I get access to *Brahmand*. There (in *Sahasdal Kanwal*) I found the radiating flame ablaze and I clubbed the head of *Kaal*. Then I got into the entrance of the Crooked Tunnel, and caught hold of the clue to the guru in the form of Word (*Shabd Guru*).

6-10. Thereafter I carefully heard the Sound of *Sunn* (*Rarankar*) and made friends with the *hamsas* (purified spirits). My *surat* then focuses attention upon (i.e. ties up the cord with) the Word and this done, my inner being becomes radiant and illuminated with the light of the Word. I then witnessed the darkness of *Mahasunn* (called as *Timir Khand*), crossing which I got into the Rotating Cave and thence to *Sattlok* which I realised is the saints' own home, and then I discerned the sweep of the Invisible Sphere and the reach of the Inaccessible Sphere. Radha (the *Adi Surat* or the *Satguru*) narrates the mystery in this wise, and the Soami (the Absolute Lord) confirms it as wholly true and authentic.

Hymn 15 (14 Verses) *Surat aaj magan bhayee ...*

1-2. This day, my *surat* has become enraptured, for she has gained access to the secret and mystery of *shabd*. Dharmaraj (Yama) is feeling dizzy and giddy (afflicted with a reeling sensation and feeling as if about to fall) and scatterbrain (*sir dhun maaraa*) seeing that the karma's effects have now become effaced.¹⁹¹

3-5. The fear and dread of wandering into the vicious circle of birth-death-rebirth has been utterly destroyed, and the root cause of this vicious circle – hubris – has been pulverised and ripped up. The *surat* has now perceived the Imperishable and the Inaccessible pole and has reached the immortal category which is indivisible and integral (eternal and perennial, not subject to any fluctuations or vicissitudes). It is only now (during this human birth) that I have found an opportunity (comprising human birth, the availability of the perfect *Satguru* and my intense devotion to and love for him), so that I have got into *Trikuti* (which has a red hue and complexion, as red as the rising sun) and then I gained access to the white space (*Sunn*, as white as the full moon).

6-10. My *Satguru* then saved my *nard* (counter used in the game of dice) from going round the cycle of transmigration by uniting it with Himself, so that my *surat* now pinned her faith with *Satt Purush* (in order to secure redemption). The *surat* now rises beyond the corporeal sphere, sending it into hiding and in making it inoperative and ineffective, and held the Word as its support like the refrain of a song (*tek*). This done, the unlimited storehouse of devotion and love for the Lord opened up, and every moment, the *Satguru*, the Supreme Giver (*daataa*) gives away some precious gift out of it. As for me, I am extremely hapless and feckless, meek and stressful, suffering from distress and pain from time immemorial, one birth after another, but now that I am under the protection of the *Satguru*, I have forgotten all my

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stress, distress and pain, and I am now the recipient of joy, happiness and delight. I hail my destiny and luck, for this time (i.e. in this birth) my barge has sailed safely to the shore.

11-14. The company of the guru and the company of *sadhs* have roused my sleeping, inactive and indifferent mind (ignorance and inertia); it is now

stirring its stumps. I have got to the roots of Reality (the eternal, original abode of Radhasoami) and all my obliviousness and forgetfulness has been effaced and exterminated and I have found the seed of an imperishable form which is over and above birth and death (immortal, eternal and permanent). Radhasoami has shown me a peculiar play, which has conferred upon me the state of *hairat*, *hairat* and *hairat*.¹⁹² What shall I say now for that state is ineffable; it is a state which is simply marvellous, unique, beyond which there is indeed nothing (*neti*).

Hymn 16 (14 Verses)

Sukhmana jaaye mana hulsaana ...

1-5. My mind is delighted on my getting into the middle artery (*sukhmana* or *sushumana*) and for embarking on the spiritual journey in the company of the *Satguru*. Treating the Moon (left) and the Sun (right) on par, and when I joined them in the middle (i.e. on the Third *Til*) then the *Satguru* spoke to me thus: 'Now hear the sound of clarinet¹⁹³ (*nafeeri*) so that I may make your *surat* turn around like a weaver (*bhambeeri*)¹⁹⁴ and fly up inebriated.' Hearing the sound of clarinet, I became ecstatic; the majesty and power of this sound is ineffable, and it has become ensconced in my heart of hearts, and therefore I am making preparations and getting the wherewithal of *aarti*.

6-10. I have made the dish for *aarti* out of my calmness, composure and amity and made a flame out of my righteous disposition (*sumat*). Inside my own body, I move the *aarti* dish around and besiege my mind from all the four directions (so that it may not turn refractory and become out of bounds). I make the guru put on the clothes made out of the bluish current of Brahman (*ambar*, i.e. I sacrifice my mind and surrender it to the guru); and in these clothes, the *Satguru* looked fantastic and marvellous. Sighting him, I got satisfaction and contentment so that I made my mind and my senses focus attention on his countenance and catch his glimpses. I thus made my life (hitherto barren) fruitful; such is the fruit I pick up from the process of *aarti*.

11-14. Inside of me, the unstruck sound of tabor (*toor*) is ringing and when I lifted the curtain, I sighted the marvellous scenario within. The internal elutriation that occurred was marvellous and sounds of congratulations resonated in *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). Thereafter I perceived *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit) and *Mahasunn* (the vast plain dividing *Brahmand* from *Satt Desh*) and looked far up to the Inaccessible Sphere. Then I gained access to the mystery of the ultimate region, which is timeless and spaceless and enjoyed its bliss and beatitude; it is in this manner that I sang this hymn of *aarti* unto Radhasoami.

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Hymn 17 (12 Verses)

Muraliya baaj rahi ...

1-5. The flute is resonating (incessantly in the Rotating Cave) which can only be heard by a saint who pricks up his ears to listen to it attentively. It was

my guru who enabled me to hear the sound of that flute from which, so to say, the arrows of ardent love were shot out and pierced me. Leaving the corporeal spheres behind, and abandoning the *Und* (the lower fringes of *Brahmand*) I ran away to the spheres which are stable even without any support, and there I heard an unprecedented tune (*taan*) of melody. I gained access to *shabd* and met the *hamsas* (purified spirits in *Sunn*), and then I drew the bow (eyebrows) and shot out the arrow of *surat* (on to the Rotating Cave). This flute that I heard in the Rotating Cave belongs to the genre (*vansh* or *bans*) of *Sattnaam*, and in the undecaying, imperishable abode I partook of ambrosia.

6-10. As I prick up my ears to listen to the melody of this flute of *So-hang Purush* in the Rotating Cave I was overjoyed and was lost in a state of beatitude. O Seeker! Discern the essence and the core of this flute which, so to say, is a mine (*khaan*) of the unstruck melody (i.e. it goes on resonating incessantly as if it is a mine or unlimited treasure house of sound). My *surat* flew up there and opened that gate which opens into the *nij* (own) abode of saints, viz. *Sattlok*. Marvellous is the sheen and splendour of *Satt Purush* who enabled me to hear the melody of harp. Those who have managed to hear the sound of this flute (and harp), have become rid of the evil proclivities of their mind such as arrogance and hauteur, egotism and 'I-ness'.

11-12. Steadying my *surat* and keeping a watch on my *nirat* (the force which goads the *surat* to fly upward), I eventually gained access to *naam* and its whereabouts. Now my *surat* has traversed the spheres of the Invisible and the Inaccessible spheres and getting into the Radhasoami Sphere it plays in that *maidaan*.

Hymn 18 (7 Verses)

Bol ri Radha pyaari bansi ...

1-5. O flute, the darling of Radha (*surat*), play on! Why are you making me yearn and long for it? I am pining away on account of you. The *Satguru* has enabled me to discern your mystery (*marm*). You have rained upon me the arrows of love and the fire of lovesickness; you have pulled out my mind and my life-breath. On hearing your sound, I turned crazy and possessed of love for you; I also discovered your whereabouts and I have discerned and deciphered your mystery. I lost awareness of my body and of the need for eating and drinking; and my *surat* has become wrapped up in the tune of your melody.

6-7. My *surat* has become bold and brave on hearing carefully to your Sound, and it has beaten up *Kaal* making it wholly lifeless. Radhasoami has eventually shown me His own country (sphere); and I am at my wits end wondering as to how and in what way shall I narrate its splendour to you.

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Hymn 19 (16 Verses)

Guru naam rasaayan deenha ...

1-5. The guru has graciously made a gift of alchemy¹⁹⁵ (*rasaayan*) of *naam* to me; using that alchemy all my spiritual penury and destitution (*daridri*) has become extinct. Inside of me, I have received a treasury of joy, happiness and delight; in *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) I held fast to *shabd*. Then I dived into the ocean of bliss and beatitude and abandoned the saline (*bhaaraa* or *khaaraa*) waters of the sea of mind and matter. In the ocean of bliss I received the pearls of the Sound of *Naam* which my *surat* threaded in strings. The *surat* embellished herself (with amity, sangfroid, forgiveness, simplicity or *saralta*, and softness or *komalta*, contentment and compassion) to ingratiate herself with her Lord (*pati* or husband) who met her on her forsaking this phenomenal world which is as unreal as a dream.

6-10. I took recourse to *ajapa jaap* (or *dhikr-i-khafi* or mental or silent *zikr*) and while performing this recitation of *naam*, I became detached and withdrawn from this body. I sincerely gave up lust, anger etc. and ever remain engrossed in *shabd* which I regard as my guru. The gate of *nabh* (heavenly sphere) began to be torn off and my sleep and hunger began to decline. In the Spaceless and Timeless spheres I received the ambrosial sap and drinking it I reached the top of *Sunn*. There I saw an extraordinary play and spectacle (*lila*) which I fully narrate, taking good care of exactitude, accuracy and truthfulness.

11-16. There (in *Sunn*) I witnessed treasures full of gems and jewels and sighted the reservoirs and tanks of water of life (ambrosia). It looked as if the mines of diamonds have opened up and I also got the clues to abundance of rubies. I noticed innumerable suns and moons tied up to the canopy of stars shining there. There, Rambha¹⁹⁶ sings hymns (of devotion) and the sweep and reach of *hamsas* constitute a marvellous tank; they are fabulous. Seeing this scenario, the *surat* becomes pleasantly excited and exhilarated; and the majesty and grandeur of that sight I am unable to describe. Radhasoami has revealed the substance of the core of reality and also showed it to me (as confirmation).

Hymn 20 (8 Verses)

Mauj ik dhaari Satguru aaj ...

1-3. Today the *Satguru's* will has assumed a peculiarly beautiful posture in describing which I am put to shame. I witnessed a marvellous dispensation and my *surat* received unique paraphernalia (of bliss and beatitude). My leonine *nij manas* roared and killed all the cows (senses);¹⁹⁷ but a deer (*mrig*) or higher mind or *Brahmandi manas* came up running on to *Nabh* or *Sahasdal Kanwal*.

4-6. I now tasted the water of life (*ami rasa*) and gave up the forbidden food (wheat or *anaaj*, which mystically means any pleasure or enjoyment regarded as illicit, especially sexual intercourse); my *surat* now made it to *Trikuti* and assumed royal throne (*raj*) there. The bride (my *surat*) received the dowry of ardent love and she quietly (*agaaj*) and without any fuss met and

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united with her lord in *Sunn* (the Imperishable Lord or *Akshar Purush*). The *surat* accomplished her spiritual mission (for which she had to descend) and become an associate (*samaaj*) of *shabd*.

7-8. Guru now gave a clarion call to the *surat* and with that she received from him abundant currency (*rivaaj-ul-waqt* – that is to say, enormous spiritual wealth according to the customs and mores of *ishq* or ardent love). With this, I rushed towards the sanctuary and shelter of Radhasoami, taking recourse to my surrender of everything unto Him, so that now my spiritual mission became fully accomplished.

Hymn 21 (8 Verses)

Ghunghat khol chali srut (surat) dulhin ...

1-4. With her veil (*ghunghat*) lifted from her face, the bride-like *surat* went gracefully towards her Lord in the form of *shabd* who met her when she flew up to *Sunn*. Enjoying the bliss and beatitude, every moment, she became one with Him (i.e. became united with her Lord) and perceiving His beauty in my heart of hearts she became ecstatic. This sight was so unique and marvellous that it cannot be described at all; the sound of *Sunn* (*Rarank-ar*) had created a marvellous arena (emblem or platform) for the sport of love. She routed *Kaal* and then killed him and *Maya* (illusion) and *mamta* (delusion, attachment, bewilderment, the sense of *meum* and *tuum*) out of giddiness and dizziness developed a reeling sensation and took to their heels.

5-8. From here the *surat* moved on and reached *Mahasunn* from where she mounted to the Fourth *Lok* (*khan* or *khand*) where she spread her marital bed. From the mouth of the *Satt Purush* she heard the mellifluous sound of harp and then she got in touch with the Invisible and the Inaccessible spheres. Noticing good and fortunate omen (*agman*) she went ahead and perceived the delicate, beauteous form of Radhasoami, with full concentration (*dirgan*). Watching and seeing this she felt puffed up (pleased mightily) in her own being; who can deal with and describe the sweep and reach of that sight without Radhasoami?

Hymn 22 (7 Verses)

Surat ab chali ain mein paain ...

1-4. My *surat* sharply entering the (narrow) path of her eyes perceives the marvellous invisible form (of the Lord). Forsaking the three *gunas* (*sattva*, *rajas*, and *tamas*) and all the ten *indriyas* (five sensory and five motor organs), she arrived at the Spaceless and the Timeless sphere and attained to the state of sangfroid. What shall I say about this journey? Inside of me I discovered the truth by focusing attention on the wink (hint I received from the *Satguru*) and with this my debt due to *Kaal* ¹⁹⁸ and *karam* (karma) was redeemed. It is in the sphere of *Sunn* that the inner eye (literally, the eye of the heart) opens and faculty of intuition and inner comprehension becomes kinetic, so that the *surat* can now understand the mystic idiom of that sphere (i.e. the unstruck melody of that sphere: *Rarang*, and the sound of fiddle and *sarangi*).

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5-7. There the *surat* began to taste the sweet sap of unstruck melody and began to discern and understand the marvellous message of that sphere. Both

arteries – *ida* or Moon and *pingla* or Sun – came under eclipse (i.e. they became irrelevant now) and the *surat* began to abide in the *sushumana* or the middle artery (which leads straight to Radhasoami Abode). Radhasoami, in His grace, broadened the horizons of my *surat* so that He gifted to me a position (pole or *padvi*) which is great and grand.

Hymn 23 (6 Verses)

Chamkan ab laagi ghat mein bijli ...

1. In my inner being, lightning has begun to flash; only a rare *surat* can understand and comprehend this sight; the *Satguru* has cast His full eye on me (i.e. took a full view of me) so that by His grace I broke open the Third *Til*, flew up across *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) into *Trikuti* which is ever overcast with clouds.
2. I continued to peep into the middle of my eyes (i.e. the sixth ganglion) and with this my *surat* continued to become valiant and brave and pierced through the layers of the plantain tree's trunk (i.e. tore away from the layers of the gross, subtle and causal bodies and the layers of five *koshas* – *annamayee kosh*, *pranamayee kosh*, *manomayee kosh*, *vijnanmayee kosh* and *anandmayee kosh* – representing the material, biological, psychological, the metaphysical and the mystic planes respectively); then I gave up the ghost and opened the knot of *jada* and *chaitanya* in *Trikuti* where I found my guru who does full justice to me – my body, mind and *surat*.
3. I got the essence (seed) of the inner sound, hearing which I flew across into the pure realm (of *Trikuti*); I opened the gate of *Sunn* and peeped into an extraordinary abode (of spirit or *atma-pada*) where I placed a small, square stool of sandal wood (i.e. I rise above the framework of all the four dimensions), ready to fly into the Spaceless and Timeless sphere.
4. Treating *Sunn* as my home I sat there and became wrapped up in its sound (*Rarankar*) and I witnessed the circle of *hamsas* (*hamsa mandali*); I drank the cup of ambrosia and with that my inner being became lighted up and illuminated (i.e. became animated) and sorted out and jettisoned all the impure and coarse Maya (as contrasted from *shuddh* or pure or subtle Maya).
5. Here in *Sunn*, I attained to the imperishable post (*Atma-Pole* headed by the *Akshar Purush* or Imperishable Person) and became wrapped up in the sound and my maddening, distracted and perverted intellect (which often goes berserk) fell apart; thereafter I got into *Mahasunn* and perceived the lane of the Rotating Cave and then became steadily placed in the *Satt Pole* or *Sattlok* where I became free from six changes.¹⁹⁹
6. I perceived the Invisible *Lok* in right perspective, and stayed for a while in the Inaccessible Abode, and then pulverised and ripped up *Kaal*, and moved on speedily and made it to the petals of the lotus feet of Radhasoami where I became pert, saucy and brisk.

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Hymn 24 (8 Verses)

Chaddho ri ghat dekho mauj bhalee ...

1-5. Soar to high spheres within your own being and watch the favourable and propitious disposition (of the Lord) today and, O Comrade, drink the sap of ambrosia! The sound of *naam* has opened up within and it is as if I have regained my lost capital of which I had lost remembrance and forgotten. As I rose to the top of *Gagan* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*), the Crooked Tunnel opened up and then entering *Trikuti* I became wrapped up in *shabd* (*Aumkara*). Thence, I took to the lane of *Sunn* and reaching there I became mixed up with the *ham-sas* (purified spirits). The *triyataap*²⁰⁰ (three afflictions: *aadhi*, *vyadhi* and *up-adhi*) were all repelled and the stout rope of karmas was reduced to ashes.

6-8. I set ablaze the dragnet of *Maha Kaal* in *Mahasunn*, and then I caught hold of the sound of *Sohang* (in Rotating Cave) and got at the root (of the creation of *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*). Thereafter I perceived *Sattnaam Satt Purush* in *Sattlok* and all my pains and afflictions were repelled and driven back and then the sounds of the Invisible and Inaccessible *loks* pierced into my attention and consciousness. Eventually, I became intimate with the feet of Radhasoami and my *surat* became dissolved into Him and I comprehended His majesty and magnificence.

Hymn 25 (7 Verses)

Daminiyaan damak rahi ghat maahin ...

1-5. My shining *surat* is glowing and sparkling inside my being; and my washerwoman-like *surat* is washing down all the dirt she had accumulated (in her stay with mind and matter). My dyer-woman-like *surat* is dying herself in strikingly bright colours, becoming animated, polished and glistening (*chatak*) and it is now in full bloom like the lotus flower with its petals blossoming all around. The *surat* (inebriated by the liquor of pure love) is now swinging, wearing a broad, cheerful and exciting smile; all the heat of her pain and agonies has now been removed by the cool of the shade of *Satguru*. My *Gagan*-oriented *surat* gained access to the echo of the Sound, penetrated into *Gagan* and was becoming satiated there when her companion, *nirat*, goaded her asking her not to be satiated but move forward. Maya, the robberess and dacoitess, lost all her power and was destroyed when she (the *surat*) made it to *Sunn* and my enraptured *surat* (*maganiyaan*) became delighted and exhilarated in the middle of *Sunn*.

6-7. My shelter-seeking *surat* found refuge at guru's feet and she fetched the string of *Shabds* by listening to one *Shabd* after another. My songstress *surat* goes around singing the songs and doxologies in praise of the Supreme Lord, and my articulate *surat* goes about glorifying the name of Radhasoami.

Hymn 26 (9 Verses)

Khizaan taj dekho mool bahaar ...

1-5. Leaving off the perishable spring, which after a while changes into autumn (*khizaan*), go and perceive the roots of spring (that never changes and

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is permanent); in order to do so turn around and watch the gate to the Third *Til* (situated midway between the two eyes, three quarters to one inch from the root of the nose inwards – the seat of the spirit). There you will see a marvellous, perennial rose garden; five colours of five *tattvas* in their original form are evident there.²⁰¹ There innumerable gardens glow in full bloom, as if all of them are drenched in light, lustre and radiance, and the beds there shine in light with currents of clean, limpid, pure water. There the *surat* also perceives the drops of the water of life dripping from above all the time, and there the marvellous red flowers of pomegranate are in full bloom. The reservoirs and lakes of pleasing colours, full to the brim, are flowing everywhere in infinite numbers and *surat* and sound, deep in love with each other, fondle each other.

6-9. There, the palaces and mansions with their doors wide open stand in great dignity and beauty, with rows of turrets and towers. Sauntering around there, I saw these sites and spectacles by the grace of the guru who showed these to me and to Him I make an oblation of my body and mind. By his grace all the thorns and thistles (my evil proclivities and urges) have been extirpated and then my mind abandoned for good its *nij pride* (subtle ego or *nij manas*).²⁰² By the grace of the guru, my *surat* gained access to the court of the guru and there I became wrapped up in the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 27 (5 Verses)

Surt (surat) panihaari, Satguru pyaari ...

1-3. The water-drawing *surat* who is the darling of the *Satguru*, is going to the well of *Gagan (Trikuti)* for drawing water. Taking the rope of ardent, selfless love she goes to the bank of the water-reservoir (*Mansarovar* in *Sunn*), and there she fills her pitcher to the brim and becomes purified (*khoob*). She chooses the right *shabd* and hears its ambrosial sound and becomes seasoned and mature by drinking the sap of ambrosia and then proceeds to Rotating Cave where she witnesses the unique and wondrous form (of *Sohang Purush*).

4-5. Then on her way to Radhasoami Abode, she crossed a strange, marvellous city (*Sattlok*) where there is neither sunshine nor shade (where the pairs of opposites: male-female, cold-heat, day-night, birth-death, rest-restlessness, thesis-antithesis, good-bad, positive-negative, knowledge-ignorance, etc. do not exist). From there, the *surat* goes to another sphere called as the Inaccessible City (*Agam Lok*) and then on to the Nameless Lord where she caught the glimpses of Radhasoami *Anami* – the Sovereign of the entire creation.

Discourse XXXVI (16 Hymns)

To gain access to *shabds* of various higher spheres and narration of the bliss and beatitude thereof and of the majesty and magnificence of the *Satguru*.

Hymn 1 (5 Verses)

Umad rahi ghat mein ghataa apaar ...

1-5. Infinite clouds are gathering, swelling and surging within me. The flash

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of lightning and the attractive sounds of jingling and clinking of the bell is intensifying my love. The *surat*, the darling of the *Satguru*, is looking splendid and gorgeous sitting in the Spaceless and the Timeless sphere where the unlimited storehouse of *shabds* has opened up. There the beds of lotus are blooming and blossoming in rows. It is really amazing that the *jivas*, by and large, are not inclined to watch this inner play and time and again they straggle in delusion and go round the vicious circle of transmigration. Who else, save Radhasoami, can explain the essence and core of the *Sant Mat*?

Hymn 2 (7 Verses)

Gori khileen shyam dal kaliyaan ...

1-4. O my fair-complexioned lady (i.e. *surat*)! The flower-beds have blossomed at the bluish stop (*dal*) (namely, the sixth ganglion or the Third *Til*) where the black bee-like mind rolls around, fascinated by them; where Maya (Madam Bubble) employs all skulduggery with which she devours the *siddhas*²⁰³ and swallows up the yogis.²⁰⁴ As for me, I have been lucky in getting access to the guru (of the time) who has taken good care of me, who revealed the (Great) Name by dint of which all my botherations, troubles, conflicts and controversies (*upadhi*),²⁰⁵ strain and distress have been repelled and driven back. The spot where *Kaal* pulverises all and sundry, at that very spot, I became wrapped up in the unstruck melody (by the grace of my guru).

5-7. I fly up and go about the lanes of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and opened up the inner passages (which take me to higher spheres). Thus I endeavour to get into that *shabd* which I regard as guru, and under the guidance of the *shabd* guru I reach *Sunn* known for its white lotuses (and *hamsas*). Thereafter I continue my journey hearing the subtler and subtler, purer and purer sounds and eventually I became wrapped up in the pure feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 3 (12 Verses)

Shabd sang lagi surat ki dor ...

1-5. The cord of my *surat* has been tied up with *shabd* (like the tie-up between husband and wife just married); the wedded *surat* now performs the *arti* with this union. She makes a raft of dry grass to be used as a boat to sail across this ocean of matter and mind and she cuts off all the traps and dragnets of Yama (the lord of death). Inside of herself she makes a dish out of ardent love and tendresse (for the guru) and turning the mind upward she kindles the flame made out of her withdrawal from the impressions coming from outside (*vairag*). I became absorbed in *shabd* and by the power of *shabd* she becomes stronger and stouter day by day. The *surat* then penetrates into the gate of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) where the unstruck melody roars and resonates loudly.

6-7. Now that all karmas (rituals, rites, customs, *japas*, *tapas* etc.) and all *bharams* (delusions, illusions, hallucinations etc.) have been driven out, my *Satguru* reigns supreme in my being. My mind, sleeping for ages, from one

birth to another, became roused and stirred on hearing the uproar and commotion caused by the resonance of the *shabd* within.

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8-12. Leaving the pentagonal cage (*pinjara*, made of five elements: ether, air, fire, water and earth), the bird-like *surat* flies off and ascends in the direction of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and reaching *Trikuti* she received the reward of practising *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and got rid of duality – *meum* and *tuum*. Her arrival in the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) marks the end of the night (of ignorance and delusion) for now the day (of knowledge of the past, present and future) has dawned. Breaking through all the posts and barriers, the *surat* traverses the planes of *Sunn*, *Mahasunn* and the Rotating Cave, and with short halts in *Sattlok*, the Invisible Sphere and the Inaccessible Sphere, she got into the heart-burgling Radhasoami Abode.

Hymn 4 (5 Verses)

Guru charan dhoor ham huiyyaan ...

1-5. O my comrade! Hear what I am going to tell you: 'I have now become the dust of the guru's feet (i.e. His thrall and unquestioned slave). In curbing the mind and controlling all the senses (*guru-sayyan*, i.e. in becoming *Gosain*)²⁰⁶ what pleasures the seeker receives I cannot describe; I can only say that no one can find them without good luck. Now, use meditation on the Name as the bow, and drawing and pulling it shoot the arrows of *surat* so as to make it reach the higher spheres. Making the sound of *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) as her (first) spiritual target, the *surat* hits it and then moves ahead. Then it has a rendezvous with *Satt Shabd* (*Sattnaam* and *Satt Purush*), eventually becoming absorbed in Radhasoami Abode.

Hymn 5 (8 Verses)

Satguru main poorey paaye ...

1-4. I have now met the perfect *Satguru* and I have got the plane of my mind shifted (from *anteakaran* to the Third *Til*). From that changed plane, my *surat* roused, stimulated and activated the inner sounds which became audible and she started enjoying the taste of the pearl-like sounds that she picked up within. The galaxy of *hamsas* (purified spirits) now came in full view, and meeting them, my *surat* became related to them with the cord of love. Climbing up the mountain of *Trikuti* (Meru, Sumeru and Kailash), she dashed into the plain and thence she mounted to the top of *Sunn*.

5-8. Then my *Satguru* conducted and ushered my *surat* into *Sattlok* so that it may never again resume its movement in the vicious cycle of transmigration from one species to another. The *surat* was now enabled to perceive the marvellous form of *Satt Purush* seeing which crores of suns feel small and are put to shame. And what shall I say about the mien and countenance (*chhabhi*) of the *hamsas*? Every one of them has the lustre of sixteen suns and sixteen moons put together. When Radhasoami explained all this, His devotees hearing Him were exhilarated.

Hymn 6 (7 Verses)

Surat ab ghoom chali tana chhod nidaan ...

1-4. My *surat* has now turned round (to the other side) and finally leaves

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the body; firmly holding the Great Name (Radhasoami), it comes to the feet of the guru and sticks firmly to them. I then heard the unstruck melodies and recognised their true identity as revealed by the *Satguru*; He gave the master-key (the Great Name 'Radhasoami') that can open up any lock. I peeped into the ocean of (lower) *Sunn*²⁰⁷ (the sphere of *chidakash*) and had had immersion in it and at once inside of me, the sound of lower *Sunn* became kinetic and audible and my *surat* became wrapped up in it. Reaching the *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) it became quite strong when it perceived the lotus in full bloom; it also got a proof of what it had observed at the Third *Til* – the flame, which it now (in *Sahasdal Kanwal*) perceived in full view.

5-7. All the skulduggery of *Kaal* is now completely exhausted, know it for a fact; and I now make out the figure and form of the guru by recognising the identity of the Sound (*Niranjan*, bell and conch-shell). I then repelled and liquidated the three *gunas* and left their sphere (i.e. departed from *traigunatmak* creation) and perceived the marvellous sheen and splendour of Radhasoami. I no longer suffer from any inhibition regarding this phenomenal world for now I have fully and completely accepted the dominium, command and writ of Radhasoami.

Hymn 7 (8 Verses)

Mana sodho ghat mein shabd sung ...

1-5. Discipline and elutriate your mind inside of yourself in the company of *shabd*, abandoning lust, wrath and attachments (bewilderment). O me! You have a marvellous opportunity now for you are presently in the excellent human form as also in the companionship of the perfect guru of the time. As it is, I will now hear the discourses of the guru and lift my *surat* like a fast flying winged bird to the higher spheres; I am now being elutriated and purified with the rust (hankerings, lust, anger, attachments, greed, and ego-centrism) being wiped off. What simile shall I employ to illustrate the majesty of *satsang*? By this cleansing agent every member of my body is being refurbished. All the agents of *Kaal* operating in my body (on my sensory and motor organs like lust, anger, greed etc.) have themselves been put in dire straits (confined in a straitjacket meant for hard criminals); inside of me, a war is on between the forces of *Kaal* and the splendid, formidable array of *Dayal*.

6-8. All the waves and surges of evil forces are quietened and love for the guru is on the rise and becoming all-pervading; the vicissitudes induced by the play of three *gunas* which generate the fluctuations of mood are being jettisoned and my consciousness and attention are becoming focused and becoming concentrated (on the Third *Til*). Gradually, I remove the bluish hue (i.e. I

rise above the Third *Til* which is a bluish sphere) and get on to the white plane (of *Sahasdal Kanwal*) where all my delusions get disrupted and break apart so that I am now capable of pricking up my ears and listen to the unstruck melody attentively and uninterrupted. Thereafter I rouse and activate the forces of *nirat* (that goads the *surat* to move on and does not allow it to stick to any interven-

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ing spiritual sphere) so that on its wings I fly up like a fast-winged bird; I gain access to Radhasoami and seeing this, *Kaal* was stumped and stunned (*dung*).

Hymn 8 (5 Verses)

Mauj karoon ab ghat mein baith ...

1-2. My *surat* says: I now sit inside of me, relaxing and enjoying every bit of what I experience there; I have killed my husband's younger brother (*devar* – i.e. I have destroyed my corporeal, lower and base mind) as well as his elder brother (*jeth* – i.e. my *nij manas*). This done, I launch upon a stall in the mart (weekly trading fair, *peenth*) of the Spaceless and Timeless spheres; there I listened attentively to the sound of unstruck melody and sat down there to enjoy that sound.

3-5. From there I looked below and witnessed the moon (*ida* or *ira*) and the sun (*pingla*) as trifles, and from my position in the middle artery (*sushumana*) I offered my head (my ego) as my oblation to the *Satguru*. I rubbed out (killed and murdered) greed, attachment et. al. and I rendered all sins (*paap*) and virtuous acts (*punya*) lifeless so that they laid down flat in the lap of eternal sleep (death). All sensual pleasures thinned out and became shrunk and withdrawn, for I have gained access to Radhasoami, the greatest *seth* (the spiritual magnate who frightens away all the forces of *Kaal* and Maya).

Hymn 9 (12 Verses)

Mere ghat ka deeya guru taala khol ...

1-5. The guru has opened the lock of my inner realm, so that now I remain engrossed in hearing the unstruck melody of the highest spheres. What shall I say about the value and weight of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* for this device takes the practitioner straightaway into the embrace (*kol*) of the (Great) Name? In that sanctuary, I get immense happiness and pleasure, and there the shallowness of Maya (Madam Bubble) is fully exposed. To whom shall I reveal this invaluable secret? Indeed, unaided by the guru, nobody has the gall to bring it into the open. As for ordinary *jivas*, these poor, helpless fellows keep on struggling and vacillating; without the guidance of the guru, who can fill in the pot of their mind (i.e. who can satisfy the thirst of their higher mind, *nij manas* and *Brahmandi manas*, by pulling them to *Trikuti* and *Sunn*).

6-7. As for me, I am lovesick (pining and languishing because of love) and lovelorn (miserable because of unrequited love) and my heart keeps on

palpitating out of fear and dread of the pangs of separation; meanwhile lust has launched its onslaught on me (rolling surges and waves of lust are overwhelming me). I have, however, taken up the shield (*roll*) of Sound (*Shabd*), and thus protected, I have beaten back and repelled the hordes of Maya.

8-10. The definitive attainments of which the guru speaks to me I employ as the slaps and blows on the head of my idiotic and foolish mind (sunk in ignorance which makes it hanker after sensual pleasures, pride and honour); who can calculate the value of the sound of the unstruck melody? As
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compared to it, all other souls are vicious and evil (*kubol*). Inside of me, the agreeable and pleasing drums are sounding; hearing their sound, the load of my sins and transgressions is falling down so that I now feel light (becoming sinless and capably of flying off with ease and without any hindrance).

11-12. I gained access to the sound of that melody and took stock of my inner state (*kari tatol*) and then I put on the apparel (*patol*) of an ardent selfless lover. Ever and anon, I now sway in the swing of *Gagan*, and Radhasoami made me drink the water of life jolting and jerking me (*jhak-jhol*) out of my complacency and smugness.

Hymn 10 (11 Verses)

Indri ulat laao ab tana mein ...

1-5. Turn away your outgoing and downgoing sensory organs inside your own body; and pull your mind away from the earth to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). Go and engage your *surat* with that sound and ascend to One Thousand-Petalled Lotus and look towards *Sunn* (i.e. fasten your gaze upon *Sunn*). Meanwhile light the flame and devote your attention to the heavenly sounds; mount the Crooked Tunnel and reach the sphere of the Attributeless Brahman (i.e. *nirgun* Brahman who abides in *Trikuti*). Then look deeply into the mirror of your heart and mind, so that you may perceive *Mansarovar* (the Lake of Mind, or reservoir of spirituality which is located directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*); climb on to *Mahasunn* and live there undisturbed, in peace. Then the sound of the Rotating Cave fell into my ears and I could perceive the beauteous form of *Satt Purush* within my heart of hearts.

6-7. Hearing the sounds emanating from above, I reached the Invisible and the Inaccessible Spheres and eventually I beheld the form of Radhasoami to whose gorgeous beauty my eyes became skinned, and which has finally settled in my eyes. There I performed the *aarti* at the feet of the *Puran* Guru and receiving His grace and charity I became exhilarated.

8-11. My love, trust and faith now became fastened upon Him; how shall I pick up the samples and examples of His greatness, grandeur and glory? As it is, I now completely surrender my body, my mind and my head (i.e. my ego) unto Him; and wrapped up in the protection of His feet, I now cry hosanna unto Him. I will not bring this mystery and secret into the open; my tongue cannot accommodate all that has to be said about His greatness and grandeur.

As it is, I now rejoice and feel delighted every instant; and I now enjoy the bliss and beatitude of His marvellous and fascinating company.

Hymn 11 (10 Verses)

Surat ko mila khazaanaa naam ...

1-5. My *surat* has stumbled upon the treasury of the Great Name; to my humble and meek *surat* the guru gave such a cup of divine liquor that she became possessed by her love for Him (*diwani*). She now moved up and full of

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verve, zest and enthusiasm, she reached the *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) wherein she found herself in the abode of *Niranjan* (Spotless, *Ishwar*). Moving further, she lifted and opened up the curtain of the Crooked Tunnel and reaching *Trikuti* she gained access to the *Naam* revealed by the guru. Getting on to the gate of *Sunn*, she became wrapped up in the Tenth Gate (*Dasam Dwar* of the saints). There she attained to a state of ataraxia and sangfroid. Traversing the spheres from *Mahasunn* to the Rotating Cave, she met the *Sattnaam Satt Purush* in *Sattlok*.

6-10. From there she moved on and had a rendezvous with the Invisible and the Inaccessible Lords, and eventually made it to Radhasoami Abode. All her aspirations, all the aims and objects she had set before herself have now been realised and no goal now remained to be accomplished. Now so much verve and zest swelled in my *surat* that I resolved ever to perform His *aarti* (and to become permeated and absorbed (or *rut* in Him). Radhasoami has shown the core (of Ultimate Reality) which is the end of it all. He has recited and explained this mystery to all concerned, and taking into account all the aspects of the matter, He has given this message to humanity at large.

Hymn 12 (24 Verses)

Ulat ghat jhaanko guru pyaari ...

1-5. O darling of the guru! Turn inside and peep (in to the mystery); pull the pupils of your two eyes (and focus them on the Third *Til*) and become detached (from your body and mind). Perceive the light and lustre of the sphere of *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) emanating from innumerable moons, suns and stars. There, there are flower-beds of five colours in full bloom (i.e. you will perceive there the original colours of all the five elements: dark blue of ether, red of fire, green of wind, white of water, and yellow of the earth), and there a majestic river²⁰⁸ is flowing. Different colours of *tattvas*, viz. red (ruby), white (*manik*) and green (emerald) abound here and the fringes of these colours are hanging all around. The *surat* sees there not only the five elementary colours of *tattvas* but also the flashes of lightning (of the moon and the great resplendence of the *jyoti* (flame).

6-10. In the middle of *Sahasdal Kanwal* there is a huge uproar of sounds (of tinkling bells and conch-shells). I heard these unstruck melodies

there; here there is also the spectacle of Maya (matter or inanimate objects) adorning and embellishing herself (i.e. here one sees the current of *jada-chaitanya* – vitality of inanimate objects). It is this embellished and adorned Maya (Madam Bubble) which robs and swindles many a great yogi and *muni*; as it is, O seeker, don't tarry here and continue to move forward! Now fly up to the hilly tract of the Crooked Tunnel and witness from there the play going on in *Trikuti*. There in *Gagan (Trikuti)* discern the Word *Aumkara* and hear the roar as if from the thunder of the cloud.

11-13. There the red sun (as of dawn) shines, and drum and harmonica²⁰⁹ resonate; there the royal throne always lies spread out where the Lord of *Three*

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Loks (Brahman) majestically sits. The *yogeshwars* (the outstanding and chief *gyanis*) contemplate on his form, and beyond this is the pure Maya.

14-15. It was Vyasa who started this faith (holding that Brahman is the highest and Absolute Lord) but the saints have derided it with mockery and contempt. An adherent of the faith of Vyasa remains stuck in the way and fails to find the way to the abode of saints (i.e. *Satt Desh*, which is far above and beyond *Brahmand*).

16-18. That (*Satt Desh*) is the sphere where Ram²¹⁰ and Krishna,²¹¹ Vashisht²¹² and Shankaracharya,²¹³ Shesh²¹⁴ and Narad,²¹⁵ Sanak²¹⁶ and Sarad²¹⁷ failed to reach and were exhausted in their quest. Even the Vedas became content with negativities to the quest as to what lies beyond. Brahman, they contented themselves by saying *Neti-Neti*²¹⁸ (not this, not this). Even the son of lotus (Brahma), Vishnu and Shiva – all of them failed to comprehend as to what lies beyond Brahman.

19-24. Attend the company of *sadhs* so that you may gain admittance into the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) which the saints have called as the 'tenth gate' or the 'tenth orifice'. Its light and lustre is unfathomable and its unstruck sound is unique and peculiar – it is referred to as *Rarankar* and its deity is the *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Deity) which you ought to understand and decipher well. From here rise up to *Sunn* and make friends with the saints who alone can lead you there as your usher and can take you through this vast plain of darkness. Then, O dear *surat*, cross into the Rotating Cave where you will hear the extremely mellifluous sound of the flute (which will make you animated). And, as you step on further you will attain to *Satt Pada* (*Satt Pole* or *Sattlok*). From there you will make a dash to the Invisible and the Inaccessible Realms and thereafter attain to Radhasoami Abode where you will offer *aarti* unto your *Param Sant* or *Param Guru Radhasoami*.

Hymn 13 (11 Verses)

Ghat mein ab shor machaai rahi ...

1-5. My *surat* is raising a great commotion and making noises inside of me (repeatedly asking for ascension). Hearing the deep resonance of the un-

struck *shabd*, it flew up high so that it gave up the ghost and the life-breath departed from the body. By the grace of the *Satguru* it attained to *jivan mukti*²¹⁹ (emancipation while alive); what shall I say of His glory and greatness? so I have taken to silence. The scenario which I witnessed inside of me is to be seen in order to believe. Earlier, I was under the demoniac impact of the perverse intellection which spelt evilness (*kharaabi*) all around, and so I used to wonder when I heard of the inner mysteries. What shall I say about the disaster that my dianoetic intellect spelt for me? It had washed away all spiritual endeavour and ardent love for the *Satguru* and the Lord.

6-8. All dianoetic learning, all intellection and skill are my sworn enemies, for they drowned me in the cesspool of egoism. All discursive erudition and

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process of intellect and sharp wits (*chaturta*) are my adversaries for they pressurise the mind to give up service to the guru. But now under the guidance of the *Satguru*, I have come to know and realise the might and main of the category of devotion and dedication, my *surat* ascended and made it to *Sunn*.

9-11. And what shall I say about *Mahasunn* and the Rotating Cave? Indeed who can speak about the marvellous play and spectacles of these spheres? In *Sattlok* I beheld the gorgeous form of my darling *Satt Purush* and became ecstatic. While perceiving the Invisible, the Inaccessible and Radhasoami spheres I was so overwhelmed by excitement and admiration that I had to take recourse to silence (I had no words in which to describe their beauty).

Hymn 14 (25 Verses)

Ghat chaman khila ujyaari ...

1-5. Inside of me a garden of radiance and lustre is in full bloom – the radiance emanating from divine knowledge flowing from the instructions of the guru to me. My river-like *surat* is purling (flying with murmuring noise of rippling waters) and soaring swiftly and fast towards the ocean (the ocean of divinity, viz. *Sahasdal Kanwal*) where the unique tintinabulation of bell and the deep sound of conch-shell resonates. My *nij mana* (higher mind) is playing the door watchman to drive away all the smugglers who might gate-crash. There, the fence of amity (*sheel*) and forgiveness (*kshma*) has been put in place all around in order to safeguard the flower-beds that are blossoming there.

6-10. A deep well of patience, forbearance and endurance has been dug there so that the flower-beds are irrigated from the water drawn from that well. I drink the sap of *bhakti* (devotion and dedication) lovingly and climbing up to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres), I eat the mysterious fruit from the unseen and invisible (*ghaib*). *Sahasdal Kanwal* presents the beautiful, springlike scenario of the five-colour flower-beds (i.e. the original five colours of the five *tattvas*). There at the gate, kettledrum sounded in a unique style, and amidst this my *surat* plays divine games in the open (publicly). Mounting to *Sunn*, my *surat* hears the fundamental sound (*Rarankar*) and gets into the roots and depths of the sound of fiddle, reflecting all the while on its essential meaning.

11-15. Then the *surat* goes across *Sunn* into *Mahasunn* and thence to the Rotating Cave where the crispy (fresh and firm, clean and sharp) sound of the flute resonates. Thereafter the *surat* flies up to the Fourth Sphere, (i.e. *Sattlok*) *Sattnaam* and from there on to the dispensation (*gati*) of the Invisible and the Inaccessible Spheres. Then the *surat* became wrapped up in the feet of Radhasoami and she gained access to His infinite and unbounded sweep and reach (*gati*). She performs the *aarti* of *param* guru there, and becomes his hot favourite, so that she gains admittance into the immortal and non-decadent and imperishable abode. Indeed, the *Surat-Shabd* Way goes very far for it leads its practitioner beyond all limits into the Infinite and Illimitable.

16-17. This is a way which the *gyanis* and the *yogis* tried but failed and got tired and exhausted; of this path, neither the *Shruti*²²⁰ nor *Smrti*²²¹ got any clue and failed to gauge its depth. The saints have come out with a new and far

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higher faith, and those who brought to bear faith in it, are indeed very lucky.

18-20. This phenomenal realm is being consumed in the pursuit of fasts and *tirthas*, and they are wasting themselves away in adhering to *japas* and *tapas* (reciting mantras and practising penances). And some of them took to the acquisition of discursive erudition, thereby feeding and nourishing their ego and becoming egocentric;²²² all this is not satisfactory and in spite of all the hard work they put in, they remain as barren and bankrupt as they were so that they only succeed in spoiling, polluting and corrupting their intellect which goes on becoming more and more perverse. By these modes and methods, they bid adieu to devotion and ardent love (for the *Satguru* and the Lord) and they ceased to have the sense of service and dedication (*daasaatan*).

21-25. They became incapable of ascending within (to higher spheres) and their minds became loaded (with the useless burden of scholarship and erudition) and, as it is, their loaded minds cannot rise up and become more and more refractory, unmanageable and egocentric and self-centred (*sutantar*). In a queer and irrational and strange way, they became wrapped up in mind-orientedness and jettisoned guru-orientedness. Now they cry before Radhasoami: 'O *Satguru*! Succour us and save us from these (*gyanis*, *karmis*, *japees* and *tapees*) for they are dry as hard, dried wood and stone, and they have rejected the path of ardent love (*prem*). I am under your protection and take to your sanctuary; O Lord, do kindly protect me by your grace and charity.'

Hymn 15 (10 Verses)

Surat sarkat paar, vaar tyag dehi tajat ...

1-2. My *surat* slides and slips across, leaving this side (the side of the phenomenal realm) and abandoning this body; hearing the deep resonance ringing within, day and night, it remains engrossed in *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. Gaining access to invaluable *Naam* (the Great Name, Radhasoami), it roars

and pierces into *Gagan* with a bang; it gets into *Sattlok* and catches the glimpses of *Satt Purush* and achieves a happy ending (*sugat*).

3-4. Inside of me, there is a great deal of colour and vivid spectacle of happiness and mirth; peacocks (symbolising preening) are screaming and pied-crested cuckoo (or sparrow hawk, symbol of deep devotion) are chuckling; the *svati* rain falls and drenches all my limbs and the rains falling from the *svati* clouds refresh and turn my dry body and mind into verdure.²²³ As the earth turns verdant, I open my eyes and keep on gazing at this spectacle; every now and then, waves and urges swell and surge and I experience a great deal of coolness, composure, calm and ataraxia.

5-6. To the extent of her reach and sweep, my *surat* lifts and opens the door-fliers of stones (the stiff barriers); however, it is the *Satguru* who eventually takes care of me and my *surat* takes immersion in *shabd*. And then I sway in the swing of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres); my female companions (i.e. my sensory organs) who are very close to me, pull and push the swing; I now decorate, embellish and adorn²²⁴ myself in order to please and ingratiate myself with my darling Lord (*piya* or Radhasoami) and I make a dash to Him.

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7-8. Having resolved to perform His *aarti* I lift the veil that screens my Lord from me (i.e. I penetrate the Third *Til*) where I kindle the flame with great care and move on to the lanes of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) where there are innumerable suns shining and moons sparkling. There I sing *raga malhaar* (the song of the rainy season) and there unstruck melodies are resonating and creating a splendid and gorgeous scenario; there the sound of the kettledrum and trumpet (*damama*) are resonant, rich, deep and impressively loud (*dhamak*).

9-10. Without the power of the charisma of the *Satguru* nobody can perceive this spectacle; it is only the saints own, favourite devotees who will be able to see them and drink the water of life to the point of satiety, ever and anon. The *surat* thus attains to the perfect *pada* (abode) and mounts to the white post (*sant pada* or Radhasoami Sphere) and standing face to face with Him recites and sings Radhasoami *Naam*.

Hymn 16 (11 Verses)

Gumath chadhi mana barajati ...

1-5. Curbing the mind and keeping it under control and breaking the barriers placed by *Kaal* on the way, my *surat* ascends to the top (*gumath*) of heavenly spheres. It was a stroke of luck that I took the guru's side (in the game of dice) and that was really wonderful; His sweep, reach and will (*gati-mati*) are ineffable. The sound of the thrush (i.e. unstruck melody) resonates in the Spaceless and Timeless spheres and that has roused and stirred the parrot (i.e. mind) so that he (mind) has left the alien land (*Pind Desh*) and has thrown aside the pentangular cage (*pinjra*, i.e. body made of five elements) and now flies freely in the firmament united with the thrush (i.e. the unstruck melody).

6-11. The palace (of *Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Niranjan*) is illuminated with wonderful lights before which even the sun cannot stand and pales into insigni-

ficance. There the *surat* hears the burst (*dhadhkaar*) of the unstruck melody (in *Trikuti*) to which only the rare amongst those who are guru-oriented can gain access. Then the *surat* perceives the bank of *Triveni* in *Sunn* and takes immersion in it. Whosoever becomes absorbed (*samadhi*) in *Akshar Purush* (Imperishable Lord, the deity of *Sunn*) is wrapped up in the unstruck sound of *Rarankar*. There the water of life rains and drip in strings (in a row); those fond of the ambrosial sap of this rain of water become pleased and charmed. Radhasoami has given expression to it by Himself experiencing and tasting it.

Discourse XXXVII (33 Hymns)

State of *surat* and mind on attainment of Word and thanksgiving to *Satguru*.

Hymn 1 (11 Verses)

Guru ne ab deenha bhed Agam ka ...

1-5. The guru has given out to me the secret and mystery of the inaccessible-

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ble spheres, so that the *surat* has ventured forth (upon regions unknown and unseen), abandoning this land of deception and delusion (*desh bharam ka*). I have got the power and strength derived from the core of lovesickness (*virah*); as it is, my straggling in temples and mosques (idol-worship) has ceased. The nimbus of His kindness and charity has begun to rain so that the dreariness of my doubts and misgivings has fled away. I have ripped up the trap laid by the Vedas (*nigam*) so that now I have become the recipient of continual happiness and bliss every moment. I have received the reward of practising *sama* (*sama* means control of mind; an unruffled mind; undisturbed concentration of mind upon the object of perception) and *dama* (restraint on instruments of action and knowledge; it means subjugation of passions; it is the confinement of organs of action and of sensual perceptions to their own proper sphere after having turned them back from objects of sense) and my black-bee-like mind has fallen in deep love with the white sphere (*Sant Pada* or *Satt Desh*).

6-11. I have set the power of shame and regard for social opinion (*laaj-sharam*) ablaze; and I have cut off the noose of observances and social regulations preached by *shastras* (that ever throttled my spiritual pursuits). I have abandoned the theoretical, formal knowledge and contemplation unattended by practice) and I have put on the full suit of reverential devotion and *bhakti* (love) for the *Satguru*. The majesty and might of devotion and dedication is so formidable and awesome that is only the rare amongst the saints who really know it. The *Sattnaam*, *Satt Purush* is infinite and He abides in the Fourth *Lok* (the other three being *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*) where He holds His court. It is only the one who has gained access to the way of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* that can fly up and reach that Fourth *Lok* and become trans-

muted into a *hamsa* (purified spirit). That practice (of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) is now commended by Radhasoami and it is only those few *jivas* who are imbued with ardent, selfless love and dedication who can gain access to it.

Hymn 2 (13 Verses)

Guru maara bachan ka baan ...

1-5. The guru's arrow-like sharp and effective discourse has pierced into my heart, rendering it almost like a sieve (*chhaann* or *chhalni*) so that through that sieve, I have poured out and separated and removed all lumps and all other unwanted material and became light and flew up to *Sunn* where I heard the tune of *Rarankar* and the sounds of fiddle and *sarangi* which exterminated all the values (*maan* or *maartaayani*) of *Kaal*. In as much as I have recognised and chosen the right sound, my flesh (body) got rid of the pollution of hauteur and superciliousness (*abhiman*). My corpse-like being has now become resuscitated and revived and nobody can now cause any damage to me. My *Satguru* has graciously given away to me the gift (of *shabd*) and on the wings of it, I flew and reached the ceicity (safety and security) of *adhar* (the spaceless and timeless spheres).

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6-10. My *surat* has, as it were, went up to an emery wheel (*kharsaan*, for sharpening tools and instruments), and thus refurbished with its help, I quickly but entirely crushed and made short work of *Kaal*. I drank the sap of ambrosia and as a result, inside of me, a mine of jewels and gems has opened up. How can I narrate the majesty and magnificence of this devotion; for it belongs to the realm of marvel and wonder. In short, I gained access to the whereabouts of *naam* so that now the entire phenomenal realm (*jahaan*)²²⁵ appeared to me as false, fake and fictitious. I have now got good riddance of coming (being born) and going (dying, i.e. I have become extricated from the vicious circle of transmigration); and I have got the certificates of imperishability and immortality from the *shabd* that never perishes and that is immortal.

11-13. The entire *jag* or *jagat*²²⁶ and its denizens keep on straggling and wondering from one species²²⁷ to another (there being four species); and nobody cares to listen to the unstruck melody within. Nobody accepts the guru's command as definitive and final, for it is Satan²²⁸ that has besieged the entire region (*ghar*) of *Pind*. O Radhasoami! Do kindly listen to my entreaty attentively: 'Liberate and redeem the *jivas* now!'

Hymn 3 (7 Verses)

Guru mohin deenhi amrit raas ...

1-5. The guru has graciously given to me a treasure of the water of life which has quenched my thirst. I have been expiring from the very beginning, life after life. My *surat* has broken it and pierced the firmament and has flown up; it has met the *shabd* and has also pierced the heavenly light and radiance. I have abandoned all hopes and expectations from this phenomenal

world; all the cravings for worldly pleasures and all my reliance on my strength have been set at naught. *Kaal*, seeing me (i.e. my self-sufficiency and my utter dependence on Radhasoami *Dayal*) is scared of me; karma also has fled away, leaving me alone. That object (the support of my *Satguru*) which at one time looked very remote, is now very close to me. I stand released from the bondage of body and mind as I despair of their help.

6-7. I repaired to the Immortal City (*Sattlok*) and began to abide there, and with every breath, I sang of the glory of my guru. I have become a thrall of Radhasoami's feet, while all discursive intellectuals and *gyanis* and yogis have been reduced to the level of grass-grabbers (i.e. they work unceasingly at dull academic tasks and fruitless research).

Hymn 4 (8 Verses)

Ghor sun chadhi surat gagna ...

1-4. Hearing the deep and loud sound of thunder my *surat* soars to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*), and discerning the mystery of it, she became ecstatic in a strange way. My soul has now perceived its own real form (*prem sarup*) so that to her this entire material realm has, in fact, begun to look like a dream (looking real as long as a dream lasts). She is now moving towards the abode of the
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guru and indeed perceives it, so that *Kaal* has become a victim of a terrible catastrophe which he felt like a furious fire. My idle pursuit of karmas (*yajna*, *japas*, *tapas*, fasts, pilgrimages etc.) is gone and by fastening my gaze upon the *shabd* (the easy *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) I easily attained to happiness.

5-8. Effacing pretentiousness and hypocrisy, I get freed from the robbers and thugs (vicious forces of my mind), and I have gained access to the Immortal Post (*Satt Desh*) at which I had been aiming for ages. I became tied in with the support of the guru and ever keep contemplating on His form, and holding fast to His feet, I take to His shelter and sanctuary. I first stepped on and reached *Sahasdal Kanwal* and then by steady speed I flew up to *Trikuti*. Reaching *Sunn*, I became very alert and did not permit the eyelid ever to drop (i.e. I went on gazing at the *Akshar Purush*); O seeker, all said and done, accept without questioning all that Radhasoami enjoins.

Hymn 5 (9 Verses)

Naal nabh taki hoi nyaree ...

1-5. My *surat*, having become detached from body and mind, has fastened her gaze upon the *naal* of *Nabh* (or *Sahasdal Kanwal*, i.e. the Crooked Tunnel) entry into which means that the *jiva* has become rid of the body. The *surat* now develops acute lovesickness (*virah karaari*). Forsaking sensual pleasures, my mind has now quietened down and my soul has given up all mundane activities. What shall I say about the secret of it all? The truth is that I have found the perfect and the most exalted guru who unfolded to me

the secret of all the four *loks*. By gaining this knowledge, I began to enjoy the bliss of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and drink the sweet sap of *shabd*; I suffer from the deep wound of lovesickness which acts on my body and mind as if cut by a saw with a metal blade. In this situation, how can I survive? I am at the end of my tether and despair of life.

6-9. Then, the guru showered His lifegiving grace and compassion on me and asked me to become wrapped up in *shabd*. With His grace, I flew up to the towers and turrets of *Gagan (Trikuti)* where I play the role of a hunter (of *Kaal*). There I heard the repeated calls of *shabd* and with great speed I soared, after opening the door, to higher regions. Eventually I perceived the feet of Radhasoami, and got at the secret of the Infinite and the Eternal Lord.

Hymn 6 (7 Verses)

Guru ki gati agam apaar ...

1-7. The sweep of the powers of the guru is unfathomable and infinite; how can I express it in words, rendering it finite and fathomable! *Satguru* has embraced me (as His own) and then he strengthened and reinforced my faith in the (Great) Name. I have become a renouncer of this transient world and have become wrapped up in *Satguru's* feet; and I have become an ardent lover of that Name whose *Naami* is indeed Nameless? Taking into account my sorry plight, my *Satguru* has taken pity on me and took me across the ocean of

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mind and matter (*bhaujal*). He showed me the playful spectacle of the *Brahmand* and has revealed to me the tunes of the unstruck melodies. He has destroyed the old, ancient, traditional darkness and ignorance of my being and has spread light and radiance of *shabd*. As it is, every moment I sacrifice myself on the guru, and ever contemplate on the name Radhasoami.

Hymn 7 (5 Verses)

Main bhayee Agam ki daasi ...

1-5. I have become a thrall of the Inaccessible Lord and my *surat* has become indestructible and immutable (unchanged through time, ageless). I have elutriated myself by the *shabd*, so that my mind lost its game and *Niranjan (Kaal)* became scared. The flame (*Jyoti* or *Maya*) now washes my feet and cries for the help, protection and shield of the saints. The guru, however, showered on me a universal, unprecedented grace and charity, for He has conferred upon me the sweep of the shelter of His feet. My *surat* then reversed her movement and turned inward, for Radhasoami has now become my saviour and protector.

Hymn 8 (5 Verses)

Srut (surat) bhari Agam jal gagri ...

1-5. O Radhasoami! My *surat* has filled in her pitcher with the water of the Inaccessible Sphere! I have, so to say, seen thy habitat (i.e. Radhasoami Abode). Heart and soul, I have fallen in love with you; and I have taken to the path to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). All my attachments, egocentrism and the spell cast by Maya (Madam Bubble) have now been thrown aside (as junk and rubbish); thus lightened of my burdens I have taken to the path that leads to the *Satguru's* abode. The guru directed me to go and get seasoned and drenched in the sweet sap of *shabd*; my 'I-ness' and hauteur have lost their turban (or head dress, i.e. have lost their self-respect). The power of Maya got sullied; as it is, it is time for you, O Seeker, to fasten your gaze at the feet of Radhasoami!

Hymn 9 (8 Verses)

Guru naam ratoon ang ang sey ...

1-2. I recite and repeat the Name of the guru with every limb of my body and mind; and I perform the *aarti* of the guru with great verve, zest and enthusiasm. I have worn the colour of the love for guru (i.e. I have become strongly attached to the guru); all pains and afflictions were thrown out of my straightened heart (that was earlier in dire straits).

3-5. I became cleansed of the horrible, lurid and cheap and repulsive colours of this sensual world; my mind has now acquired the sheen and splendour of the sober, true and fascinating colours of the Great Name. I have risen above the considerations of honour and dishonour, name and shame (*naam aur nang*); I swam across this phenomenal ocean in the boat of the guru's company. The

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guru has accomplished my spiritual mission gracefully and in great style and I negotiated the journey with the speed of a fast-flying bird (*nihang*).

6-8. I won the battle with the crocodile-like *Kaal* and thereafter I went to meet Brahman symbolised by the sound of *Aumkara*. I now extricated myself from the snares of surges of cravings, desires and the gusts of whim-wham (a sudden passing and often fanciful idea, impulse or irrational thought, *uchang*); my *surat* has now become depurated of the rust and dirt of all the urges my mind imposed on her. The *surat* now moved and met the *Sohang Purush* (in the Rotating Cave); Radhasoami has rid me of the jaws of the serpentine hubris (*aham*).²²⁹

Hymn 10 (11 Verses)

Guru charan preet mana rangaa ...

1-5. My mind has worn the colours of the love for the guru (has become intensely close to the guru), so that I have become dissociated with and separated from all and sundry. I have beaten up my mind and ripped up all my doubts; my attention has become concentrated, free from all impurities, steady and upright, active and animated (*changaa*). All pranks and practical jokes (pranks or tricks usually intended to make the victim appear foolish) of *Kaal* have come to an end; and I am no longer afraid of losing my name and

reputation and becoming defamed or put to shame. I now get embellished and ready for performing interminable *aarti*; all my limbs are saturated with ardent love. Nobody can measure and weigh my verve and zest, for I have grasped the company of the guru.

6-8. I leapt across the formidable ocean of mind and matter and my *surat* flew like a kite (*changa*). I had immersion in Ganga (the right artery or *pingla*) and I have given up all reference and context of mind (i.e. mischievous activities of mind). I hamshackled my equine (horse-like) mind tightly with a rope (discipline and restraint) and kept a tight rein on it in order to prevent its straying so that all my attachments have now become lame.

9-11. In this manner, I erased all sensual surges and waves of my mind and consciousness (*chitt uchang*); I have burnt my hauteur and reduced it to ashes as does the flame burn the moth. I have now firmly gripped the guru's feet as my main support (*aalamb*), and I have picked up the ways and mores of the *Satguru*. I have supplicated the guru begging for the love of His feet, which Radhasoami granted to me straightaway, lifting my spirits.

Hymn 11 (9 Verses)

Mana baniya banat banaayee ...

1-5. My trader-like mind has arranged its make-up in a businesslike manner; and inside itself it designs everything carefully, efficiently and methodically. In the jar of the inner realm (*nij ghat*), the higher or *Brahmandi manas* has staged a veritable shop where one can perceive the weighing process. The two eyes have become transformed into two scale pans held neatly to-

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gether by a cord intertwined by the threads of *surat* and *nirat*. For the wooden beam of the scale, it has used the mind-sky sighted at the sixth ganglion, while *sushumana nadi* [the middle artery between *ida* or *ingla* (left) and *pingla* (right)] is used as the knotted tassel (*phundan*) tucked in exactly at the centre of the beam. It is this scale in which the higher mind (*Brahmandi manas* or *nij manas*) is weighing the wonderful commodity – *shabd*. 'What a marvellous profit has accrued to me today', cries the *surat* exultantly! 'My master through such business transactions made in this world has verily acted as the unprecedented giver of gifts.'

6-9. 'My arcaded boutique is full of (wonderful) goods, and my exertions are concentrated on this transaction. I received the weights and measures from the door of the master and with them I keep on weighing my goods with great care. My master is my dearest *sahukar* (trader, banker) who has so established my stock and standing that all my rivals and competitors stand discredited. 'The gracious Lord has cleansed up the emporium of my Self of all gimcrack (affected style), pinchbeck (stimulated devotion), brummagem (contrived talks and manner phraseology), factitious imitations (synthetic humility), snide (studied *vairag*), spurious and counterfeit goods (false and fabricated credentials), ersatz (stylised and artificial meditation), adulterated and impure foodstuffs (food and drinks taken without their being touched by the

master's lips), bogus and feign linen (fake identity and deceptive posture), and suppositious, flashy jewellery (affectation and pretentiousness). He has conferred upon me credibility, legitimacy, authenticity, purity and genuineness.' He has thus removed all that is fake and false from my inner being.

Hymn 12 (7 Verses)

Guru ka main daaman pakdaa ...

1-7. I have grasped the skirt of the guru's apparel and I have grasped it so firmly with my hands that I will not release it now. O *Kaal*! Do not kick up a row and don't quarrel noisily with me for I have given up all conflicts and controversies with this sensual world. I have caught and beaten up the mind for my guru has made me that strong and stout. I have abandoned the six-wheel carriage of this body (the body has six *chakras* or ganglions: anus, reproductive organ, navel, solar plexus, throat, and the Third *Til*), and then I have got out of the gate of karmas (sixth ganglion or the Third *Til*). I have killed the spider of mind (i.e. I have beaten up all the skulduggery of which the mind is the author); witnessing this, *Kaal* became stiff-necked and stubborn (threatening revenge). But then I cut down and felled the hard, wooden anger (destroyed it) and I also killed the billy goat (*bakra*) of greed. I now witnessed the shining, splendid *Gagan* (heavenly regions) and the radiant Radhasoami Name.²³⁰

Hymn 13 (4 Verses)

Guru mohin bhed diya poora ...

1-4. The guru has revealed to me the divine secret and mystery in full so that my *surat* constantly hears the tenor drum²³¹ (a drum that is deep pitched)

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within. My mind within this body has now become bold and valiant and with its help I now rise up to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres), and sight moons and suns. The store of indescribably radiant light has opened inside of me so that both *Kaal* and karma have been repelled and thrown aside. Radhasoami has shown me fundamental, eternal sphere, and treating this phenomenal realm as absolute junk I have discarded it altogether.

Hymn 14 (7 Verses)

Main sunoon katha nit ghat ki ...

1-5. I am now engrossed in listening to the inner tale (i.e. the unstruck melody), for the guru has unfolded to me the whole secret and I am now in tune with the sound of the Word. Now my *surat* flew up and slid into *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and with it, the pitcher of my karmas (the effect of my accumulated karmas) has broken down (ceased to function and became ineffective). I have hurled and crashed lust and anger against the rock of Word, and in one go my *surat* flew up and spurted into *Sahasdal Kanwal*. Both my mind and Maya (Madam Bubble) administered to me jolts and jerks here and there, but then I dashed and threw down all hopes and cravings of this sensu-

al realm. The guru then revealed to me all about the inner realm and with that knowledge, my *surat* distanced itself from this outer, phenomenal world.

6-7. The right knowledge imparted to me by the guru became firmly entrenched in my disposition so that my evil disposition and vicious proclivities received a decisive setback and they retreated; my *surat*, hearing the sound of the shore of *Mansarovar* (*Sunn*) became exhilarated. My mind played the tricks of going back or reverting to the material realm, in the manner of an acrobat, but Radhasoami (cleverer than whom there is no acrobat) told me all about the acrobatics of reversing (going back) and returning (coming back) so that despite all the tricks of *Kaal*, who reversed my *surat* to this material world, Radhasoami got her back on the rails and made her return to her final abode.

Hymn 15 (5 Verses)

Soch le pyaree us mila jog ...

1-5. O my dear *surat*! Think it over. You have got a rare opportunity [favourable circumstance joined together (yoga or *jog*) – your human birth, the manifestation of the perfect *Satguru* and your having faith in him, your lively interest in and devotion to his satsang, and your receiving the instruction of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* from him]; all this is the outcome of His grace and charity so that all your afflictions and ailments have been removed. Your *surat*, which for long had become dissociated and disjointed from *Shabd*, has once again joined the Word; this reunion has come to you so easily, as a result of your good luck (and His grace). Without the grace of the guru, how could you have ever got such a wonderfully favourable opportunity (*sanjog*)? As it is, now enjoy the bliss of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* by practising it day and night. In as much as you have forsaken the vicious directions given to you by your mind, your

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sufferings and sorrows have departed, and (considering your devotion and dedication) Radhasoami has shown you the appropriate grace and charity. As for you, whatever had to happen has happened; as for others, who cares to listen to Me, for all of them have forgotten Me and have lapsed into error.

Hymn 16 (11 Verses)

Guru ne mohin deenha naam sahi ...

1-3. The guru has blessed me with the gift of the right sort of *Naam*²³² (the gift of the Great Name, Radhasoami) which has incinerated (*dahee*) all my longings and cravings. I cling to the Name firmly and attend the *satsang* and drink the sap of the quintessential discourses there. The greatness and grandeur of the guru cannot be described in words; (instead of making a bid for that) I have gripped His feet firmly.

4-6. On whomsoever the favourable eye of my guru has fallen, he is bound to become emancipated and sail across this formidable ocean of matter and mind. The current of *shabd* which comes here flowing swiftly,

washes away the garbage and trash of karmas. It also repels *Kaal* and beats up and clobbers the mind and turns it out (of the spiritual way) and gives my *surat* the perpetual conjugal bliss easily.

7-11. I am the beloved of my *Satguru* and I tread the line shown by him. Forsaking the *dhar* (the realm of time and space) I fly up to *adhar* (the timeless and spaceless sphere), and my *surat* has today become transmuted into a *hamsini* (purified entity). I have jettisoned lust, wrath, pride, or greed, and all my 'I-ness' (*mamta*, which gives birth to attachments and sense of *meum* and *tuum*) has been washed (destroyed). Arriving at the ultimate, eternal abode, my *surat* has become seasoned and conditioned by *shabd* so that all my false values, my egoism and hubris have been incinerated. I am possessed by my love for the Name Radhasoami (*diwani*); who can adore and adulate Him?

Hymn 17 (11 Verses)

Aaley mein dekha taak ujaala ...

1-4. I peeped into the niche (the Third *Til*) and when I fastened my gaze on it, I witnessed radiance. In the White Island (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) there is a bluish aperture (*kiwaadee*) which I unlocked (opened up). I then flew up to *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and settled there, and drank a cup of the sap of water of life. I soared to the elutriated and pure plain where I excitedly and ecstatically began to oscillate and swing and threw off the burden of matter and mind from my shoulders. The guru showed me a marvellous image (*khayaal*) as though I had made a morsel and swallowed up my self-willed, refractory mind.

5-6. Rising up higher I opened the window that opens out in *Sunn* and from there I looked below towards the Shiva temple of this temporal realm which reminded me that the stupid, witless *jivas* of this fleeting, fluctuating world are all straggling and are worshipping the temples made of bricks and walls.

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7-11. As for me, I washed the guru's hallowed feet and recited the name on the beads of the rosary in the city of *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit; so to say, I resort to *dhikr-i-khafi* or silent recitation by my *surat*, not by the beads of rosary used in this phenomenal world). I leave the rosary to the care of the professional (*tasbi mala*, *kasbi dala*) and have discarded it. I have gained access to the perfect guru, and I have ensconced the Great Name (*nij naam*, Radhasoami) in my heart of hearts. Radhasoami is my guru and he is ever merciful and compassionate towards all those who are meek, lowly and imbued with humility. He has straightaway extricated me from the dragnet of *Kaal* and has fulfilled me, accomplishing my spiritual mission.

Hymn 18 (10 Verses)

Surat ney shabd gahaa nij sar ...

1-5. My *surat* has held firmly to the Word that is quintessential and central to Reality so that today the whole of my inner family (comprising twenty-five factors: *Purush*, *Prakriti*, *mahat*, *ahamkar*, *manas*, five sensory organs,

five motor organs, five *tanmatras* and five *mahabhutas*) has become redeemed (according to each one's status and ends). I have worn the colours of the Infinite (become used to the Supreme Lord) and my *jivatma* has become transmuted into a *hamsa* (purified spirit). I have been able to separate milk (my *surat*) from water (from matter and mind), and subduing my mind and body, I now drink only milk (discarding water). I have abandoned water (body and mind) which so long has afflicted me and had involved me in one calamity after another (*vipati*) and by the grace and mercy of my Lord, I now drink the limpid water from the current that flows from the Lord and goes back to Him (*su-dhaar*). I have kicked *Kaal* with my feet and legs (*lataad*, chastisement) and I have grasped the feet of the Lord, firmly and carefully.

6-10. My *surat* has become wrapped up in the *Nsmr* so that by taking immersion in *Mansarovar* (situated directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*) I became elutriated, casting aside all its impurities (*mael*) that it may have imbibed during its upward journey through the region of *Kaal Purush* or Brahman). Discerning the *shabd*, I pick up pearls (Sounds of the White Sphere of spirit) and my guru has opened up the gates of my Self. By beating up and vanquishing the mind, I sorted out the sounds and picked up *Rarang*, and the notes of *sarangi* and fiddle, and inside of me a great commotion and uproar, a pandemonium (wild confusion and uproar, caused and spread by *Kaal* and *Maya*) rose. It was the Great Name (Radhasoami) revealed to me by the guru that extricated me (from this pandemonium)²³³ so that I gave up this entire false and fake, fleeting realm. Radhasoami has now redeemed this entire *jagat* and I live upon and am sustained by the water with which I wash His hallowed feet.

Hymn 19 (7 Verses)

Malini layee harva goonth ...

1-3. My *surat* that is like a loving gardener's wife has stringed flowers in
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a garland and brought it before the guru and placed it around his neck. She got from the guru the Great Name which is the giver of *vibhuti-pada*²³⁴ and she collected the wherewithal of *aarti* and joined herself with the *shabd*. The mind reaching the *Gagan* becomes absorbed there as an *avadhoot* (literally, becomes one who by ascetic practices merges into his object of worship: *ava*, i.e. merging, and *dhoot*, i.e. object of worship) and renders service to the guru like a loyal, faithful, loving son (*sapoot*).

4-7. The guru has repelled and driven back the agents of evil that operate within (lust, anger etc.) and the *surat* has grasped the feet of the Lord very firmly. She has pulverised *Kaal* every moment so that the vast arrays of attachments and infatuation took to their heels, as though they had been looted and plundered of all that they had. Her (*surat*'s) nexus with the body was severed; all the strength and force of *Kaal* was weighed and measured and crushed by grinding. The guru gave her (to *surat*) the ambrosial nutriment (*qoot*) and Radhasoami released her from the corporeal cage (*kalboot*).

Hymn 20 (7 Verses)

Dikhaayaa roop manohar guru ne ...

1-5. The guru has shown me His form that charmed and fascinated my mind; that sight opened my inner eye and it reached straight into the ultimate abode. The *Satguru* has revealed to me His own mystery (that of His Eternal Abode) and in the Heavenly City (*Nabhpur* or *Sahasdal Kanwal*) I heard the reverberating sound. A great joy informed my heart of hearts so that following the notes of unstruck melody within I flew back towards it again and again. Rising up within, I heard the sound of the thunder of clouds and pursuing that sound I peeped into the temple of *Trikuti*.²³⁵ I gained access to guru's *mauj* (will and dispensation). On the gate leading to *Sunn* I placed the guru's feet on my head (i.e. by his grace I clobbered my arrogance, conceit and egoism).

6-7. Then I made a dash to the top of *Sunn* and met *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable *Purush*). As I got on to Radhasoami Sphere, I became immortal and took immersion in the eternally flowing stream of the water of life (*ami*).

Hymn 21 (5 Verses)

Dhubia Guru sum aur na koi ...

1-5. There is no launderer higher, better, cleverer, smarter, stronger than the master who has washed my spoiled, besmirched shawl made sleazy and sordid by my sins of omission and commission. He has elutriated it by straining out all the mud and dust. In what terms shall I adore Him: doxology, dithyramb, processional, recessional, introit, antiphon, canticle, laud, Magnificat, chorale, stabat mater, Dies Irae, psalm or hymn? I am at a loss! Let me tell you how it all happened. I saw Him sitting at the bank of the holy river and I rushed and poured out my *surat* at His feet. That very moment the waves of clean, holy water rode and floated up drenching my shawl which was immediately burnished and lustrated. I, *surat*, fell into the embrace of my beloved Lord – *Shabd* – and Radhasoami *Dayal* was revealed to me.²³⁶

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Hymn 22 (8 Verses)

Chalo ri sakhi ab aalas chhod ...

1-4. The *Satguru* says: 'O companion! Give up lassitude and inertia here and now, and fly up within and prick up your ears to the roar of unstruck melody. If *Kaal* administers jolts and jerks to you, twist his arm straightaway (i.e. try to persuade or coerce him into discipline). By the grace of the guru, hear the uproar of *shabd* within and joining up your *surat* with the *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) partake of the ambrosial bliss. And in *Trikuti*, discern the croaking of frogs²³⁷ and the screams of peacocks²³⁸ and the rumbling thunder of clouds.

5-8. Gathering the *surat* within, I prick up my ears to the unstruck sound and as a result break up the pitcher of my karmas (eradicate all my accumulated karmas). I break in the lock and opened the gate to enter in order to gain access to the so far inaccessible treasure (of *shabd*). I repelled and

routed all the vicious forces that operated stealthily within (lust, anger etc.) and held firmly the cord of the eternal sound (*nij dhun* or the Name Radhasoami). Radhasoami has broken up the mind (disrupted its evil operations) and with folded hands, I touched His feet.

Hymn 23 (7 Verses)

Soorma surat huyee guru dekh prataap ...

1-5. Watching the charisma (*prataap*) of the guru, my *surat* has become emboldened and courageous so that I now assiduously practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and discover my true 'self' (i.e. attain to self-realisation: realisation or fulfilment of one's own potential or abilities). I began to peep into (the mysteries of) the sphere of *Gagan*, elutriating my *surat*. Looking thither (towards the heavenly spheres) I soared to the Spaceless and Timeless Sphere and then my *atma* (*surat*) gained access to *param-atma* (i.e. the Third *Til* or the sixth ganglion which is the seat of *Paramatma*.²³⁹ Reaching here my karmas were cut off and all my delusions (misconceptions, false images and erroneous beliefs) were destroyed, and I cut loose from the sins and transgressions committed by me from time immemorial, birth after birth. My *surat* thus made it to the top of *Sunn* and I took resort to *dhikr-i-khafi* (*ajapa jaap* or silent recitation of the Great Name, without moving my tongue, from the plane of *surat* or the sixth ganglion).

6-7. O Companion, the beloved of my Lord! I have attained to a marvellous region which nobody can evaluate and none can measure or weigh. Radhasoami has shown me a wondrous play for He is both my mother (Radha) and my father (Soami).

Hymn 24 (5 Verses)

Kumatiya door huyee, guru huey dayal ...

1-2. The guru has become compassionate and kind to me so that my evil disposition (*kumati*) is removed and has become remote and the guru has fulfilled me (fulfilled my spiritual mission). Abandoning the vicious network of my mind, I have come and taken shelter of the guru, taking asylum there; forsaking the branches (the outer activities, *japas*, *tapas* and so on) I have grasped the root (the core of Reality, the *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*).

3-4. Thus, I have gained access to the wealth of the (Great) Name, giving up all the riches that are fake and false (tinsels, trivial and cheap or *jhoota maal*).²⁴⁰ Witnessing the marvellous ways of what is really wealth I persisted in the guru's company. Climbing up the *naal* of *sushumana* (the middle artery, i.e. treading the middle path), I attained to the perennial (*param*) sphere (*pada*); all my delusions, illusions and hallucinations were driven away and I beat up and defeated *Kaal*.

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5. *Kaal* has now become tired and exhausted; (left alone in the company of the guru) I attained to *haal* (which in Persian means ecstasy, spiritual excitement and delirium); Radhasoami has removed all my agonising pains and afflictions (*dukh saal*).

Hymn 25 (7 Verses)

Surat uth jaagi charan samhaar ...

1-4. Holding firmly the feet of the guru, my *surat* has become roused and stirred; beholding the beauteous form of the guru, it has become engrossed in the company of the guru. Hearing His (spiritually inspiring) discourses, I have given up all contemptible and base cravings; wrapped up in *shabd*, my *surat* has become an ardent lover (*ragi*) of it. Reaching the gate of *Nabh* (heavenly sphere) and running away from this false phenomenal realm, I have begun to drink the water of life. Holding fast to the *shabd*, I arrived at the court of the guru, and sacrificing my body and mind (on the guru) I took to his sanctuary.

5-7. Having become transmuted into a *hamsa* (becoming purified in *Mansarovar*, *Sunn*) I now pick up pearls (subtle unstruck melodies of *sarangi* and fiddle); my consort, *surat*, is now seasoned and conditioned and matured by the sap of *naam*. Throwing about all my links with *Kaal*, I have abandoned his company, and pricking up and treading the line of the *Satguru*, I reached the abode of the compassionate Lord. By His grace and compassion, Radhasoami condescended to meet me so that all my doubts and misgivings vanished and I got rid of this *samsara*.²⁴¹

Hymn 26 (8 Verses)

Mangal mool aaj ki rajni ...

1-6. The coming night is that of (*wisaal* or union of my *surat* with the *shabd* producing) great delight and ecstasy; O companion, to whom shall I speak about its majesty and significance, for nobody lends me his ears! Bliss has overwhelmed (covered) both the firmament and the terra firma and every fibre of my being is replete with the water of life. The *Satguru* has descended to this earth by putting his feet which repel all darkness (ignorance and *avidya*); I take to the sanctuary of his kind attention and agreeable form where I have received

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shelter and protection. The current of ambrosia has now begun to drip; my *surat* and *nirat* are gathering momentum within. My *surat* has now started flying up to the sphere of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres); who save the guru can make one undertake such a spiritual endeavour? As it is, one must take to guru's shelter so that the devil (the mind) may be repelled (driven back) and the doe (Maya) may be put to flight (flee, run away and routed).

7-8. Now, the ray (the *surat* which is the ray of the Absolute Lord or Sun) goes into the middle of the Sun (becomes merged unto Him); the *surat*, so to say, is determined to pursue her chosen path and will not slip into error again. Radhasoami has revealed to me the decisive secret (the key to total

emancipation) so that there is just no question of my leaving His feet and averting and turning away from His feet.

Hymn 27 (4 Verses)

Shobha dekhoon main ab guru ki ...

1-4. I now watch, in wonder, the sheen and splendour of the guru; I fasten my gaze upon His eyes which are like a window opening into the Ultimate Abode. I then gain full information and knowledge about each and every unstruck melody (which resounds and reverberates in the heart of hearts of all and sundry); I have become aware of the state of everybody's heart of hearts. Everyone contemptuously asks me to get off and go away, but I stay put in the sanctuary of the guru, in the haven and under the protection of the guru. Radhasoami speaks of the sweep and extent of the majesty and splendour of the higher spheres; as it is, my *surat* abandons all that belongs to this perishable city (this *Pind Desh* where everyone who is born is bound to die, death being the central reality of all life here).

Hymn 28 (12 Verses)

Daudat gayee Gagan ke gher ...

1-2. I go running around the heavenly sphere of *Gagan*, and abandoning my body, I turned my mind inward where I was surrounded by the unstruck melody from all sides. I climbed up the staircase and reaching the top of it, heard the sound that resonates and reverberates continually (*ter*).

3. Eventually, as a denouement of this all, I overpowered *Kaal* and karma, both of whom went under. I then soared and reached Sumeru²⁴² (which is one the three prominences of *Trikuti*, the other two being Meru and Kailash).

4-6. Close by, I gained access to the sound of unstruck melody; all this occurred rather fast and quickly, without permitting any delay to interpose. The guru has transmuted a jackal like me (who merely howls and grumbles) into a lion (who roars and growls and is the epitome of courage); and the guru directed me to pursue and chase the Sound within. I have given up all linkages and attachments of my mind so that my *surat* has now become the hot favourite of Sound.

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7-8. I recovered my sight from the control of mind and Maya, and restored it within, and I kicked around, knocked out and repelled the entire heap of sins, lapses and transgressions. Now the *Satguru* showered his grace and compassion on me, so that all the retribution designed to be inflicted upon me by *Kaal's* wrath disappeared.

9-10. No delay interposed between me and my salvation, and I soared to higher spheres rather early. All the quarrels and conflicts, controversies and wranglings authored by my sensory and motor organs were settled and died, and I received a whole treasure of *bhakti* and devotion, as though it was a treasury of Kuber.²⁴³

11-12. I skinned all the enemies (lust, anger, etc.) and I took immersion in the reservoir of *Mansarovar* (in *Sunn*) which effaced all the reverses, setbacks, defeats and frustrations inflicted by my mind on me, for Radhasoami besieged my mind from all sides so as to prevent it from going stray and damage my spiritual pursuits.

Hymn 29 (11 Verses)

Guru sang kheloon nis din paas ...

1-5. Day and night I play (spiritual games) in the company of the guru; in a way, I remain engrossed in marvellous play of bliss and beatitude. Rejoicing and immensely satisfied, I abide in His feet, and why not, for I have immense and immeasurable faith and trust in the guru. Except for the guru, I have nowhere to go and no hope or expectation; indeed from there I have received a whole treasury full of jewels and gems of *naam* (the *vibhuti* of guru). Every instant and with every breath I meditate and contemplate on His form and the *naam* that He revealed to me; and this has destroyed and eradicated *Kaal* and karmas (my vicious mind, its caprices, and the evil effects of my past karmas). I remain sick of and fed up with this *jagat* (fleeting world), as a matter of course (*sahaj*) without any strenuous effort; indeed I have got the title of ‘servus servorum’ (‘slave of slaves’).

6-11. My *surat* now abides in the *Nabh* (heavenly spheres) where I received the perennial, eternal light and radiance of *shabd*. All the twelve months of the year, I remain engrossed in my love for and devotion to Him and my ardent desire for remaining glued to His feet all the time. Climbing up to the heaven, I opened the gate that opens within; seeing this sight, *Kaal* fainted and withered, and his flesh dried up and he looked shrivelled and wizened, anorexic and emaciated. In my house (i.e. inside of me) a lamp lit up and I experienced as though I have become merged unto my own, Ultimate and Absolute Sun (Radhasoami). What shall I say about the greatness and grandeur of the traits and attributes of *shabd*? He that grasps it firmly, he alone will secure an immortal abode there. After igniting the lamp of *shabd*, I perform that *aarti* which entirely suits Radhasoami, the hymn in which I adore the traits of Radhasoami.

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Hymn 30 (12 Verses)

Guru moorat merey mana bas gayyiyaan ...

1-2. The (fascinating) form of the guru has become firmly implanted in my heart of hearts; I make an oblation of my body and all my wealth unto Him and I wholly sacrifice myself again and again to Him. I have so attended his company that I have become like His devoted, wedded wife, and the sound of the Name that He has unfolded to me has conferred on me the imperishable conjugal bliss and beatitude.

3-5. All my *karams* and *bharams* have been washed far away and the network and dragnet of this phenomenal realm (*jagat*) has been cut up. Rising up, my *surat* reaches the bluish zone (the sixth ganglion) from where I noticed the radiance and lustre of the White Island (*Sahasdal Kanwal*). My advent into *Sahasdal Kanwal* has resulted in the pulverisation of the vast arrays of *moh* (bewilderment, false values, attachments and infatuations, delusions etc.) and routed and driven away the troops of lust, wrath, pride and egoism.

6-7. There, in *Sahasdal Kanwal*, I heard the (inspiring sounds) ringing of the bell and conch-shell, and also witnessed the colours of the five elementary colours of the five *tattvas* (dark-bluish colour of ether, red of fire, green of *vayu* or air, white of water, and yellow of earth). The guru has enabled me to perceive a marvellous and extraordinary spectacle and this has led me further on the Way.

8-9. He opened for me the door of the Crooked Tunnel and leading me to the hill tract of *Trikuti* and made me observe and discern the will and dispensation (of the guru) and behold the red sun-like form of the guru (the form of the guru that is like that of the rising sun at dawn). Lifting me to the top of *Sunn*, he incinerated all my (accumulated, *sanchit*) karmas.

10-12. What shall I say about the vastness and greatness of *Mahasunn* (I better leave it alone)? Mounting to the Rotating Cave, my guru played the flute and made me hear its mellifluous sound. In *Sattlok*, He made me hear the sound of harp, and taking me to the Invisible and the Inaccessible Sphere, he made my *surat* dance, hop and leap as if in joy and ecstasy. Eventually, he owned me so much that I began to be called as the servant or slave of Radhasoami, and He saw through my *aarti* which by His grace became complete.

Hymn 31 (10 Verses)

Soch rahi ri mauj ki batiyaan ...

1-3. I am reflecting upon the wondrous working and operations of His discretion and will (*mauj*), and my *surat* is *rut* or absorbed in the bliss of contemplation on lotus.²⁴⁴ The verve and zest of my ardent, selfless love (*prem*) grew as I beheld the guru's mien (appealance, countenance), and joy and exhilaration rose in the heart of my hearts. Every instant, I became fascinated and struck by the sheen and splendour of His eye and glimpses; through them and in them I beheld a wonderful radiance and flash.

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4-5. My mind became drenched (*bheejat*) in love and the unusual dance of my *surat* exuded (*seejhat*) ecstasy and made a dash to her own heaven (*Sattlok*). On the way, she hears the roaring sound of thunder which one hears day and night in *Trikuti*, and hearing it, she becomes breathless in excitement as if her breathing has reversed or stopped.

6-7. On way to *Sattlok*, she becomes very much animated and she dries up the sea of darkness (*Mahasunn* – a vast expanse of darkness called as the *Timir*

Khand, i.e. it traverses it by the grace and in the company of the guru) and then attains to the inaccessible abode. In *Sunn*, she beholds the guru in the form of the Full Moon and becomes ecstatic by drinking the sap of love for her beloved Lord like the *Alectoris Rufa*²⁴⁵ (*chakori*) and as a fish that abides in water.

8. Here her fortune was roused and brightened up and all the afflictions and agonies inflicted by *Kaal* became obliterated and she received the bliss and happiness born of deep faith and unquestionable trust in the *Satguru*.

9-10. The *surat*, the darling of the guru, then climbed up to the towers and turrets of the Timeless and Spaceless spheres and became relieved from the noose of Yama (released from the vicious cycle of transmigration). Possessed by the burning desire for the glimpses of Radhasoami's mien, she sits close to the feet of Radhasoami.

Hymn 32 (7 Verses)

Merey piya ki Agam hain gatiyaan ...

1-2. The sweep and extent of the power of my beloved Lord are unapproachable, and his ways are incomprehensible and mysterious; how and in what words shall I laud and adulate them? Not even an iota of His essential Reality (*marm*) and purposes can be understood by anyone; how can my mind ever speculate about them?

3-5. With great devotion, I engage in contemplation on the *shabd* and I pick up and discern every sound with great care. I gaze at the sixth ganglion (*nukta-i-sveda*) and from there I turn upward and then I kindle a flame (witness the flame) inside of me. I write letters to my beloved Lord and despatch them through messenger (i.e. by remembering Him at the sixth ganglion where I can call upon Him).

6-7. The fire of my lovesickness can burn me and yet I cannot find a trace of Him and of His whereabouts. Radhasoami has so reversed my fortune that I am now cutting off my karmas and burning them to ashes.

Hymn 33 (7 Verses)

Piya darsat bhayee ri nihaal ...

1-5. On catching the glimpses of my beloved Lord, I have become fulfilled, and supremely satisfied and feeling exalted (*nihaal*); what shall I say about my state of joy and exultation? I am ejecting and expelling all the negative proclivities and the propensities induced by *Kaal* so that now this phenomenal

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world appears to me as a dream (unreal and illusory). Inside of me, the unstruck melody has stirred its stumps and I have become quite aware of it (i.e. I am hearing it) so that my *triya taap* (*aadhi*, *vyaadhi* and *upaadhi*) have become quenched. My *surat* has gained access to the cool and pleasant reservoir of *shabd* and I have become exhilarated by drinking the cool and agreeable sap of it. Except for a *sadh* (who has gained access to *Sunn*) no one knows how to keep awake (remaining fully aware and conscious) inside of one self.

6-7. I have renounced the body made of dust (*dharti* or earth and its four ancillaries: water, fire, wind and ether) and flying up I soar to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). O Radhasoami! I have now taken to your shelter and sanctuary; as it is you alone who is now responsible for preserving my honour and prevent the negative forces from humiliating me.

Discourse XXXVIII (BARAH MASA)

Hymns relating to twelve months of the *Vikram* calendar, starting from *Asadh* and running up to *Jeth*.

Summary of *Barah Masa* from *Asadh* (June-July) to *Jeth* (May-June)

[The eternal hope of the *surat*, in the heart of hearts, is to become wrapped up in *shabd* and eventually become absorbed in the feet of Radhasoami; she has no other hope. But under the impact of *Adi Karma* and because of the negative influence of *Kaal* and *Maya*, to whose care she was entrusted by Radhasoami *Dayal* in order to enable them to launch on creation, she has identified her 'Self' with Mind (*Kaal*) and Matter (*Maya*), so that on her outer covering very subtle lines of her hopes and expectations from *Kaal* and *Maya* have become carved.

The deity of the plane on which the *surat* descends, expands and develops these lines as they find favourable conditions for expansion. In the fullness of time, the *surat*, expecting something good for her, gets into the womb of a woman, and under the impulse of *Adi Karma*, she gets into a corporeal abode and, again, in the fullness of time she comes out of the womb and delivered as a baby. Under the impact of the continual company of *Kaal* and *Maya*, the body goes on performing all kinds of actions so that the burden of karmas goes on increasing, instead of decreasing. All this is the theme of the month of *Asadh* (which literally means, 'the shield of hope and expectation').

In the next month (*Jeth* or July-August), like the continual and incessant rains, the karmas go on multiplying and become reinforced by one another. In *Bhadon* (August-September), in her craving for sensual pleasure (*bhaa* = *bhau*, 'matter and mind' + *don* = 'craving'; hence *bhadon* means 'craving for matter and mind') the *jiva surat* passes under the heat of karmas and *dharma*s in a bid to get deliverance, but instead of deliverance she becomes more and more crazy of sensual pleasures.

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In *Kuwaar* (September-October: *kuwaar* means 'on this side of *kaya* or body') the continual run of karmas ceases, and the time for her comes to await the rain of *svati*; like *chakor* (the pied-crested cuckoo) and pearl-oyster, and crying *svati*, *svati*, she accepts no other drop at all. This is the time when *Satguru* (*svati*-drop) appears and she accepts Him as her deliverer. In *Kartik* (October-November), the guru reveals to the *jiva surat* the

mystery of the twelve lotuses from anus to *Sattlok* so that with the help of the *Satguru*, the *surat* starts her ascension to the higher spheres. In **Aghan** (November-December), the *Satguru* unfolds the way of *bhakti* and in **Poos** (December-January; *poos* literally means 'straw') all the *karams* and *bharams* are burnt like dry straw and reduced to ashes. These ashes are blown in a moment by the wind of love.

With the advent of **Maagh** (January-February), the *Basant* (Indian spring) arrives and the entire landscape is rendered colourful by the abundance of flowers, and in **Phalgun** (February-March) the *jiva-surat* plays *Holi* (the festival of gaiety and colours) with the *Satguru* and His companions – the denizens of higher spheres. In **Chaith** (March-April; literally, 'awareness'), the *surat* develops profound awareness of the perils posed by mind and matter, whom she jettisons and gets into the boat of Word (*Shabd*) and by practising *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, she goes across this turbulent ocean of mind and matter on to *Satt Desh*.

In **Baisaakh** (April-May) the *jiva surat* loses all faith (*saakh*) in the affirmations and pledges of *Kaal* and *Maya* and gets delivered to go back to her original abode (*Satt Desh*), and seeks to understand the difference between the way of *Kaal* and the way of *Dayal* or the Compassionate Lord. In the month of **Jeth** (May-June), the heat and fire of the *Pind* and *Brahmand* is described and the entire secret and mystery of creation is explained; the question as to why the *Kaal's* way remains popular and the *Dayal's* way, secret and hidden from the people's eye, is answered (see *Jeth* Month, Verses 422-70. Refer to the Hindi *Discourses of Babuji Maharaj*, Volume IV, op.cit., ed. 1986, Discourse 58, dated 16 January, 1932, pp. 164-67.)]

Asadh (June-July), the First Month (32 Verses)

About how the *jiva* in this phenomenal world, falling into the company of mind (*Kaal*) and matter (*Maya*) becomes deluded and goes astray and has to put up with all sorts of pains and pleasures; and the description of the troubles and tribulations which in the absence of guidance from *Satguru*, Name and devotion, he has to suffer at the hour of death at the hands of the agents of Yama, the lord of death.

[In this hymn, the *jiva's* passage through five stages from infancy, childhood, adolescence and early youth, middle age to old age, is described.]

1-5. The first month *Asadh* (June-July) has cast its shadow over this sensual world, and the *jiva*, in the hope of enjoying sensual pleasures gets into the womb. Under the cover and shield of this desire, the *jiva* has become obli-

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ous; losing memory of his real abode (*Satt Purush*) and has become subjected to acute pain and suffering. The pressure of karmas (under the spell of his past actions) throws him out of the womb and *Maya* (Madam Bubble, illusion) spreads out her heavy dragnet. During infancy, he is put to great suffering and pain caused by all sorts of ailments and situations. He is incapable of speaking

or explaining anything by wink or any other gesture and just cannot communicate the nature of his pain to anyone.

6-11. He keeps on weeping, wailing and cries a good deal; even his mother and father's intellect fails to give them any clue to the exact nature of his malady. As it is, he suffers from one disease which they cannot make out and they administer to him a medicine meant for other ailments from which he does not suffer; they turn him this way and that, and add to his agony. The phase of infancy thus passes in great suffering and when he enters adolescence (the phase between the beginning of puberty and adulthood) he becomes play-oriented, inclined to have fun and frolic. The parents want him to study, but he remains crazy and possessed of the desire to have fun and games. The parents administer to him a good deal of beating and thrashing, so that even this phase is a sort of pile of pain and agony. All these days too pass in forgetfulness, pain and suffering; not getting any happiness, the *jiva* remains empty-handed (with nothing positive to his credit).

12-15. With the advent of youth (*tarun avastha*) the mind, every moment, becomes animated by strong sensual desires and passion. Facing this urge, he gets betrothed (engaged to be married); marriage is solemnised and wife is inducted home. Seeing the young wife, his mind becomes delighted without realising that this is a new and very heavy chain. In this phase (of newly married state) he forgets all his obligations and duties unto his parents; day and night he swings back and forth with his wife.

16-20. During this phase, his love and devotion to his parents goes on diminishing and his mind remains engrossed in the company of his wife and children. When, however, he begins to feel concerned about earning livelihood, he goes about wandering here and there, running from pillar to post, like a dog (in search of bread and employment) suffering a good deal of torture in the process. He thus reduces his level to that of a dog and all the time he keeps on thinking of money, as if reciting its name as a mantra. If he succeeds in getting money, he rejoices and becomes happy; if not, poverty becomes like a noose around his neck. All the time, he is vexed and perplexed by household concerns (*grah kaaraj*); and concerns of family and caste add to his delusions and running about.

21-25. He has so much burdened himself with all sorts of worries and cares, that without money he squirms as a fish writhes out of water. By taking over all this burden he has only made a dunce of himself, for this added burden has increased his pain and suffering by which he becomes alarmed, apprehensive, dismayed and scared. His wanderings were occasioned by his ardent desire for happiness, for which he looked all around, but instead of get-

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ting happiness he only received torture and torment and finds himself in dire straits (*dukh daarun*). Now he repents and feels remorse on his (mis)deeds, but all this is of no avail (for nothing fails like failure). As it is, like the con-

tinual, incessant rains in the first month of rainy season – *Asadh* – sorrow and suffering, agony and anguish rain continually.

26-30. The peacock-like delusions and the *papiha*-like illusions, infatuations and cravings (*traas*) scream and chuckle in all the four directions as he is besieged by sorrow and suffering, disease and demands, pain and fond expectations (destined to remain unfulfilled). The threatening clouds of gloom and depression are swelling and rolling as if the dark night has set in. The moon of devotion and dedication, and the sun of spiritual, intuitional knowledge appears to have set (disappeared) and dense darkness has permeated all around. The darkness of *avidya*, *aggyaan* (ignorance) has spread over the inner recesses of his heart; he has lost both – this world as well as the world beyond.²⁴⁶ Even the days of adolescence have passed in dire pain and suffering, and now every moment the old age is creeping.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. The clouds of old age are swelling and rolling (*umadna*), and have besieged (overcast) the sky of this body; the river-like greed is swelling and fire of sensual cravings is burning furiously (destroying all peace). Becoming witless (*buddhi-heen*) and becoming powerless (anile and frail) the body has begun to rain (like in the month of *Asadh*); the eyes, the mouth, the nose are all leaking and running and flowing as water from a fountain. (As it is, to know how to grow old, not becoming aged, is the master-work of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.)

Saawan or Shrawan (July-August), the Second Month (32 Verses)

Description of the troubles and tribulations which the *jiva*, without the protection and support of the *Satguru*, Name and devotion, has to suffer in the end at the hands of the messengers of Yama.

1-5. *Saawan*, the second month, has arrived; with its advent, the mother-in-law (i.e. Maya or Madam Bubble) has expired (subdued and lying low) and the father-in-law (i.e. Brahman or Universal Mind) has become alone and comes home (making the mind of the *jiva*, his abode). The mind acquired a bluish hue, like that of the dark clouds, and at the blue spot (*nukta-i-sveda* or Third *Til*) the mind feels throttled, suffocated and dies. In *Trikuti*, the clouds thunder and lightning flashes; mind's urges turn upward and the hopes and expectations change (from going downward, to upward). The *surat* and *nirat* are running, in a row (i.e. they have become activated and stirred), so that innumerable unstruck melodies have become resonant. But very soon, the old age becomes kinetic and activated, and the angel of death (*Kaal* or Yama) begins to roar and hover on the head.

6-10. A great many *jivas* are awaiting, at the door of death, their doom in Yamapuri (perdition); it is only the *Satguru* who can intercede on their behalf.

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half and save them from their doom and retribution. As the clouds of death overcast, the current of death swells and its rains fall in torrents. Innumerable *jivas* become scared and desperate, distraught and dismayed as the fortress of their body is dissolved and demolished. Reaching Yamapuri, the *jivas* repent and take to remorse, as the agents of Yama torment and torture them. Every moment, they inflict anguish and agony, pain and suffering and then they put their noose around their neck.

11-15. In a hell that is like a narrow-mouthed jug (*kumbhi*, an extremely torturous dark hell where the *jivas* have to abide for about 1,000,000 years), the *jivas* are made to dive again and again; they suffer extreme torture and they cry and wail. But those pitiless and cruel fellows show no mercy to the *jivas* and as a result of continual torture, the *jivas* wither away. Then, they tie them up with red-hot pillars of fire so that the *jivas* cry ‘ah’ ‘ah’ (in pain). But there nobody pays any heed to their shrieks and cries, wailing and weeping – that is the major problem; to add to their agony, the agents of Yama put on rolling snakes like garlands around their neck. From all the four directions there are shouts: ‘Beat them; strike them!’; they have lost all their sources of support as widows who simply wail and cry helplessly.

16-20. While in hell, these *jivas* are constantly visited by tortures and torments; later, they are pushed into the vicious circle of *chaurasi* (metempsychosis). Now, witness how without devotion to the guru and love for him, these *jivas* have been reduced to these dire and desperate straits! Indeed, they have just wasted the rare opportunity of their getting the human form (and do something to redeem their spirits). Those who miss this opportunity of engaging in guru *bhakti* become victims of torture, insults and humiliation at the hands of Yama who spits on their faces every moment (i.e. they show disdain and hatred by spitting). Indeed, those who in this human birth, do not take to a *Satguru* will all be reduced to such dire and desperate straits. Without the *Satguru*, nobody can be saved at all; and without the Great Name (*Ism-i-Azam*, *Radhasoami*) they all dance attendance on *Kaal* and will be pushed into the vicious wheel of metempsychosis.²⁴⁷

21-24. I really thank my stars that I have gained access to the *Satguru* who enabled my *surat* to ascend and my mind to become wrapped up in *Gagan* (*Trikuti*). My *surat* then went to the sphere of *Sunn* and there it sways in the swing (*jhoola*, wedded women swing with each other) taking fullest advantage of the advent of the month of *Saawan* (i.e. the advent of the *Satguru*). All my female companions (i.e. my sensory organs) join together in a chorus and they all sing lyrics together in a recurring refrain; at this sight, Maya (Illusion, Madam Bubble and *mamta*, *meum* and *tuum*, ‘I-ness’, infatuation) take to their heels. In every home, all the wedded women swing and swing merrily, ensconcing their Lords in their heart of hearts.

25. But those who are unable to see the faces of their darling Lords, they all yearn and pine in the memory of their Lord for their Lords have presumably gone out to an alien land (i.e. while their Lord resides in *Satt Desh*, they

themselves are condemned to abide in *Pind Desh* or in *Brahmand*, which are alien territories for the *surat* that has descended here from *Satt Desh*).

26-30. To them, the pleasant month of *Saawan* comes like a black cobra (a highly venomous elapid snake of the genus *naja* or *naga*), which keeps on biting time and again, setting them aflame. Witness their tragedy: outside their heart of hearts, fire keeps on smouldering. Ferocious fire is burning inside of them as if their body and mind are used as fuels which keep the fire burning all the time; it seems that their lot has been cast with drought. Festivals and festivities (*teej-tyohar*) have no appeal for them, for their minds are soaked in pain, without an iota of pleasure. For them, in the absence of their darling Lord, the coming of *Saawan* is like the advent of *Jeth* (May-June) whose heat burns the *jivas*.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. When the *jivas* (*surats*) burn in the fire of lovesickness (*virah agni*) then how can they become cool and at rest? Without the rain of the discourses from the darling Lord – the *Satguru* – all the verdure and freshness has dried up. Those who are united with their darling Lord, their faces are gay, illumined and lustrous; inside, they enjoy the bliss of ataraxia and their hearts are happy and blissful, for they constantly hear the unstruck melody of kettledrums and tabor (*anhad toor*).

Bhaadon (August-September), the Third Month (32 Verses)

Warning to *jivas* that by performing mind-oriented karmas and *dharmas*, *japas* and *tapas*, idol-worship, pilgrimages and fasts, they cannot find release from the vicious wheel of *chaurasi*. This release is possible only by getting into the company of *Satguru* and of *sadhs* where they should gain access to the mystery of Name and then engage in the inner *Surat-Shabd* practices; the description of this device of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

1-4. *Bhaadon* (August-September), the third month is now current; it symbolises the heat which *Kaal-Maya* have turned on the entire phenomenal realm – the heat of the craving for sensual pleasures. The scope, gamut and extent of the *triya taap* (*aadhi*, *vyaadhi* and *upaadhi*)²⁴⁸ is extremely wide and they besiege and beat up each and every *jiva*. Lust, anger, pride and hubris and greed vex one and all; Maya (illusion) and *mamta* ('I-ness', duality, mine-thine) add fuel to the fire. Thus burning in these multi-faceted fires, the *jivas* become downcast, dejected and despaired, and they see no way of release and escape from their tribulations and troubles.

5-10. Groping in the dark, some take recourse to karmas and *dharmas*, others to erudition and learning and yet others to *japas* and *tapas*. Some resort to temples and idol-worship, others to pilgrimages and yet others to fasts. All those who grapple and struggle with such devices are deluded and stragglers,

going stray and wandering away from the straight path; and there is none who

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can eradicate their obliviousness and bring them round to the right path. Irrespective of whether one is a pandit (learned man) or *bhek* (ascetic) or householder (following the ashram-dharma), all of them abide in the habitat of *Kaal* who reigns and rules over them. They all wander about in the vicious circle of *chaurasi* and keep on straggling and knocking the gates of hell and/or heaven. And yet, if anyone seeks to correct them and tries to bring them round, they misunderstand them and turn petulant, perverse and resentful, ready to fight.

11-15. The fact is that in *Kaliyuga* nothing worthwhile can be gained by engaging in karmas (rituals etc.) and *dharmas* (duties prescribed by *shastras*), and without resorting to the recitation of and contemplation on the Name, there can be no emancipation. But, then, the mystery of *Naam* is exceedingly subtle and recondite and nobody can discern it without the guidance of the *Satguru*. All of them are led astray by formally reciting a Name and none attains to the core and mystery of the Inaccessible Name. If they (the misguided people) had gained access to the perfect *Satguru*, He would have happily and readily revealed and unfolded to them the seat of *Naam* (the Great Name Radhasoami). That *Naam* relates to the Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*) and these nincompoops look and search for it in the three *loks* (*Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand*).

16-18. They will never be able to gain access to the Great Name in the three *loks*; as the saints affirm, that Name can be found only in the Fourth *Lok*. It is *Kaal* that abides in the three *loks*; but the Compassionate Lord (Radhasoami *Dayal*) lives in the Fourth *Lok*, the whereabouts of which can be obtained from the saints only; without the aid and guidance of the saints none can get on to and get in the Name.

19-20. Now (Radhasoami says) I am going to reveal to you the secret of the Way, and if your inner eye opens, I will make you perceive that secret. At first, focus your *surat* in attention on the sixth ganglion (that is situated midway between the two eyes, three quarters to one inch from the root of the nose inwards – the seat of the *surat*), and turning it from outside, bring it inward.

21-25. But this is possible only if one has lovesickness (*virah*), and further, if one makes strenuous effort; only then positive results will be achieved. If he is able to perceive the Third *Til* and then penetrates it and sees the flame and gets into it, he will hear the unstruck melody (sound of bell and conch-shell and the word '*Niranjana*') and then the mind will pass under his control. When the mind goes under your subjection and control, then alone your (sleeping) *surat* will be roused and you will perceive the *akash* (*Arsh* or *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and then your spirit will become seasoned, conditioned and mature. Firmly grasping the *shabd*, you will perceive the *Param Atma* (*Hari*, *HOO HOO*, *Aumkara* – the sounds of *Trikuti*) and your *surat* will attain to *Param Atma* (*Aumkara*). When you go beyond *Param-atma* (*Trikuti*) you will gain admittance into *Sunn*.

26-30. Beyond *Sunn* you will have an account of *Mahasunn* and perceive a window (opening or aperture) on top of *Mahasunn*. Looking beyond the

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window, you will perceive a vast rectangular courtyard (*chauk*) which is of infinite dimensions (Rotating Cave), beyond which you will notice the gate of *Sattlok*. Its deity is called *Satt Purush*, *Sattnaam* and you will attain to it which is in your *nij*, original, eternal abode. This is the Way of which the saints have spoken and which they pointed out – I have spoken at length and kept nothing hidden or secret. Any *jiva* who is a slave of Vedas and is tied up with their *traigunatmak*²⁴⁹ realm will never be able to believe the saints' words and have faith in them.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. Anyone who has fallen into the thralldom of Vedas will continually be bitten by five *nagas* or cobras (lust, anger, greed, attachment and bewilderment, and *ahamkar* or hubris); birth after birth, he will remain in the dungeon of pain and suffering, and will ever be weeping and wailing. Those who do not bring to bear any faith in the words of *Satguru*, nor have they attended the company of saints, they will ever weep and beat their brains out (trying to find solution to their spiritual problem of finding liberation).

Kuwaar (September-October), the Fourth Month (32 Verses)

About the infatuation of the *jivas* with the pleasures of sensual objects and their obliviousness of their real descent (*kul*) from the abode of *Satt Purush*, and the manifestation of *Satt Purush* assuming the form of *Sant Satguru* for their deliverance and His teaching the Way of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.

1-5. The fourth month, *Kuwaar*²⁵⁰ (September-October) has started and the *jiva-surat* remains on this side of the ocean of matter and mind. It is unable to cross over to the other side (towards the higher spiritual spheres) and is not capable of cultivating love for *sadhs* and saints. She remains a thrall of worldly (camal) pleasures and remains smudged and bemired and distracted in sickness and sorrow (*rog-sog*), pains and pleasures. It does not take to *jnan*²⁵¹ (spiritual knowledge and wisdom), withdrawal from the impressions coming from the outer world and devotion, and continues to be consumed in the fire of bewilderment (*moh*), attachment (*raag*) and hubris. The *kuwaari surat*²⁵² indulges in adultery (*vyabhichaar*) and albeit a princess of *Satt Purush*, she loafs about with pedestrians and plebeians – the agents of base mind and senses.

6-10. She goes on loitering and lounging around the urges of lust and anger and has no inclination or intention to untie the knot of gross matter and primordial vital energy (*jada-chetan-ki-gaanth*). She neither cares to attend the *satsang* nor does she render any service to the *Satguru*, and does not devote herself to the cultivation of reverence and love for the *Satguru*. Swaying in the swing of the wheel of time (*kaal-chakra*), she continues to be pulled and pushed, jerked and jolted, alternatively between the high and the low.²⁵³

Her innumerable births have passed in swaying from the high and the low and vice versa; and in the jolts and jerks of Yama she goes on suffering from these vicious and vexatious vicissitudes (*fazeetey*). All the time she falls foul
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of Dharmaraj (Yama or the Lord of Death) who continues to degrade, dishonour and insult her (*khwaree*) so that she has to suffer unbearable tortures and torments in perdition.

11-13. She has thus loaded herself with the burden of karmas and the agents of *Kaal* go on to besiege her. Although she was the scion of the royal family of *Satt Purush*, a patrician, she goes on degrading and dishonouring herself in the company of plebeians and pedestrians (*pyaadey*: like lust, anger, greed etc.). She has put her pedigree (*gati*) to shame and has lost her caste (become an outcaste) and yet she has no feeling of disgrace and shame at her misconduct in her heart of hearts.

14-15. Her only concern is not to lose caste (lose her social position) with her base mind, forgetting all awareness and consciousness of her own pedigree and descent. Her pedigree and family is of the highest order, where none except for a saint can reach.

16-20. Shesh (the thousand-headed snake, the bed of Vishnu in the primeval ocean or *Ksheer Sagar*) and Mahesh and all have remained down below with Brahma and Transcendental Brahman lying between. Noticing this sad plight of the *surats*, the *Satt Purush* Himself felt slighted and ashamed (at the misconduct of His descendants) and He appeared in this phenomenal realm in the form of *Sant Satguru*. Assuming the form of a saint, He launched on His programme to instruct the *jiva-surats* and then transforming His discourses into boats He began to steer the boats across the ocean of Mind and Matter to the other side. But the *jiva surat* is ignorant (of His ways and mores) and does not comprehend the essential meaning of His discourses, and does not acquiesce to His instructions so that she falls again and again and sinks into the cesspool of error (going errant). She plunges headlong into the dismal and polluted waters of the ocean of Mind and Matter, diving deep into it and following the dictates of mind, dashes into *chaurasi*.

21-25. The saints prescribe the ways of truth (the way to make it to *Sattlok*) but these *jiva-surats* bring to bear no trust and faith in them. Without reposing faith in them, they cannot accept their ways and tread the path to *Sattlok*; going errant (from the right path) they drift into *chaurasi*. From the vicious circle of *chaurasi*, it is only the saints who can rescue them, but their commandments and prescriptions do not stick in their minds. They therefore continue to wear the diverse colours of mind (become close to the ways of mind) and under the sway of mind wander about multi-coloured (with unpredictable behaviour and inconsistent conduct); they refuse to pick up the right ways and the straight path, for they are indeed crooks (curved and hooked, refusing to bend and assume a straight posture). They refuse to learn the

ways of *sadhs* and saints albeit they ever taste the bland, dull and insipid sap of this sensual realm, and suffer lot of pains and afflictions.

26-30. All the saps (pleasures) of this sensual, outer realm are dull and tasteless; they refuse to entertain the thought of taking to the sap of the inner realm, which are infinitely tasty and delicious. The *svati* rain (which the pearl

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oysters keenly await) falls within but she can taste it and can be refreshed and fully satisfied, if she gets in and becomes engrossed in (*Surat-Shabd-Yoga*). If she comes into close contact with the sound of *Sunn* (*Rarang*, fiddle and *sarangi*) she can sight the full moon (called the full moon, *Pooran Maasi*, full moon day of *Kuwaar* month). When she picks up the pearls from *Mansarovar* (spiritual reservoir of *Sunn*), she will indeed enjoy the bliss to which the *hamsas* (purified spirits) of *Sunn* (city of *hamsas*) are entitled. If she takes care of the saints' discourses and comprehends them, she will make it to *Triveni* (the three currents from *Purush*, *Prakriti* and *Akshar Purush* – vide *Discourses on Radhasoami Faith* by Maharaj Saheb, ed. 1989, op.cit., pp. 162-63) and will become fulfilled, satisfied and happy.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. Thus becoming spiritually equipped and satisfied, she will be able to perceive the beauty of all that there is in *Sunn*, and will hear the lovely sounds of fiddle; hearing this, she will become exhilarated, and will begin to look for the eternal, original post (sphere, *Adi Pada*). She will gain access to that Eternal Abode by the grace and compassion of the *Satguru*; she becomes so ecstatic and absorbed (in *samadh*-like trance) that she is just unable to speak of its sweep, extent and its sweet disposition (*gati*, *mati*).

Kartik (October-November), the Fifth Month (32 Verses)

The description of the lotuses inside the human body and the greatness and eminence of *Sant Mat*.

1-5. The fifth month of *Kartik* (October-November) has commenced; *surat* and *shabd*, and the guru and disciple have now met (i.e. *surat* or disciple has gained access to *shabd* as the guru). Looking closely into the mystery of this corporeal frame, I now deal with the arrangement and dispensation of the lotuses, of which twelve (*dwadas*) are within the body. The first lotus is in the anus which is the abode of Ganesh²⁵⁴ (son of Shiva, the Destroyer); the second lotus is at the genitals where Brahma (the Procreator) abides. The third lotus sheds light at the navel (the seat of Vishnu, the Sustainer); the fourth abides in the solar plexus,²⁵⁵ the seat of Shiva-*Shakti*. The fifth lotus, called as the lotus of *atma*, is in the throat (which regulates respiration), and that of *Paramatma*, the sixth is in the Third *Til*.

6-10. The seventh lotus is the abode of *Kaal* or *Kaal-Niranjan* where *Jyoti* (flame) and *Niranjan* (*Ishwar*) have pitched their tent. The eighth lotus is in *Trikuti* (Region of Three Prominences) where Brahman, shining as the

Rising Sun, abides. The ninth lotus is in the tenth aperture (*Sunn*) where Transcendental Brahman (*Akshar Purush*) lives, away and apart and distinct from all others. In the *Mahasunn* one finds the tenth lotus which is called as *achinta* (that takes away all worries of the seeker). The eleventh lotus is in the Rotating Cave, and the twelfth is inside the *Sattlok*.

11-15. The first six are called ganglions (anus, sex organ, navel, solar plexus, throat and the Third *Til*) and they look after and embellish the *Pind*
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Desh; and the next three, called as lotuses, comprise the warp and woof of *Brahmand*. The remaining three lotuses above the *Brahmand* (viz. *Mahasunn*, Rotating Cave and *Sattlok*) are not dealt with by anyone save the saints. Again, those who remain confined to the first six ganglions remain seated as yogis; the *yogeshwars* reside in the lotuses from *Sahasdal Kanwal* up to *Sunn*. This is the extent and scope of the two grand divisions – *Pind* and *Brahmand*; this is the limit of the view and vision of the yogis and Brahman *jnanis*. Nobody knows the mystery and the secret of the next three lotuses (*Mahasunn*, Rotating Cave and *Satt Desh*); they are disclosed and dealt with only by the saints.

16-20. Some (i.e. yogis) remained confined up to the sixth ganglion; the Brahman *jnanis* up to the ninth (i.e. up to *Sunn*); all the pre-*Sant Mat* religions of the world remained tied up with that sphere, reaching the end of their tether. It is only the *Sant Mat* which talks of the realm beyond *Sunn* and thus it is the most exalted and most sublime religion, noblest of them all; it is only the rarest of the rare who are roused by the grace of the saints in order to reach there. One who makes it to the 12th lotus (*Satt Desh*), he alone can be called an omniscient saint (*sant su-jaan*). As it is, the *Sant Mat* is the tallest, the highest and most exalted of all; anyone who comprehends it and adheres to it will alone make it to the Ultimate Abode. And how can I admire and adulate one who reaches there? Indeed all the other religions and faiths stand below and come under the *Sant Mat*.

21-25. And if you, for any reason, do not believe it and don't trust what is stated above, look closely into the writings and discourses of Kabir²⁵⁶ and Nanak.²⁵⁷ The *Sant Mat* is the same as advocated by Tulsi Saheb²⁵⁸ of Hathras, and Paltu²⁵⁹ and Jag Jivan.²⁶⁰ I cite these cases as testimony in support of what is stated above; their writings and discourses are the most authentic evidence in support of these affirmations. All of them did talk of yoga and Brahman *jnan*, but on top, they kept the *Sant Mat* rating it as the most exalted and most sublime. O Brother! Neither the yogis nor the Vedantists have brought to bear any faith or trust in the *Sant Mat*.

26-30. Neither the Vedas nor other scriptures like the Koran or Bible (The Book) have succeeded in attaining to that status (of the *Sant Mat*); they all halted and stopped on the way, becoming tired and exhausted. As it is, time and again I am explaining the truth in order to bring your mind to the view that *Sant Mat* is the highest, the tallest, the most sublime and the most exalted. Fie anyone who fails to be convinced of this truth; for then it is evident that his reasoning, understanding and intellection have been gobbled up (sna-tched) by

Kaal. How can such witless fellows ever know anything about the *Sant Mat*? They treat glass beads (yoga and Vedanta) on a par with jewels and gems (*Sant Mat*)! Please don't bring *Sant Mat* into the open before them; you can wink at them (i.e. you can give some hints and clues) and then take to silence.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. The *Sant Mat* is the most sublime of all, know this as the definite truth. Treat both the Sufis²⁶¹ and the Vedantists as below them. The saints

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ever celebrate *Diwali* in the middle of *Sattlok* (of which the other religions have no inkling); all other religions are emanations from *Kaal* only to kick up dust (cause trouble and make fuss).²⁶²

Aghan (November-December), the Sixth Month (32 Verses)

The majesty of the *Satguru* and the way of attending the *satsang* and mode of *bhakti* (devotion), and ascension of the *surat* to *Sattlok* by His grace and mercy.

[Note: The underlying idea of these verses is that the sixth month represents the middle point of the span of one's life. The middle point means the middle way (i.e. of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) through which the *surat* runs through the *sushumana* or *sukhmana* artery – the middle artery from the sixth ganglion to the ultimate Radhasoami Abode.

Secondly, the middle point symbolises the middleness of the human form – between the subhuman species, on the one hand, and the superhuman species, on the other. The former and the latter are both the time for suffering or enjoying the bad or good results of one's action (i.e. they are *bhog yonis*) while the middle or human form is the Kurukshetra, the field of action. This is because in man's body all the apertures, i.e. all the ganglia (*Pind*), all the *kanwals* (*Brahmand*) and all the *padams* (*Sattlok*) exist and by practice they can be made kinetic.

Thirdly, the 'middleness' of *Aghan* month also points to the appearance or manifestation of the *Satguru* for the redemption of the *jivas* here, if only they develop ardent love for Him, follow His teachings and instructions, attend the *satsang*, render devout service to Him by body, mind, wealth and spirit, assiduously practice the *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, and take resort to the Great Name as revealed by the *Satguru*.

And, finally, the 'middleness' of *Aghan* points to the fact that while the earlier part of the span of creation is spent in expansion through *karmas* good, bad and indifferent, the 'middleness' stands for the withdrawal and decline of Mind and Matter, so that it is now time for the *surats* to become roused and to seek to wriggle out of the dragnet of *Kaal* and *Maya* by redeeming themselves through payment of their debt through the grace and mercy of the *Satguru*. Once all the earlier *karmas* are exhausted and the debt of *Kaal* and *Maya* is paid off, the *surats* will only have to deal with the *shesh*

(balance) karmas which will get exhausted faster and quicker than the earlier or basic, seminal karmas.

The *surats* then will take to the shelter, protection and sanctuary of the *Satguru* and that will mean the fast reduction of their debt, faith and impurities (*agh*) they have gathered since their advent in *Pind*; their sins will become mutilated and drastically reduced, and they will get fully prepared to leave this alien land of *Kaal* and *Maya* and make a determined bid to go back home – their ultimate abode in *Satt Desh* whence they descended.

The mainstay and the basic principles of this journey back home will com-

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prise (i) true love or *anurag* for and devotion to *Sant Satguru*; (ii) adherence to Great Name; (iii) attendance of true *satsang*, both inward and outward; (iv) sincere service to the guru; (v) readiness to leave this alien land for good; (vi) practising withdrawal or *vairag* by spending out all the forces of *raag* or bondages with this phenomenal realm; (vii) readiness for the process of correction or hammering or *garhat*; (viii) cultivation of *deenta* or humility; (ix) total reliance on *Satguru* and acquiescence (*razamandi*) to His will (*raza*); and (x) giving up all earlier values and deities and clinging only to Radhasoami Name.

The reader is advised to refer to the *Discourses of Babuji Maharaj*, Volume IV, Discourse 591, dated 17th January, 1932; *ibid.*, Discourse 102, dated 18th June, 1932; Volume II, Discourses 89 and 90, dated 13th and 14th December, 1936; and Volume I, Discourse 15, dated 25th March, 1938; for fuller understanding of these verses.]

1. The sixth month of *Aghan* (the central point in spiritual journey back home) has arrived so that (with the manifestation of the perfect *Satguru*) the stock of sins and transgressions has begun to dwindle and the impurities of the *surat* have touched a low point.

2-5. The mind now becomes purified and elutriated and attention, steady and firm; lust and anger have lost their sting and vigour and all the efforts of the sensory and motor organs to fall foul with the *jivas* have become aborted and failed to come good. Leaving this earth (i.e. the six ganglions of the body or *dharan*) the *surat* has soared to the Third *Til* (the opening of the *Adhar* or Timeless and Spaceless spheres above), and gaining access to the *shabd*, it flies up to *Mahakash* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Trikuti* and *Sunn*). It now continually enjoys the bliss of the company of the Word, and witnesses the marvellous and pure *tamasha* (spiritual entertainment in the company of the Word and the Guru). Leaving ‘this’ (corporeal) abode behind, the *surat* now grasps firmly that (spiritual, transcendental) abode. So to say, by losing (abandoning) this phenomenal realm, she has gained the *Satguru* (who issues the passport and visa for the Ultimate Abode).

6-10. Since the time she took to the shelter and the sanctuary of the *Satguru*, she has begun to discern the sound of *Sattnaam* inside of her. Hail the *Satguru* and hail His congregation, for it is by His charisma and compassion

that I have been able to attain to this rank (*gati*). By continually attending the *satsang* (both inner and outer) my spiritual mission (*kaaraj*) has been accomplished; all my sins, lapses and transgressions have been annihilated as though I have consumed the poisonous seeds of thorn apple (*dhatoora*) which annihilates all the healthy, living cells of the body. In sum, both my deleterious as well as meritorious deeds have now become extinct (for the permanent headspring of these actions has now gone dry) and in my heart of hearts, the feeling of devotion and dedication (*bhakti*) has become firmly embedded. Now this *surat* of mine is ideally situated to gain access to the full fruits of *satsang*, and becomes wrapped up in the feet of the guru.²⁶³

11-15. Now, the *surat* becomes a slave of the *Satguru*'s feet and drinks
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the water in which His feet are washed; she lives upon the leavings of the *Satguru* (i.e. she sustains herself on the nutritious diet of guru's grace). She catches the glimpses of the guru ever and anon, and then listens carefully to His discourses, and thus hearing them again and again, she deeply meditates and reflects on them. By pondering deeply over them she sorts out and takes out their real core and substance (*sar*) and taking that quintessence, she makes it her daily diet. Feeding herself on that core, she becomes morally and spiritually strong and stout and exterminates all sense of shame or humiliation in relation to this material realm (i.e. she rises over and above the considerations of what the world will think of her becoming a thrall of the *Satguru*). The truth indeed is that devotion to the guru is the pure and ardent love (*ishq*) for the guru; it penetrates the heart of one's hearts and then it becomes firmly embedded in the folds of *surat*.

16-20. As the ardent love (*ishq*) of the seeker becomes seasoned, and fully conditioned inside, it firmly establishes its post (*thana*) inside and becomes, as it were, passioned (*diwana*) and overpowered by it so that the form of the guru now looks to him so fascinating, charming and dear as a charming husband looks to a nymphomaniac wife and as the current of water to the fish. This is the way one ought to take to *satsang* and this sort of love and attraction for the *Satguru* is the right fruit of *satsang*. If, on the contrary, one sings of the glory of *satsang* externally, by word of mouth only, one may go on attending *satsang* in this (formal) sense daily, all the time, but he will not derive any worthwhile results from it. Indeed, the *satsang* is of capital importance and significance if only one attends it in proper spirit, devotion, and love and if one has the necessary credentials and entitlement for it.

21-24. In the absence of requisite credentials and fitness, if one continues daily to walk to the *satsang* hall and formally attend the *satsang*, the results of *satsang* will not be appreciable and will not appear to be evident for all to see. One may keep on going to the *satsang* and sit in front of the *Satguru*, but if he is not overwhelmed and fascinated by His glimpses nor does he grasp the core and the essence of the words He speaks there, then he will naturally remain unaffected by *satsang*. In such a situation what will the *satsang* and *Satguru* really do (to help him or improve spiritually) and how can

such fellows go across the perilous, tumultuous waters of the ocean of mind and matter? They only remain in the *satsang* as do the stones in it, looking wet and seeming to have been affected by the water; but as the stones don't get dissolved in water and become absorbed in it, likewise they do not mix up in the *satsang* as does candy becomes absorbed and dissolved in water.

25-26. It is only when the seeker attends the outer *satsang* properly (in the wise of candy in water) and when to him none appears to be as lovely as the *Satguru*, that he will be able to take to the inner *satsang* (recitation, contemplation and meditation) in the right way; in that case, his *surat* will ascend to the entrance to the higher spheres (sixth ganglion) and cry for the Lord.

27-30. Then of course he will hear the sound from *Arsh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*)

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– the sound of bell and conch-shell of *Niranjan* and the thunder of clouds in *Gagan* (*Trikuti*); he will then occupy the chair in *Arsh-i-Bareen* (Elysium – place or state of perfect bliss) and become exhilarated. Leaving behind the realm of *Nasoot* (the three top corporeal ganglia, namely, the solar plexus, throat and Third *Til*), *Malkoot* (*Und Desh*, the spheres of Shiva, Brahma and Vishnu – *Alam-I-Arwah*) and *Jabroot* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*), the *surat* then goes across to the Spaceless and Timeless Spheres of *Trikuti* (*Lahoot*).²⁶⁴ The *surat* then opens the gate of *Hahoot* (*Sunn* – see my translation and commentary of *Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Prose, Part I, op.cit., para 13) and from there she calls on the *Hootal Hoot* (Rotating Cave) and *Hoot* (*Sattlok*). The *Hoot* or *Sattlok* is the last stage for *faqirs* (saints) whose essence of *surat* circumambulates around *Satt Purush*.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. The *surat* perceived *Trikuti*, the sphere of *Allahoo* and then *Ha* (*Hahoot*) or *Sunn*; in the Rotating Cave she gained access to *Anahoo* or *Sohang*, the sound of the Rotating Cave. Ascending to *Sattlok*, she heard the sounds of *Haq Haq* and *Sattnaam* or *Satt Satt*. The saints are the same as *faqirs* and so they heard the sounds in the languages with which they are familiar (*Haq* in Arabic and *Satt* in Sanskrit; *Anahoo* in Arabic and *Sohang* in Sanskrit). But these sounds, although different in hearing, represent the one single spiritual sphere: *Bhanwar Gupha* or *Hootal Hoot* and *Sattlok* or *Hoot*.

Poos (December-January), the Seventh Month (34 Verses)

Description of the form of *surat* and *shabd* and the instruction (*up-desh*) about devotion to *Satguru* and *Satsang*, which are the principal means of obtaining grace and mercy (of the Absolute Lord)

1-5. The month of *Poos* (December-January) is exceedingly cold (and people keep the fire alive to warm themselves); the bundles of *karams* and *bharams* (rituals and rites and delusions and illusions) are burnt to ashes in the fire like dry straws. As the heap of ashes swells, they get blown up straight-away by the strong gusts of wind of selfless love (*prem*). The freezing attach-

ments and bewilderment which overcast the mind is overcome by the hot rays of the sun of *vivek* (discrimination between the permanent and the passing or ephemeral). By *surat*'s circumambulation around the *Satguru*, the devotion to and love for the *Satguru* is roused and the *surat* becomes an ardent lover of the unstruck melody. As it is, the affliction of infatuation for sensual pleasures is driven out, and the *surat* now enthusiastically resorts to unalloyed lovesickness, and *vairag* (withdrawal from the external objects of pleasure).

6-10. The guru has recommended the Easy Yoga, namely *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. The *surat*, although it has become quite subtle (shedding all its coverings and coats of mind and matter), it is unable to perceive the *shabd* that is even subtler; it is only after leaving *Trikuti*, the abode of Mind, that it comes into intimate contact with the *shabd*. Reaching the top of *Sunn*, across the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) the form of *surat* becomes extremely subtle and she settles

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there. The form of the *surat* there becomes so fascinating that it cannot be perceived; it can only be experienced by intuition; nobody can speak about it without inner experience. It is only by experience that it can be comprehended; and experience cannot be gained without hearing the *shabd*.

11-15. The real form of both the *surat* and the *shabd* is experience, but O seeker, that is something beyond your reach, for you are sunk in the well of delusions and illusions (that will prevent you from acquiring experience)! Engage yourself actively in endeavouring to lift your *surat* so that she may hear the *shabd* and acquire 'experience' (*anubhav*), without which none can comprehend Reality and the core of *surat*. Both *surat* and *shabd* are inestimable and beyond the gamut of comprehension; it is only those who have ascended to *Sunn* that can evaluate and estimate what *surat* is. As it is, the guru has stressed 'endeavour' and 'effort' (*karni*) but in order to make earnest effort, take the grace and mercy of the guru along with you as your inseparable companion.

16-20. The current position therefore is that it is guru's kindness and compassion that can induce one to make earnest endeavour and worthwhile effort; and earnest endeavour and effort, in turn, reinforce and induce the kindness and grace of the guru. So to say, both endeavour (of the seeker) and grace (of the guru) go well together; going hand in hand with each other, the *surat* soars higher and higher and reaps the full fruit. But such a combination (of endeavour and grace) occurs only by His will and disposition (*mauj* and not by seeker's design or effort), and there is no way one can induce His *mauj* in his favour. All concerned have made the fullest exertion and every possible endeavour and have only become exhausted and tired (gaining nothing); what can these poor and helpless souls do unaided by His *mauj*? I can however think of only one way out of this dilemma (of *mauj* versus endeavour), and it has found itself a little space on my attention. And it is this.

21-23. Whenever a saint manifests himself in this phenomenal realm, the seeker constantly on the lookout for him ought to go there and get close to him. Reaching him, he should engage himself in His service and catch his glimpses, dance attendance on him and fall at his feet. Ever and anon, they

(the seekers) must attend him solicitously, even obsequiously, and become meek and humble and become, so to say, absorbed in him.

24-25. But this is something fortuitous, happening by lucky chance, unplanned or accidental; it is something very subtle and recondite to understand and even more difficult to practice. It is because the saints deliberately desire to be slandered and calumniated. It is slander and calumny which they employ as the watchman who can stop any unwanted and unqualified person from getting admittance into their court.

26-30. It will be indeed a rare, loving *jiva* who will not mind slander and calumny and will disregard it as absolutely inconsequential, holding that this calumny is only a stratagem employed by the saint to distinguish the chaff from kernel, the husk from seed. Thus, in whatever way he tries to persuade his refractory mind to keep to the right track and somehow or the other he
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comes face to face with the saint. For anyone who is so strong and firm in his resolve (for getting himself liberated) the saints turn favourable and become inclined towards him and turn their *mauj*²⁶⁵ kinetic. The *mauj* of saints then nobody can stop or avert, and even *Ishwar*²⁶⁶ and *Parmeshwar*²⁶⁷ would fail in their attempt to thwart that *mauj*.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-34. Who is that powerful a being who can annihilate the seed that saints in their grace sow in the earth-like heart of a *jiva*? After a while that seed is bound to sprout and turn into a sapling and whenever the saints descend on the earth that sapling will always remain in their company (*satsang*). He Himself will irrigate His plant (his disciple) and in course of time that sapling would grow into a huge tree bearing extremely sweet fruits which he and his other friends would enjoy by the grace of the guru. He (that disciple) has fully accomplished his mission, and he ever keeps glued to the dust of the guru's feet which he has gathered and embedded in his heart. It is only when he has pulverised his base mind that his higher mind comes into its own and becomes bold and valiant, and light (of the Lord) became radiant and the unstruck melody of kettledrum and tabor became resonant in his heart of hearts.

Maagh (January-February), the Eighth Month (32 Verses)

Description of the play and bliss at various intervening stages (in the spiritual journey) and of the Way within.

1-5. The month of *Maagh* is full of juice and sweet sap; the body turns into a verdurous forest and the mind inside the body becomes a blooming rose-garden. (This is the time when the *Satguru* is about to launch his *satsang* and the entire atmosphere becomes radiant and animated.) In every orchard (congregation) there are blossoming flower-beds and in every garden streams and canals are flowing. The flower-beds symbolise patience, perseverance, compassion and noble conduct, and saplings are emblems of devotion to the guru and unselfish, ardent love. I have seen such spectacles inside of me and my

garden-like mind irrigates and waters these flower-beds and saplings with great zest and verve. Before my eyes my *surat* notices every moment flowers of five colours (colours of five *tattvas*: blue of ether, red of fire, green of air, white of water, and yellow of earth) and she sways in the swing of the Third *Til*.

6-10. From the site of the Third *Til*, the yellow colour of earth looks different and unique; it is emblematic of the season of *Basant*²⁶⁸ (January-February) in which yellow flowers bloom all around seeing which the mind becomes exhilarated. The glimpses of the radiant flower and the rolling clouds, the drizzling of the rain of ambrosia present a wondrous scenario. In *Sahasdal Kanwal* the sight of a thousand currents²⁶⁹ is marvellous and it raises exciting surges (*tarang*) in mind which now ascends to its own mansion and returns to the sphere of *Gagan* (where it abides). There (in *Trikuti*) there is a flag which is peculiar and *sui generis*, for there sounds looking like the guru (*shabd guru*) are ringing as if flower-beds are blooming.

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11-15. There, the basic Name (*Aumkara*), which is the root of all the creation of *Brahmand*, *Und* and *Pind*, and its resonance (*dhun*) which operates in its branches that represent the *traigunatmak* flower-bed or creation – all this play of divine forces I witnessed within myself; how can I speak of the majesty and the grandeur of the (basic) *Naam*? The extent to which *sagun naam* (the Name with attributes and qualities) and the *sagun roop* (*Ishwar*, determined and conditioned by the three qualities: *satt*, *rajasa*, and *tamas*) spread, to that extent, the range of mind extends. The *surat* then moves upward and penetrates the *sushumana* artery or current where it witnesses the *nij mana*, the subtle form of mind beyond which it perceived the *nirgun Brahman* (the attributeless Brahman).

16-21. Earlier, the *surat* had noticed ‘that’ *sagun Brahman* (in *Sahasdal Kanwal*) and now she has perceived ‘this’ *nirgun Brahman* (in *Trikuti*) and she saw them as two separate and distinct zones.²⁷⁰ Now, I deal with the next stage of the Way; the *surat* now enters the passage known as the *Gandharva Artery* (that leads to Indra’s heaven where *gandharvas* abide). Abandoning the serpentine artery on the left, and rousing the right artery which is hazy (*dhundhali*), the *surat* goes up and shuts the mouth of *Kaal* and then mutilated and subdued the valley of eighty-eight.²⁷¹ Near the portal of that valley of eighty-four, the *surat* witnesses a pair of lions on each side of the portal, and close to this gate, the *surat* noticed a window which is covered by a white, graceful, lotus-like screen through which the *surat* can perceive the lake of *Sunn* (*Mansarovar*, the reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*) which is the storehouse of sounds resonating from separate isle-like formations all of which are the sounds of *ragas* like *kajri* or *kajli* and *chhajli*.

22-25. Peeping into the source of *ragas*, the *surat* witnesses the dark ocean (of *Mahasunn*) presided over by ‘Naagar’ (the Lord of the City, *Mahakaal*), where Kuram (an avatar of Vishnu), Shesh (the thousand-headed snake on which Vishnu sleeps in the primeval ocean) and the *Akshar Purush* (deity of *Sunn*) became exhausted and could not gain access to this mystery.

There (in *Mahasunn*) there is a deep turmoil and island-like apertures (*jhan-kis*). There the *surat* had to stop as the way ahead was rather imperceptible; it appeared that the gate was closed by a barrier. (With the help of the *Satguru*) the *surat* mounted a short stool smelling of sandalwood and removed the barrier and sighted a cluster of *surats*. It appeared that these *surats* abided in fascinating islands, living there happily according to their lights (flashes of lightning) and relaxed at the sight of headsprings and streams.

26-30. The *surat* witnessed there lakes full of water as blue and clean as the colour of sapphires out of which gems and jewels were coming out as if out of water taps; there the *Mahakaal*²⁷² had laid its dragnet. The *surat*, then, turned towards a rounded valley (*Kankan Ghat*) and ripped up *Kaal*'s dragnet. From there the *surat* sighted white terracota and red terra firma and a valuable cantonment of *hamsas* living in bliss. Then the track came to view that leads via the Rotating Cave, *Sattlok*, *Alakh* and *Agam* spheres, to the Eternal Abode, where Radhasoami sits as if in a pure islet. This is the City of
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Flowers (*Pushp Nagar*), the Eternal, the Perennial and Immortal Sphere (*Amrit Dhaam*), where the *hamsas* (purified spirits) rest in repose.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. The seat of Soami is marvellous which Radha (the *Adi Surat*) alone can perceive. None can have a look at it, for its splendour and radiance is unfathomable and innumerable. It is an abode where Radhasoami Name has assumed a mysterious form (*gupt roop*) so that without His grace and compassion, nobody can rest there in repose.

Phaagun (February-March), the Ninth Month (32 Verses)

Descent of *surat* in the middle of the nine apertures* and getting close to mind and sensory and motor organs and becoming entangled in sensual pleasures. The manifestation of the compassionate *Satt Purush* in the form of *Sant Satguru* and the return of the *surat* to her own Eternal Abode through the practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. The description of the secret of the Path and the intervening stages on the journey homeward.

* The nine apertures are: anus, reproductive organ, mouth, 2 of the nose, 2 ears, 2 eyes.

1-5. *Phalgun* (or *Phaagun*) – the month of colours – has arrived; it induces a great deal of tumult and turmoil, pomp and show (*dhoom-dhaam*) all over the phenomenal world. It brings about displays of music and musical instruments like cymbal²⁷³ (*jhanjh*), kettledrum and tambourine. O Seeker! This human body (you have been gifted with now) is like the month of *Phalgun* when *surat* has come down as the companion of mind and matter (*Kaal* and *Maya* who begged the *Satt Purush* for the gift of *surats* to launch their own creation) to enjoy the bliss here (and to shed off the layers of *Kaal* and *Maya*, which covered her in *Satt Desh* and made it unconscious rendering it unable to enjoy the bliss there). The *surat*, so to say, has come here to play *phaag* (*Holi*) with

mind and sensory organs so that it has forgotten ‘that’ abode (*Satt Desh*) of hers (i.e. it has gone to sleep on her origin) and has become quite awake and alive towards ‘this’, the sphere of body and mind. Having come to this phenomenal realm, it has become united with the urges and pulls and pressures of *Kaal* and Maya and has become afflicted with the sense of shame and considerations of regard and disregard for this world and of adherence or non-adherence to traditions, norms and customs of the family in which it is born.

6-7. It has, so to say, become tied up in bondages with sensual pleasures which have become for her like chronic diseases, and also with family, wife and children; she plays *phaag*²⁷⁴ with them and celebrates *Holi*. In all this, however, she has reduced herself to the degraded level of dust which blows with every gust of wind and wastes herself in straining the dust (i.e. in making strenuous exertions without making any worthwhile gain); what is more, in involving herself in acts meritorious and deleterious, she has lost her purity and has become splodged, besmirched, polluted and unholy.

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8-10. In the company of desires, cravings and longings as well as pulls and pressures of three *gunas*, she (the *surat*) has become dirty and contaminated; she has worn the colours of carnal desires (identifying herself with sensual pleasures). In the result, she has to suffer from the tortures and torments of *chaurasi* and has to be condemned to live in the domain of *Kaal* where she has to bear untold sufferings, anguish and agony. She became entangled in the net of expectations (*aas*) and frustrations (*traas*); seeing this plight of *surat*, Maya (Madam Bubble) laughs up her sleeve (feeling self-satisfied).

11-15. Laughingly, Maya has spread her net and she was laughing up her sleeve as she was satisfied that the *surat* of the *jiva* has now no way to escape her dragnet. It was then that the saints took pity and descended from *Sattlok* (to rescue the *jiva-surat* from Maya’s dragnet). Somehow or other, they extricated the *surat* from the vicious circle of *chaurasi* and once again vest them in the human form. By virtue of the charisma and grace of their feet, the *surat* got into the shelter and sanctuary of the saint and then the *Satguru* explained to her all about her lapses and errors and got her back to the right track saying: ‘O *Surat*! You have once again got into the human form, i.e. this season of *Phalgun* has been restored to you once again; now play sensibly and with your ears and eyes open.’

16-20. In reply, the *surat* asked a question: ‘O Soami! Please hear me. Tell me how to play *Holi* in *Phalgun* for you are the full knower of the inner realm.’ Replying to her question, the *Satguru* gave out the secret to her – that is he pointed to the *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. Now, equipped with this esoteric knowledge, the *surat* went ahead to play *Holi*, and having embellished her (with amity, forgiveness, contentment, faith, humility, *sharan*, hope, charity, prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance and surrender to *Satguru*), the *surat* sat down in the palanquin (*doli*)²⁷⁵ of Sound (*shabd*). She wore the colours of lovesickness, unselfish, ardent love for the *Satguru* (i.e. got very close to him); taking the higher mind with her, she parted company with the body

(i.e. gave up all physical pleasures). First she played *Holi* with the Sound in the form of the guru, and rising to the courtyard of *Gagan (Trikuti)*, she firmly settled in *Trikuti*.

21-25. For quite some days, she played *Holi* in *Trikuti*, and cultivated intimacy with *Aumkara*. The *surat* then gained access to the red powder (the redness of the rising sun in *Trikuti*) and she became red-faced, blushed with love and lovesickness; thereafter, the *Satguru* made her hear the Word of *Sunn (Rarankar)*. Moving ahead, she flew up higher and now she refused to look back or downward (continued to ascend upward). Thus flying up and soaring, she reached the *Sattlok* and now implored the *Satt Purush* to give her the presents and gifts given to all during the *Holi* festival (*Phalgun*). It is in this wise that she returned whence she had descended and coming into her own (i.e. fulfilling her potential) became wrapped up with her original, eternal home.

26-30. Now, the *surat* plays *Holi* with water coloured by all the colours: blue (ether), red (fire), green (wind), white (water) and yellow (earth) and with

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all their possible combinations (thus subduing the play of all the *tattvas*); whatever had to happen to her, has now happened (i.e. she has fulfilled her potential). She now abandoned *Pind* (corporeal sphere) as also *Und* (the sphere of the three lower subdivisions of *Brahmand*), and then she traversed all the other subdivisions of *Brahmand* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Trikuti* and *Sunn*). Eventually, she settled down in her own original, eternal abode and drank the sweet sap of the harp from which emanates *Satt Shabd* incessantly. Now, the *surat* assumed the real form of *hamsa* (purified spirit), feeling relieved at her liberation from the tentacles of the human form in the company of Maya and Mind, in which she remained enmeshed for quite some time. She now broke the ribs of *Kaal Niranjan* (Universal Mind or Brahman) and became a permanent adjunct and appendage of *Satt Purush* like his neck band.

Distich (Doha)

31-32. When the *surat* descends into the human body, she begins to identify herself with it (and gets entangled with the interplay of five *tattvas* and three *gunas*); however when she returns and flies up back to *Sunn* (the Sphere of Spirit) she becomes transmuted into a *hamsa* for everyone to see and recognise. The (real) form of the *surat* is simply marvellous and ineffable; it is only when she treats the human body as mythical (false, fake, fleeting and unreal) and abandons it as useless, that she becomes transmuted into *Satt roop* or her true and genuine form.

Chait (March-April), the Tenth Month (32 Verses)

Description of the mystery and secret of the Way and the intervening stages.

1-5. The month of *Chait* (March-April) has arrived and it symbolises the *jiva*'s awakening and becoming roused, ready to stir its stumps (and get across the ocean of phenomenal existence); for this purpose, the *Satguru* has constructed a bridge to enable the *jivas* to easily cross that ocean. Those *jivas* that were on 'this' side of the ocean (i.e. on the side of Mind and Matter) were, in particular, roused and stirred, and they were induced by the *Satguru* to go across and reach 'that' side (the side of *surat*). This ocean of mind and matter is extremely deep, cunning, crafty, devious and treacherous, but the perfect *Satguru* has successfully made the *jivas* patient, determined and has lent perseverance and fortitude, so that they may not be scared. He has enabled the *jivas* to pay off the debt of *Kaal* and *Maya* (mind and body) in the form of taxes (*jagat*) and got themselves redeemed, and thus making them light he grasps their hand and takes them ashore. He has enabled the *surat* to fly up, the *surat* that was adrift in the swift currents flowing from the headsprings of nine gates (two ears, two eyes, two nostrils, mouth, the sex organ and the anus).

6-10. Reaching *Gagan* (heavenly sphere) the *surat* takes the *shabd* in her grip, and perceives the form of the flame that is simply magnificent and magnificent (*ati bharee*). She beholds the flame and then perceives the stars (twinkling and shining) and opens the gate of the Crooked Tunnel. Meanwhile she hears

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the sound of conch-shell and the reverberations of *Aumkara*²⁷⁶ and she perceived the plane of *shabd* guru (the guru in the form of *shabd* or sound). As the *surat* gets away from the mind, she now becomes roused and stirred, and climbing up to *Trikuti* she notices the inner image or form of the guru. Now the guru (*Satguru*) joined with the disciple (*surat*) moves ahead and the *surat* now takes on the word of *Mansarovar* (*Sunn*, i.e. *Rarankar*).

11-17. She now makes friends with *hamsas* (purified *surats*), and becomes a darling of all of them. For a few days she lives in the city of *Sunn*, and then rising up, she penetrates into the higher spheres. Ahead, there is the vast city of *Mahasunn*, of infinite dimensions;²⁷⁷ what shall I say about its vast expanse which is simply astonishing. One comes across there fine sounds which are exceedingly subtle and recondite so that none except for a saint can decipher and comprehend them. On the right there is the *Achint* Island (where the denizens are free from worries) and, on the left, there is the *Santosh* Island (where the denizens are contented); then there are two other isles, one of which is the *Sahaj* Island (where the denizens practice Easy Yoga), and the other one is simply great and grand, albeit nameless. Near the *Santosh* Island there is a very peculiar and strange stream (*jharna*, i.e. fountain) of which the *surat* can get a clue with the aid of *nirat*.

18-20. Noticing that clue, the *surat* gets on to the middle and then gains admittance into the lane of the Rotating Cave. Beyond this, there is a huge *maidaan* on view – the *Sattlok* – of which is the deity is the Ancient Lord, *Satt Purush*.²⁷⁸ The *surat* now gets into her own original eternal abode (*pada*) and meets the *Satt Purush*, the Ancient Lord, and viewing a lane, she moves ahead.

21-25. Then the *surat* goes to the Invisible Sphere and halts there; thereafter she goes on to the Inaccessible Sphere where she pitches her tent. What shall I say about the sheen and splendour of that sphere – millions and billions of moons and suns feel ashamed at their inferiority in relation to the shine, radiance, lustre and light of that sphere. After that, the *surat* proceeds to the sphere of the Nameless (*Anami Radhasoami*) where the saints rest in repose. Thus having been roused by the *Sant Satguru* from its agelong inertia and somnolence, the *surat* achieved the state of complete absorption and concentration (*bismadhi*), for here there is neither speech (*bani*), nor *naad* (sound). It has neither beginning, nor end (it is *causa causans*, uncaused cause, and endless and eternal); it is infinite and *apaar* (having no limits and boundaries in time, space, extent or magnitude; it is immeasurable, all embracing, absolute and total); it is indeed the original and ultimate court of the saints.

26-30. All those who are called saints, descend from that sphere in order to rouse and wake up the *jivas* from their state of deep slumber and ignorance in the domain of *Kaal* (Universal Mind). Whosoever is roused and wakes up at the call of the saints, they are instructed by them in the mode of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* and through its practice they are retrieved and fetched back again to whence they came. The *jivas* who become wide awake and acquiesce to the saints' advice and instructions, they will not have to put up again with the pairs

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of opposites like pain and pleasure. As it is, O Seekers, accept these statements and make some exertion for your deliverance and live your life in accordance with the directions of the *surat* and *nirat*. Participate in *satsang* and wear the colours of the guru (i.e. get close to him) and with verve and zest, raise and lift your *surat* to the heavenly spheres.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. The *Sant Satguru* has showed His mercy and charity to you and unfolded to you exceedingly subtle and recondite secrets; and if the *jivas* don't pay heed and become stirred and roused (from their deep slumber), take them to be imbeciles and apathetic and unresponsive (of low intelligence; *moodh*, someone with IQ of 25 to 50).²⁷⁹ The currents of this ocean of mind and matter are fast and deep, unnegotiable; but then this circumstance is inconsequential when the perfect guru is there to act as your boatman to row the boat of *Shabd* he has devised which can be boarded by a bold soul.

Baisakh (April-May), the Eleventh Month (32 Verses)

Description of the character of the religions of *Kaal* (*Kaal-mat*) and the faith of the Compassionate Lord (*Dayal-mat*).

1-5. The month of *Baisakh* (April-May) has come right on your head (i.e. you are confronted with it); the credit and credulity²⁸⁰ of the *jiva surat* is lost and she has now become alien, a stranger. All the *jivas* have gone over the side and in support of *Kaal*, and have forgotten all about the Compassionate Lord (whose scion the *surat* is). She has come to regard this country

of *Kaal* and Maya has her own. The fact, however, is that it is *Kaal* who has created the *triloki* or Three *Loks* (*Brahmand*, *Und* and *Pind*), while *Satt Desh* has been created by the Compassionate Lord (and in this *lok*, *Kaal* has no entry at all). As it is, the three *loks* are the post (*thana*) of *Kaal*, while the Fourth *Lok* is the habitat of the Compassionate Lord.

6-10. *Kaal* (by his slyness) deludes and deceives the *jivas* and prevents all of them from getting into the Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*); (although he knows about the mystery of the Compassionate Lord) he does not divulge it to the *jivas* and keeps them under the subjugation of *Karmakand*.²⁶¹ He sang (strongly recommended) of the glory of his own worship in all possible ways, and following his directions, O Brother, the *jivas* set upon going into the vicious circle of *chaurasi*! He tied up the *jivas*, securing them with the three-strand rope of *gunas*²⁶² and made them to worship Brahma (the Procreator, emblem of *rajogun*), Vishnu (the Sustainer, the symbol of *sattva*), and Mahesh or Shiva (the Destroyer, or the sign of *tamogun*). He got the *jivas* entangled in the mesh of worship of goddesses²⁶³ and gods,²⁶⁴ idols and waters²⁶⁵ (rivers).

11-15. *Kaal*²⁶⁶ appeared on the earth in the form of ten avatars,²⁶⁷ and showing his skulduggery to the *jivas* beat them up into submission. Brahman himself appeared as Ram as well as his adversary Ravana,²⁶⁸ he himself manifested as Kans²⁶⁹ and also as the son of Yashodara (born of Devaki, he was stealthily taken by his father Vasudev, to Yashoda in Nand village, Mathu-

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ra, to preserve him from the wrath of Kans). He himself appeared as King Bali (the demon) and also as Vaman (dwarf: see *n.* 287); he himself manifested in the form of tortoise and fish (see *n.* 287). He appeared as the sixth avatar, viz. Parshuram and as Narasimha (Man-Lion), and then appearing as his own devotee, Prahlad²⁹⁰ he showed him as solely relying upon himself. Then, he tore down the pillar and came forth from it and showed his skill as saviour and protector of his devotees.

16-20. He ordained the worship of moon and sun, and Gaur (consort of Shiva) and Ganesh²⁹¹ (son of Parvati and Shiva); but then he also appeared as the demon Rahu²⁹² who gulped down Sun and Moon (who had complained to Vishnu about Rahu stealthily drinking from the pitcher of ambrosia that had come out of the cosmic ocean at the time of churning). Thus *Kaal* has been demonstrating his innumerable skills and tricks and his infinite powers; how shall I describe the secret of them all? Thus it is, that *Kaal* has laid a siege around all the *loks* so that practically none seeks to look for and enquire into the mystique of the compassionate Lord. *Kaal* has displayed his formidable skills, inspiring awe and admiration of all and sundry, so that all the *jivas* went his way, and nobody could gain access to the mystery of the saints and that is why *Sant Mat* remained hidden and unknown.

21-25. Now, I bring into the open the tenets of *Sant Mat*; prick up your ears to what I say for I am explaining to you all about *Sant Mat*. In the pre-creational stage, there was neither this mortal firmament, nor the nether world (*paataal*).²⁹³ There was neither the five *tattvas* (elements) nor the

breath of three qualities: *rechak* (blowing out), *purak* (blowing in), and *kumbhak* (retention of breath in the lungs for some time). There was neither Shiva-Shakti,²⁹⁴ nor *Purush* and *Prakriti*;²⁹⁵ there was neither *Jyoti-Niranjana*²⁹⁶ (creator), nor *Prakriti*²⁹⁷ (the root-cause of the world of objects). There was neither the sphere of stars, nor sun, nor moon; the three *loks* – *Pind*, *Und* and *Brahmand* – had not yet been created. There was neither Kurma²⁹⁸ (Tortoise, the seminal knowledge), nor Shesh (the thousand-headed serpent), nor *Aumkara*; there was neither Maya (Illusion), nor Brahman (Universal Mind), nor *Ishwar*.²⁹⁹

26-30. There was no *Atma Pada* (Spirit Pole or *Sunn*), nor *Paramatma Pada* (Transcendental Brahman); the spheres *Sunn* and *Mahasunn* had not yet been created. There was no Allah,³⁰⁰ nor *Khuda*,³⁰¹ nor *Rasool*³⁰² or messenger of God. There was no *pir-murid* tradition, nor that of grandfather and grandson.³⁰³ There were neither Vedas (the four Vedas), nor Puranas (the eighteen Puranas), nor Koran;³⁰⁴ there was no mosque (the place for rendering obeisance or *sijdah* to God), nor Kaaba (a cube-shaped building in Mecca, the most sacred Muslim shrine into which is built the black stone believed to be given by Gabriel to Abraham. Muslims turn in its direction when praying), nor *baang* (call by muezzin for prayers at five fixed times every day from the minaret or door of the mosque). There was neither three-time *sandhya* or *puja*, nor the five-time *namaaz* (prayer); nor was there pil-

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grimage, or fasting, or observances, or one month long fast (*rozah*). There were neither the followers of *Karmakand*,³⁰⁵ nor the adherents of sharia;³⁰⁶ there was no trace of yogis and Brahman *gyanis*.

Distich (*Doha*)

31-32. There were no ascetics, nor the practitioners of *kumbhak* (*habsi*), nor abstinents (*zaahid*), nor kneelers (*aabid*), nor the one before whom one would kneel in obeisance (*maabood*); there were no *qutubs*,³⁰⁷ nor *paigham-bars*³⁰⁸ (the messenger), nor *aulias*³⁰⁹ existent then; nor was there *svarg* (Indra's heaven), nor hell,³¹⁰ nor *dauzakh*, nor *Iram*,³¹¹ nor was there the terra firma, nor terra firmament, nor Muslims,³¹² nor Hindus,³¹³ nor Jains,³¹⁴ nor Christians.³¹⁵

Jeth (May-June), the Twelfth Month (70 Verses)

The creation and manifestation of *Sattlok* and the creation of three *Loks* and the reason why has *Kaal-Mat* become popular and spread widely in this world and why has *Sant Mat* remained hidden from the public view.

1-5. The month of *Jeth* (May-June) is really the first and the foremost and it turns the heat on the *jivas* who feel excruciatingly hot in their hearts. The compassionate saints are the real well-wishers and benefactors of the *jivas* and they reveal to them their extremely weighty (momentous and valuable) secrets. Before there was any creation there was no creator (*khaliq*), nor was there any creature (*makhlooq*) or any creation; there was no doer or actor,

nor any cause of action, nor action (effect), nor even any endeavour or exertion (involved in actions and deeds). There was no seer, nor sight, nor any object to be seen; nothing outer (*vach*) nor anything inner (*laksh*), neither any word (*pada*) nor the objective signified by a word (*padaarth*).³¹⁶ There was no 'being' (*zaat*), nor any attributes of that 'being' (*sifat*); there was no 'first', and no 'last'; there was nothing hidden, nor anything manifest; there was nothing esoteric (*baatin*), nor anything exoteric (*zaahir*).

6-10. There was no Ram (the seventh avatar of Brahman), nor any Rahim (merciful Lord or *Ishwar*); neither a Keshav³¹⁷ (an appellation of Krishna who was known for his longish, beautiful hair); there was indeed nothing, nothing, nothing, except for 'So' or 'Soami', or the Absolute Lord – the Causa Causans, the Uncaused Cause. There was no *Smrti* (no *Mahabharat*, no *Ramayan*, no Laws of Manu, no Puranas, no remembered truth), nor *Shastras*,³¹⁸ nor Gita (the Song of the Lord, with 18 chapters as part of the *Mahabharat*), nor Bhagvad (Purana dealing with the life and sports of Lord Krishna); there was no story (*katha*), no Purana, no expounder or advocate (*vakta*), nor a panegyrist or eulogiser (*keerat*: 'one who praises another'). There was no servant, nor any master; no slave, nor any slave-owner or lord; there was no *Sattnaam*, nor indeed any *Naam*, or Nameless! How long shall I repeat that there was indeed nothing, and the four *loks* had not yet been created (neither *Satt Desh*, nor *Brahmand*, nor *Und*, nor *Pind*). Whatever there was, I now narrate, for then my state was that of *un-mun-sun-bismadhi*.³¹⁹

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11-15. The Supreme Lord was in a state of all-absorbing love (*hairat*)³²⁰ which to be perfect must be selfless. He always lives in a state of perfect concentration (*un*), perfect knowledge (*mun*), and perfect bliss (*sun-bis-madhi*); and it is that state only in which He functions. His sweep (*gati*) nobody knows; indeed, He Himself alone can speak of His state, His sweep and His majesty and lustre. He, at His own, appeared and manifested in this phenomenal realm assuming the form of a saint and in this capacity He Himself revealed His mystery. Before creation, He Himself was there, alone; no other was there; as and when He willed, a great current of spirituality issued forth from Him and it came to be called as *Satt*.³²¹

16-20. Indeed, the three regions – *Agam*, *Alakh* and *Sattlok* – were created by His will and by the wave of His absolute love (*mauj*) and they blossomed forth as purely spiritual spheres. Then, there was an explosion of sound, like a blaze, and it created the seven *surats* – the seven faculties of knowledge – two ears, two eyes, two nostrils and mouth (taste which covers the faculty of touch).³²² The *Satt Purush* then provided a sort of substance for curdling milk (*jamun*) of Reality (*satyata*), so that the *surats* may, by mutual interaction, launch on the creation further. The *Adi surat* (the current that flowed from the *Adi Shabd* or explosion) then shaped up in the form of *So-hang*, *Sohang* (i.e. it created the Rotating Cave) where the casket of *Sohang Shabd* opened up (i.e. the Rotating Cave where the sound of *Sohang* resonates). Then another milk-curdling agent was given to vital energy and the

Sahaj Surat was born and from the womb of Sound appeared *AUNG-SOHANG surat*.

21-25. Thereafter, the Fundamental or Basic *Surat* appeared and it occupied its seat at the main gate (*Sattlok*). There the *Shanti Surat* (that induces rest, quietude, peace and ataraxia) blissfully plays its spiritual game; it created the *hamsas* (purified *surats*) and their dwelling islands shining like ignited lamps. The brilliance and radiance of the lamp-like islands is beyond description; what shall I say about them except that there the *hamsas* have their spiritual fun and frolics (*kautuhal*). The glimpses of *Satt Purush* and the marvelous display of His spiritual sport (*lila*) is unparalleled; they constitute the area of experience, not of description (i.e. they have to be experienced in order to be believed). A long, long time elapsed and there was a cessation in the creational process. How long did this cessation last, cannot be counted or calculated.

26-30. That creation (*Satt Desh*) is true, and that region is also true and as it is, there can be no affliction of any sort, created by *Kaal* there, for there is no trace of *Kaal* in *Satt Desh*. There, the *hamsas* assemble and in their assembly, the omniscient and omnipotent *Satt Purush* presides; they all live there together, in unison, and enjoy the bliss that goes on there. From the door of the abode of lotuses, a current of bluish hue emerged and presented a curious, surprising spectacle; it appeared like a blue gem studded in a white (ring), and it was absorbed in catching the glimpses of the *Satt Purush*. All the *hamsas* joined together in their supplication, requesting the *Satt Purush* to tell them as to what this ecstatic phenomenon was which, they said, they don't have an inkling of. The *Satt Purush* replied: 'You carry on enjoying the bliss (of *Satt Desh*); we have created this artistic device which will spell out quite an entertainment.'

Distich (*Doha*)

31-33. The *hamsas* began to wonder as to the extent to which the current will go on expanding and what it is up to, for this entity (*Kaal*) ever and anon rendered service to the *Satt Purush*, albeit in its heart of hearts, in its mind, it cherished some ulterior ambition. That current went on expanding and extending, and *Kaal* (the *Kaal* entity) did not thwart its progress; then the *Satt Purush* so willed that it self-consciously solicited thus:

34-35. 'O Lord! I wish to launch on a separate and distinct creation, for this creation of yours (i.e. *Satt Desh*) holds no attraction for me. I wish to create the Three *Loks* in which I will have the right to reign; and getting this authority from you, I will ever contemplate on you.'

36-41. As desired by *Kaal*, the *Satt Purush* ejected and expelled that artistic device (*Kaal*) but on being turned out, *Kaal* felt very restless, anxious, worried and uneasy. The *Satt Purush* took pity on him and in order to relieve him, produced another artistic device (*kala*). It was adorned and wore the pale colour (*peet varna*) and sighting her (*Maya*) He ordered her to do the needful. The first one (*Kaal*) shares a few attributes with the compassionate Lord, and when they both joined together, they thought over the situation they found themselves in. They both came down to the bank of

Mansarovar (in *Sunn*) where they observed the play of the *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Lord of *Sunn*). Watching this spiritual play, *Kaal* and *Maya* (*Adya*) both got overwhelmed and overawed by its splendour, majesty and grandeur; then, the *Akshar Purush* consoled and gave some solace to them (by suggesting that they could still launch on the creation of *Brahmand* (*Trikuti* and *Sahasdal Kanwal*), *Und* and *Pind*).

Distich (*Doha*)

42-43. The two devices, *Kaal* or *Niranjan*, and *Maya* or *Adya* (*Jyoti*), joined together and embarked on creation – five elements, four species³²³ (*khaan* – *jeraj*, *andaj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*) and the three *gunas* (qualities of *sattva*, *rajasa* and *tamas*). These three qualities represented by Vishnu, Brahma and Mahesh, expanded and extended the frontiers of this phenomenal world a great deal and this now included the *rishis* (sages), *munis* (anchorites observing long spells of silence), godly human beings, and demons – all sunk in the swilling sea of hubris and egotism.

Complete Strain (*Sortha*)

44. The band of Brahma (Procreator, emblem of *rajogun*), Vishnu (Sustainer, epitome of *sattva*), and Mahesh (Destroyer, hallmark of *tamas*), and the fourth to join the band – *Jyoti* (*Prakriti*) – all of them put the noose of delusions, illusions and hallucinations round the neck of the *jivas* so that they never get to know the whereabouts of their lane that may lead to their original abode.

45-50. This done, *Niranjan*³²⁴ (*Kaal*) became separated from them, throwing the entire burden of carrying on the affairs of this vast creation on their shoulders. He (*Niranjan*) created a separate island for himself and to that island he added a vast area, expanding his domain. That land is eight *palangs*³²⁵ long and wide; there he began to perform myriad forms of yoga. He drew in a long, deep breath (*purak*) and raised it to his own *Sunn* so that a sound began to resonate and the Vedas became manifest. The Vedas met together and came down to meet Brahma (the Procreator with four mouths); at the sight of the Vedas, Brahma was delighted and from all of his four mouths he pronounced the four Vedas: Rig (pray), Sama (sing), Yajur (perform *yajnas*), and Atharva (charms and incantations) so that these four Vedas came into existence (revelation through Word).

51-53. Then the *rishis* and *munis* (the sages and silent ascetics) joined together and expanded the scope of Vedas by diverse commentaries and explanations and espoused karmas, *dharmas* and delusions. They also created *Smrtis* (the *Mahabharat*, the *Ramayan*, the Laws of Manu, eighteen Puranas) and *Shastras* (Nyaya, Vaisheshika, Sankhya, Yoga, Mimamsa and Vedanta) and all the *jivas* became engrossed in rites, rituals, obligations, performances of duties and so on. But nobody could find any trace of *Niranjan*, and the Vedas themselves began to refer to him by pronouncing *neti, neti* (not this, not this).

Distich (*Doha*)

54-55. None could catch the glimpses of *Niranjan*; they only indulged in making guesses and conjectures (formulation of conclusions from incomplete evidence) about his whereabouts and identity; how could then they get on to the concrete and positive knowledge of *Satt Purush*, who is far ahead of *Niranjan*. As it is, *Sant Mat* remained hidden from the public eye in this phenomenal world; the three *gunas* do not accept it, nor do the *jivas* (who are bound by the sweep of three *gunas*).

Complete Strain (Sortha)

56. The saints reveal the secrets (of Truth) but those *jivas* who adhere to the Vedas as dumb-driven creatures (*pashus* or beasts of burden) do not accept the truth revealed by the saints; what shall the *jivas* do now, for they all have fallen into the pit of delusions (errors).

57-60. He who is called as the master of the three worlds (Brahman), even he eluded their (*jivas*’) grasp. Wandering about in *svarg* (Indra’s heaven) and hell (perdition) and the circle of *chaurasi*, birth after birth, the *jivas* remained confined within the sphere of *Kaal*. A few *jivas*, here and there, did merge into the *chaitanya* (primordial energy or Brahman) but even they had to be born again and descend into this phenomenal realm (of matter and mind). The Fourth *Lok* is the court of the saints but nobody brings to bear any faith or trust in its reality.

61-64. As for the saints, they move and act and speak out of pity and compassion for the *jivas* but if they do not acquiesce to what they say or do, what can the saints do? They reveal the secrets and mysteries and deliver discourses; they assume human form and manifest themselves as saints and live here in this world (as householders so that the *jiva* could communicate with them at their own level). Taking pity and moving out of compassion and mercy, they rouse and awaken the *jivas* and they take upon their own heads the heavy burden of the *jivas*’ karmas; even then, nobody is willing to trust them and have faith in them and none pins and fastens his faith in the ideal of attainment of the Fourth *Lok* (i.e. *Satt Desh*).

65-70. I have dealt with the details of all the twelve months (from *Asadh*, i.e. June-July, to *Jeth*, i.e. May-June)³²⁶ leaving nothing out; even I accept defeat after speaking the truth and repeating it so many times and in different forms to carry conviction. But, then, as far as I am concerned, I have nothing to do with either victory or defeat (I am far above them); it is only a taunt which I have made only to provoke the fools to come round and accept the truth. I have spoken the truth, truth and nothing but the truth, and indeed, the whole truth, and now there is nothing left for me to speak, except to say: ‘Recite the Name ‘Radhasoami’ and induce your mind to become dedicated to devotion and feeling of reverence for Him. Those whose mind have brought to bear faith in the saints and those who have taken to their ways, mores and norms of *satsang*, and those who daily come and attend the *sat-sang* – for them alone I have delivered this discourse, *Barah Masa*.’

The Second Part

The song of thanksgiving (for *Barah Masa*) sung by the earnest seeker or devotee.

1. O my guru, merciful to the meek and the humble! You have showered your compassion and grace on me so that on hearing this quintessential discourse of *Barah Masa*, my *surat* has become tied up with the cord of the Sound (*Shabd*).

2. Wrapped up in selfless, ardent love (*prem* and *preet*), this slave of yours has earned a great deal of sheen and splendour, although I am a mine of deficiencies and all sorts of vices which I am afraid I cannot even count.

3. The mystery of the Sound is much too recondite and abstruse, which has tired out the patience and exhausted even the *munis* – the sages and ascetics; nobody can gain access to the secret which you, O my Lord, have sorted out and sifted (i.e. you have sifted the chaff from grain).

4. *Sattnaam* is the *Satt Purush*; he is unfathomable and the Perfect Being, the complete master of all forms of wealth (*Puran Dhani*) – of such a Being the saints reveal the secret and speak of the sum and substance of all that He stands for.

5. But the tragedy is that the *jivas* do not acquiesce to what the saints say; not even an iota of it! It seems that *Kaal* has annihilated their intellection; it is only some loving *satsangis* who have jettisoned and purged their ‘I-ness’ and egoism who accept what the saints enjoin.

6. The whole *samsara* and all these worldlings do not comprehend of what the saints say; for their ways and mores are conditioned and oriented by their base minds (i.e. they are mind-oriented, not guru-oriented); and why not? Because it is only a rare genuine jeweller (*johri*) who has the capacity to recognise and evaluate the worth of pearls and gems.

7. As for the imbecile worldlings, they take to worthless glass beads (*Kaal*’s religions and ways), leaving aside and ignoring the beautifully cut and stirring diamonds. What shall I do to make the *jivas* understand and comprehend it all? This is how things have really happened (going from bad to worse).

8. It is only the *surat* (who is like the she-*hamsa*) who can proceed to pick up the pearl-like *shabd*; it is only the rare among the guru-oriented devotees who have resolved to do so and who stick to their resolution.

9. Those who have got at the practice and have come to know the secrets, they open the gate of the Inaccessible Sphere; for them the night of darkness or ignorance has passed, and the day (of light and true jnan) has dawned.

10. By the *Satguru*’s grace my credit and credibility have risen so high that I could frustrate and defeat and beat up the mind in the battle and I have become the hero of the war against *Kaal*.

11. Those who have lost the remembrance and memory of the Internal (Great) Name, they become indebted to all (to all the forces of *Kaal* and

Maya) and they cover themselves with the *chuddar* of 'I-ness', *meum* and *tuum*, and attachments which the karmas weave.

12. My *gurudev* has imparted to me a mantra³²⁷ which has enabled me to beat up *Kaal* making him non-functional – *Kaal*, who is like a venomous, fanged snake (having a fang or grooved tooth through which venom is injected); that mantra is Radhasoami Name to which I prick up my ears with all my attention.

Discourse XXXIX (12 Hymns)

BASANT³²⁸ AND HOLI³²⁹

Hymn 1: *Basant* (24 Verses)

Dekho, dekho sakhi ab chal Basant

1-5. O Companion! Let us today enjoy the sight of *Basant* (spring), for everywhere flowers and leaves of yellow colour are blooming and blossoming. In the inner being of all entities, the sound of kettledrum (*mridang*), harp, flute and harmonica (*moochang*)³³⁰ are resonating. All the curtains (barriers, stopping entry of *surats* in the higher spiritual spheres) have now been lifted and I have become rid of all misgivings and misapprehensions; my devotion to the Lord has now become firm, unshakeable and steadfast. I have now gained access to the perfect saint Radhasoami and in my heart of hearts infinite number of unstruck melodies are sounding. I am joyous and delighted as if Rambha (an *apsara*, water-nymph, produced by the churning of the ocean, whom Indra had taken to his heaven) is dancing joyfully and elatedly or as if Indrapuri (the abode of Indra, emblems of carefreeness) has itself descended, in a jovial, carefree mood.

6-9. On this occasion (of *Basant*, when Soamiji Maharaj opened the *sat-sang* for the people) my mind is vivacious, full of high spirits and animation and it is hopping and jumping like a wild, untamed horse. From my being, all forms and colours have vanished (i.e. I have risen above the *sagun* Brahman or *Sahasdal Kanwal* and *Trikuti*), and I have gained access to the sphere which is inaccessible, Nameless and colourless (i.e. which is eternal and perennial, not subject to change, imperishable). I have vanquished *Kaal* that is like a deadly, formidable cobra, and roses of hundreds of colours are virtually raining upon me (as a sign of my victory over *Kaal*). Radhasoami has taught me and imparted to me such ways and mores that I have started flying like a paper kite (*chung*).

10. Inside of me, the Ganges (the current of purity, piety, forgiveness, mercy and righteousness) is flowing and I invite all and sundry to withdraw their *surat* from outside and move inward and have immersion in the limpid, ambrosial waters of the current flowing within.

11-15. My master has showered upon me the grace and charity of the highest level so that I have now become dissociated and disjoined from one and all. All my bad company (companionship of family, wealth, name, repu-

tation and honour, high position and power, love for mundane achievements) is gone and vanished from me and I have gained access to the marvellous and sensational colour (the pristine, prenatal, precreational state). I have forsaken the dire and narrow straits of nine doors (two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, mouth, sex organ and anus – *nau dwar*: see *Sar Bachan Radhasoami*, Prose, Part I, para 25) and my bedstead (*palang*) is now spread in the fourth storey (i.e. the Fourth *Lok* or *Satt Desh*). All the foul, lurid colours (lousy, lustful feelings) of my mind have become effaced and destroyed, thanks to the wondrous company of sages and *sadhs* to whom I have gained access. My lovely Lord has so embraced and clasped me in His arms that I have indeed worn His colours (i.e. got very close to Him).

16-18. How long shall I sing of the majesty of this *Basant*³³¹ (the ultimate abode) where I settle for good? There nobody can trace my beginning (for I am beginningless) or my end (for I am endless). I have lifted up and liberated a great many *jivas*, and yet nobody can make out my eternal (Great) Name (Radhasoami and its mystique). After churning my own being to the full, I myself can give my own spiritual network (*tant*)³³² and *modus operandi* (method of operating) and *modus vivendi* (working arrangement between conflicting elements).

19-20. Nobody can speak of what I have affirmed (*kathant* or details of my story); I have, at my own, spoken out of the details of my Path. The disciple now says: 'I have got good riddance of all considerations of name and shame and become detached and withdrawn from this realm of mind and matter so that my *surat* now flies like a paper kite.'

21-24. I have won the war against mind, so that now nobody can damage me even by a hair. The entire rust on my mirror-like heart has been cleansed, so that my mind has become wholly rid of all its agitations and cravings (*uchang*). I have gained access to my beloved Lord, bare and bereft of all coverings so that now I can go there and come back at will without any hesitation or reservation, flying like a free bird. Radhasoami has dug deep for me such a tunnel that my movement has become unrestricted; *Kaal* cannot notice my movement and at this sight, he was stunned, overwhelmed and astounded!

Hymn 2 (8 Verses)

Ghat mein kheloon ab Basant ...

1-4. Inside of me, I now enjoy the festivity of *Basant*, for the *Sant Satguru* has revealed to me its mystique and mystery. Hearing the unstruck melodies which are endless and infinite, I have got at the secret of the abode of that, that has no beginning and no end. What shall I say about its immense majesty and how shall I describe the details of this abode for it is ineffable and defies all description. Both my *surat* and *nirat* have become roused stirring their stumps and they are both marching forward on the path that leads to the infinite and unbounded abode.

5-8. I have now abandoned the illusion of the state of innumerability³³³ and attained to unity – one Absolute Lord – thanks to the practice of *Surat-*

Shabd-Yoga, which has enabled me to gain access to this secret. *Kaal* had been indulging in skulduggery, deceit and thuggery, committing fraud on the *jivas*, but I escaped his tentacles, for the compassionate Lord has saved me through the device of His supreme mantra, the Radhasoami Name. Both mind and Maya have been incinerated and destroyed so that the *surat*, freed from their jaws and claws, has soared, and taking to the right path she has attained to its ultimate goal. By the grace of Radhasoami, my *surat* has been able to retrieve and regain her eternal power from which she had become separated since time immemorial, countless ages past.

Hymn 3 (13 Verses)

Khel rahi main nit Basant ...

1-5. I even enjoy the bliss of *Basant* within, and my *surat* and *nirat* joined together have met the *Sant Satguru (kant)*. The feet of Radhasoami are ensconced in my heart of hearts and I play with Him the game of Beginning (of the Creation) and of the end of it (i.e. from Him I get to know all about from the beginning to the end). The uproar of the unstruck melody is rising inside of me (crescendo) and hearing it I straightaway reached the top of *Sunn*. I reverse the direction of the spirit-current that is flowing downward via that Third *Til*, and turn it upward so that I look up and see beyond the folds of mind and matter, and then I witness the radiant flowers in the sphere of *Gagan (Trikuti)*, mellifluous sounds of unstruck melodies are emanating as if from musical instruments like kettledrum, and from the thunder of clouds.

6-10. It appears that the season of *Basant* is in full bloom there and the *surat*, having been separated from the crowd and the multitudinous facets of mind and *indriyas* is playing spiritual games. She receives from the saints the gift of knowledge of the Way ahead and makes it to the saints' palaces (spheres of *Satt Desh*). The drops from the ambrosial currents are falling there ever and anon and the guru-oriented *surats* become drenched in them. This is a fairly detailed account of the Inaccessible spheres to which the rare *sadhs* who churn their being and practise *Surat-Shabd-Yoga* can attain. It is only such devotees who can receive such sweet sap; indeed, Radhasoami has sung of the majesty of the deep and most profound, recondite and abstruse faith.

11-13. After I lifted the barrier, with the grace of the *Satguru*, the form of the *Satt Purush* came in full view and his mien and countenance, as the saints have stated, is more radiant, more refulgent and brighter than that of crores of suns put together. The *Sant Satguru* has steered my boat across the sea to the shore and I flew up across the Invisible and Inaccessible spheres. Radhasoami *Dayal* has gifted to me His own Great Name (*Nij Mantra*); the lotus-bed of *shabds* has fully blossomed (i.e. everywhere and every time I remain in tune with the unstruck melodies).

Hymn 4 (8 Verses)

Dekhan chali Basant Agam ghar ...

1-2. I set off towards the Inaccessible Abode in order to witness the festivities of *Basant* (to see how the *surats* get settled in the Ultimate Abode – Radhasoami), and seeing the scenario there, became exhilarated. Along with my companions (all my sensory organs), I embarked on the journey upward across the *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and my *surat* became devoted to the *Shabd* as guru (who now became my guide).

3-4. In the beds of lotuses I witnessed flowers properly and efficiently arranged, and seeing them again and again, the *surat* persisted and continued to abide in *Gagan* (heavenly spheres). It went on journeying upward in accordance with the road signs as revealed by the *Satguru* and reached the sphere of *Sunn* (crossing *Trikuti*) where the seeds of karmas were all set ablaze and incinerated.

5-6. I beat up and clobbered *mamta* (*meum* and *tuum*, ‘I-ness’, attachments and infatuations) and burned egotism and hubris and my *surat* took to the sanctuary of the unstruck melody. Inside of me, she heard the unstruck melodies (*anhad ragas*) and she resorted to the alchemy (elixir) of *naam* and enjoyed the bliss of its sap.

7-8. Getting beyond the *sushumana* artery, my *surat* reached *Sunn* and made a pledge of becoming an excellent and outstanding devotee (*bhakt shiromani*) – the head amongst all the devotees. By the grace and mercy of the *Satguru*, I gained access to the *Satt* post (the *Sattlok*) and fully resorted to Radhasoami Name that I vowed to ensconce in my heart of hearts.

Hymn 5 (15 Verses)

Ab khelat Radhasoami sang Hori (Holi) ...

1-5. The hour has now struck for me to play *Holi*³³⁴ with (i.e. rejoice in the company of) Radhasoami; and of this there is a great uproar and commotion all over the earth and heaven (i.e. anyone who wears the colours of Radhasoami and gets close to Him strikes the note of a spiritual celebrity). To witness this sight, the moon, the sun and the sphere of stars, leaving their respective abodes, have descended. Likewise, the hydra-headed snake Shesh (on whose back Vishnu rests in the cosmic ocean), Kurma (tortoise on which this earth is supposed to rest), accompanied by their paraphernalia, came up from the nether regions (*Atala*, *Vitala*, *Nitala*, *Rasaatal*, *Mahatala*, *Sutala* and *Paataal*) with folded hands. Indeed, at the sight of my playing *Holi* with Radhasoami, all the four directions (East, West, North and South) have rolled into one (i.e. all innumerable is replaced by unity). The gods, men, the *munis* (silent ascetics), yogis (practising diverse yogas) and *vairagis* (the abstinents or *zaahids*) – are all excited and exhibit pomp and show (*dhoom dhaam*) in no small measure.

6-10. All the seas (symbol of a deep, poised sage and saint) and all the wells (the lesser sages and seekers) are filled in by the colour of the *Satguru* and the seekers are using their *merudand*³³⁵ as the syringe to spray the colour of vital energy (*chaitanya*) on the *Satguru*. All the companions (sense organs) are getting drenched in that colour although they are squeezing and

pressing their garments in order to dry them (so to say, all the *indriyas* despite their outward tendencies are turning inward). Such a wonderful atmosphere (scene or *sama*)³³⁶ has been created, and such is the feeling of spiritual verve and zest, that the powerful *Kaal* (who robs everyone) is himself being robbed and outwitted (i.e. Herod is being out-heroded).³³⁷ The *surat* is being transformed into *abeer* (mica powder) and the *shabd* is being converted into red-powder (*gulaal*) and the faces of all are being smeared with them (i.e. on the occasion of *Holi*, the *surat* and *shabd* are serving as the devices or articles of the *Holi* festival). Greed, attachment, ego and all the other vices are being destroyed one by one, so that they were exterminated root and branch (literally, their homes or sources are being incinerated).

11-15. Such a stage has been reached now in the ascension of the *surat*, that the uproar and gust of sounds and the heavy downpour from the sphere of spirit cannot be turned in the reverse order; they go on multiplying. I have now gained access to the inaccessible treasury of *shabd* and with this achievement I have given up the (mundane) wealth running into lakhs and crores (millions and billions). My *surat* has now soared to the mansion of *Sunn* and to the towers and turrets of *Sattlok* and has perceived the Great Name. As for the *Satt Purush* (Radhasoami *Satt Purush Anami*) He is the Ancient of Ancients but His sheen and splendour ever assumes new and novel proportions; they cannot be described in words which get exhausted, reaching the end of their tether. Radhasoami has made the *surats* play such a sport that innumerable *jivas* have turned out to be one or merged into one.

Hymn 6 (9 Verses)

Kaya nagar mein dhoom machi hai ...

1-5. There is great uproar and commotion going on in my corporeal city (body), for my *surat* is now playing *Holi*. Having perceived the *Sattlok*, she has become overwhelming and overpowering and is approaching (listening carefully to) the sound (melody or *shabd*) of the Immeasurable Lord. She had converted her hopes and aspirations into a syringe and had dissolved the three *gunas* in water with it; making them into red colour she has pulverised arrogance, and attachments, 'I-ness', *meum* and *tuum* and reduced them to dust and filled the bag of the heart with the mica powder (*abeer*) of selfless, ardent love. The Rambha-like wealth is doing attendance on her (i.e. attending to her solicitously and obsequiously, and the loafing dancing girl of ill-luck and misfortune has turned her face away from the *surat*).

6-9. I have clobbered all the sorrows and sufferings and thrown them away. I have ensconced the guru's word in my heart of hearts. As it is, I have now cut off the noose of birth-death-rebirth and successfully played hide-and-seek³³⁸ with *Kaal*. I have filled the large dying pot of my heart with the water coloured by deep devotion to and reverence for the guru, in which I dyed the bodice of mind (*mana ki choli*). I have blown out (extinguished) evil disposition and have taken to virtuous disposition (righteousness) and delivered blows after blows on the head of Maya (and made her flee).

Hymn 7 (8 Verses)

Umand ghumand kar kheli Holi ...

1-4. With great verve and zeal, zest and enthusiasm I have played *Holi* and I filled in my bag (my heart and soul) with the positive knowledge of virtue, righteousness and wisdom. I have beaten up the hollow Maya (Madam Bubble) and mounting on the small, flying bedstead of love (*prem udan khatola*), I have flown high. Reaching the top of *Gagan (Trikuti)* I took measure of the Great Name (*Nij Dhun*) and untied the knot of matter and spirit (*jada-chetan-ki-gaanth*).³³⁹ Thus it is that my *surat* and *nirat* have become invaluable and I handle both of them as the betel-leaf seller³⁴⁰ treats the betel on both sides (i.e. I use the *surat* and then the *nirat* and once again the *surat*, in order to fly up and rise higher).

5-8. My body and mind have now become reddened (blushed and embarrassed at their deficiencies and faults), like vermilion (*roli*) and I have rolled up all my negative traits (evil and vices). I have slept for long with attachments and delusions, but now Radhasoami has roused me and has dyed the bodice of my heart and soul in His own colour. The purse (the moneybag knitted with threads was called as *nauli* in ancient India) of my heart (*hiya*) has now been filled in with the coins of *naam* and it is now that I have known the real meaning of the *Satguru's* Word. All my hopes and aspirations have now dwindled and pined away; now *Kaal* does not play jokes with me (does not tease me by speaking or calling facetiously or in fun).

Hymn 8 (9 Verses)

Mere guru ney khilaayi prem sung Hori (Holi) ...

1-4. My guru made me play *Holi* with great love and tendresse and with that I have become ecstatic, and indifferent to this world. I have filled in my bag (my heart and soul) with the red-powder of amity and piety and the mica-powder of forgiveness. Both lust and anger came to play with me but I clobbered their head so that they turned their faces away and took to flight. Taking my two close companions along, i.e. *surat* and *nirat*, I went running in quest of the Word (*Shabd*).

5-9. Then I laid a siege around the aperture of *sushumana* nerve and released the contents of my syringe on the Crooked Tunnel. Then I caught hold of the *shabd* of *Trikuti (OM)* and the commotion and uproar of jubilation that ensued was in no small measure. In the assembly of *hamsas* (purified spirits) on the bank of *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality in *Sunn*), the fraud, deception and skulduggery of Maya became thoroughly exposed (i.e. there I came to realise the tricks with which Maya swindled me and made a fool of me). There in *Sunn*, the sound of fiddle (*kingri*) is resonating continually amid great reverberation and the *surat* stuck to its connection with the cord of the *Shabd*. By the grace of Radhasoami His colour (instruction) filled in my being and He drove out my affliction caused by the continual process of birth-death-rebirth.

Hymn 9 (8 Verses)

Guru aan khilaayee ghat mein Holi ...

1-4. My guru made me play *Holi* inside of me and he released the sound of the Great Name within my being. I beat up my base mind, making it inoperative and broke open the lock of the Third *Til* and I turned the *surat* from outside, and joined it inward (with the sound). Lifting the barrier inside, I tied myself up securely with (i.e. I united with) the guru and I gained access to the fortress of *Trikuti* to which I rushed with great zeal and verve. When my *surat* turned towards her original abode, it successfully made it to it and started living there, as if she has come into her own (abode); there she felt secure and strong as never before.

5-6. Then I filled in the syringe of my sensory organs (with the colour of Radhasoami Name) and released their contents in the reverse direction (i.e. upward) so that the string of the three *gunas* was instantaneously broken away. O Seeker! Abandon your attachment to pride and hubris, soar and make it to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres), gather and collect all the diffused sounds and unite them into One (that is unto Radhasoami).

7-8. Then join the two currents emanating from the two eyes and concentrate them on the Third *Til* on way to *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and there perceive the flame. Tearing into it penetrate into the 'lower' *Sunn* (between the Third *Til* and *Sahasdal Kanwal*). Search and trace the sound of this (lower) *Sunn* which is almost like the sound of conch-shell. This, Radhasoami has well said, is the starting point (of the spiritual quest).

Hymn 10 (12 Verses)

Meri surat Radhasoami jodi ...

1-2. My *surat* has been joined (with *shabd*) by Radhasoami, so that now inside of me I will play *Holi* (with Him). I have reduced all my karmas and *dharmas* to dust and blown it over and then I struck hard on the heads of all the agents of vice and evil (lust, wrath, gluttony or greed, attachments and bewilderments, and hubris).

3. I got the larger pitcher of my mind filled in with the water of life in the sphere of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*), and by careful planning and using the right stratagem (i.e. by *satsang*, rendering service to the guru by body, mind, wealth and *surat* and by catering to the needs of the *satsangis* – careful planning or *jatan*) and right strategy (*jukti*, of recitation of the Great Name, contemplation on the form of the guru and meditation or hearing the unstruck melody within), I turned my mind from going outward and downward, and moved it inward and upward.

4-5. With this, the unstruck melody began to appear with a bang and I could hear it quite easily, and in *Trikuti*, lightning began to sparkle and flash and a great thunderous uproar arose. That is how I lost all consciousness of my mind and I became beside myself, breaking off (detaching from) all my relationship with this phenomenal world (*jagat*).

6-10. I ripped up (torn into small pieces) the dragnet of *Kaal* (mind) and my *surat* started flowing upward. The formidable agent of *Kaal* is standing up at my door (to lure me), and every moment, every instant, he is cajoling and coaxing me (to do his bidding). But then, I have got my knots of *jada-chetan* untied (in *Trikuti*) and have broken up the cord of my connection with both 'I-ness' (*mamta* or mind) and matter (*Maya*). My *surat* has become all alone (like *alif* or *chhadi*) and has soared to the towers and turrets (of heavenly spheres), and catching hold of the cord of sound, she has grasped it firmly. I have released the five-mouthed syringe³⁴¹ and then I went up to my guru, rushing and running speedily.

11-12. My *Satguru* has dyed my shawl-like *surat* so well and in such beautiful, attractive and fascinating colours that the Inaccessible Lord Himself has started to joke and cut capers with me. Hail Radhasoami, who has made me play such a wonderful game to enable me to play *Holi* with Him in such style.

Hymn 11 (8 Verses)

Radhasoami ghar baadho rung ...

1-2. The Abode of Radhasoami is now overflowing with such wonderful colour of love, that I am inspired to play *Holi* in novel style and with great verve and zest. I have picked up the water-gun (*pichkari*) of my *surat* and *nirat* and filling it again and again I discharged its contents over Radhasoami.

3-4. I have converted the sun and moon into *Qum Qum*³⁴² and filled them in with the red-powder of ardent love. I have filled in the cistern of *sushumana* artery to capacity whence was released the water fountain from Crooked Tunnel.

5-6. A thousand currents flushed out of that fountain and they went across *Trikuti* and eventually reached the gate of *Sunn*. There I played *Holi* with the *hamsas* (purified spirits) and there the passages of ambrosial waters began to flow.

7-8. Marvellous and astonishing instruments of unstruck melody (fiddle and *sarangi*) began to play there and through them, the Name Radhasoami is distinctly becoming audible. O my *satsangi* brothers (and sisters)! Play such a *Holi* (as stated above), for this is pleasing to all the saints.

Hymn 12 (11 Verses)

Aao ri sakhi jud Holi gaavein ...

1-5. O my companions (sensory organs)! Come on, let us join in singing of *Holi* (the *raga* sung during the *Holi* season), and performing *aarti* in order to please and curry His favour. Let us convert our body and mind into *Qum Qum* (bulbs full of coloured water) and throw them on Radhasoami, sprinkling the coloured water on Him in order to ingratiate ourselves (i.e. let us sacrifice our body and mind on Him). Let us make Him wear the clothes of red powder and watch His colours and behold His (immeasurable) beauty.

Let us fill the plate with the mica-powder of our *surat* and make our eyes into a water-gun and release the contents on Him (i.e. let us make an oblation of our *surat* and our eyes unto Him). Let us ensconce Radhasoami in our heart of hearts and intensify and multiply our love for Him day and night.

6-11. Let us raise commotion and uproar all over the earth, all over the sky and in the region between the earth and the sky. May Radhasoami make us play *Holi* of this order. Let us pull the sun (*pingla*) and moon (*ida*) and join them together on the focus of the Third *Til* and make the *sushumana* artery flooded with this coloured water (water of love, devotion and full concentration). Let us dye the shawl of our *surat* with this colour (of love and devotion) and drench our *nirat* so that with her provocation, our *surat's* quest may succeed and we may gain access to the sound of unstruck melody. The clusters and swarms of clouds with which the sky is overcast and which keep on gathering from all the four sides (in *Trikuti*) look so fascinating and charming. The nimbus there is full of red water which rains incessantly and presents a marvellous display of colour and merriment. Now tell me, who can make us play such a *Holi*? It is only Radhasoami who reveals to us the secret and mystery of playing such a *Holi*.

Discourse XL (8 Hymns)

Saawan (rainy season), swaying cradle and swing (*hindola* and *jhoola*).

Hymn 1 (7 Verses)

Saawan maas aas huyee jhoolan

1-7. In the month of *Saawan* (July-August), I cherish the ardent desire for swinging (with my beloved Lord), as the clouds thunder in *Gagan* (heaven) and the mind becomes elated, spirited and animated. My close companions (i.e. my sensory organs) have adorned themselves (i.e. have braced themselves for the occasion) and full of love, they are looking for inestimable joy and happiness, expecting to watch the swinging glee. What shall I say, for my lips don't open up to speak, and watching the beautiful mien of the guru my mind becomes besides itself. Amid the thunder clouds and flashes of lightning in the heaven, the bluish clouds move in the sky like the herd of elephants roaring about. Watching this sight, my *surat* soars to the fundamental, basic sphere (the sphere of *Trikuti*) where she sings in the swinging cradle of *shabd* – a cradle which is inestimable, incomparable and unrivalled. As the *surat* gets in tune with the unstruck melody of the *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit), all the thorns and thistles produced by mind and body are cut off and removed and she picks up the pearls in *Mansarovar* (i.e. it becomes transmuted into a *hamsa* or purified spirit that lives only on pearls). Radhasoami says that this month of *saawan* is full of the sap of beauty and gaiety and those who watch its festivities feel exhilarated and elated.

Hymn 2 (8 Verses)

Saawan maas suhagin aayeen ...

1-5. In this month of *saawan*, the wedded wives have all gathered and are rushing to swing along with their beloved Lord. In all the four directions, the bluish nimbus is making the sky overcast and the thundering clouds there are creating a great commotion and uproar. New and novel *raginis* (melodies) are striking their notes in a crescendo, and they are entertaining with their musical skill amid great flashes of lightning and splashes of ambrosial rain. Every moment the torrents of ambrosial rain are falling and the *sushumana* artery is looking like rivers and rivulets of love. All my close companions (sensory-organs) are getting animated and they hilariously sway the swing of *Gagan* (i.e. they are enjoying the musical notes and the light and lustre of *Trikuti*).

6-8. In the company of their darling Lord (*Shabd* Guru) they drink the sap of ambrosia and become extremely delighted; and at seeing the flashes of lightning the sight becomes even more exciting making them ecstatic. The peacocks and the pied-crested cuckoo (*papi-ha*) are constantly screaming and chuckling and one hears the marvellous and astonishing sound of thunder. In this scenario, the sight of the beauteous mien of Radhasoami is so delightful that the whole setting appears to be extraordinary and marvellous and all the spectators are offering their congratulations.

Hymn 3 (5 Verses)

Surat tu chet ri, ab saawan aayaa ...

1-2. O *surat*! Beware and awaken, for *saawan* has already come; fly up to *Gagan* and peep into *Trikuti* where the guru is displaying his wondrous sport. There, a swinging cradle of Name is hanging tied with the cord of *shabd*; the world at large has not been of much avail to you; as it is, take along with you all your companions (your sensory organs which have been involved in the game of *Kaal* and *Maya* and the worldlings in general. Now withdraw them and soar).

3-5. I am lovesick (*birhin*) and am pining for the glimpses of my lovely beloved; without Him, I find no rest or repose anywhere; now I openly play in the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) for the guru has revealed to me its secrets and whereabouts. The rain is falling in a steady drizzle (*rim jhim*) and my peacock-like mind is screaming in jubilation; O my dear! I am hearing the words and talks of my beloved Lord and my mind is intensifying its tendresse and fondness for Him. Inside of me, I have embellished myself (with forgiveness, charity, contentment, patience, humility, fortitude, endurance) and reaching there I have ingratiated myself with my lovely beloved Lord; Radhasoami has sung of the vital importance of the bliss which the seeker accompanied by his companions (sensory organs) receives at the hands of the *Satguru*.

Hymn 4 (8 Verses)

Radhasoami jhoolat aaj hindola ...

1-2. Today Radhasoami is swinging in the swaying cradle so that a marvellous, unstruck sound is emanating from the heavenly spheres. Both my companions, *surat* and *nirat*, have joined together and have come and took to swinging; they were overwhelmed and turned ecstatic at the sight, and became wrapped up in His form.

3-4. They are fastening their gaze on His eyes and they cry for His glimpses, reciting the name Radhasoami and Radhasoami, thereby reinforcing their faith in that Great Name. Both the moon and the sun are being treated as pillars, fully adorned and decorated, supporting the swinging and the swaying cradle; the small four-footed seat (*chauki*) on which Radhasoami sits is studded with rubies.

5-6. Radhasoami graciously puts His feet on the four-footed seat and as that beloved Lord speaks, all around become immersed in the bliss of ardent love. In this wonderful atmosphere, and on this marvellous occasion, the *hamsas*, as also the *hamsinis*, leaving the *Mansarovar*, have come here.

7-8. Seeing this blissful sight, they became elated and exhilarated; they became beside themselves, losing awareness of their body. All this created a stir and raised an uproar of delight and approbation in the Immortal City (*Sattlok*), with the cry going out: 'See Radhasoami is swinging, sitting in the swinging cradle of the Timeless and Spaceless Sphere!'

Hymn 5 (5 Verses)

Ajab yeh bangla liya sajaai ...

1-5. This marvellous bungalow³⁴³ has been embellished and adorned so beautifully that all the *hamsas* who see it became immensely fascinated and pleased. Radhasoami has graciously sat down in it and all and sundry are performing His doxology (*arti*) in a chorus. This day it is a most agreeable hour that has struck, so that the afflictions, disasters and calamities of all have been averted. Wrapped up in His sanctuary, I have become hallowed and purified; what shall I say about this bungalow which looks so extraordinary, marvellous and peculiar. I am now singing the doxology unto Radhasoami, as His bungalow in the White Sphere (Radhasoami Abode) is so pleasing and satisfying to me.

Hymn 6 (2 Verses)

Surat meri charh gayee Gagan atariya ...

1-2. My *surat* has flown up to the turrets and towers of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres); I have gradually and steadily made it to the top of the heavenly spheres. I have perceived Radhasoami who has an extremely beautiful and attractive figure and is awfully sagacious, having foresight, discernment, keen perception and good judgement (*sujanya*). My idol (Radhasoami) has put His arms around my neck; and I am wearing the collyrium of perfect, divine knowledge in my eyes.

Hymn 7 (2 Verses)

Pai gayee Radhasoami, ho gayee suhaag bhari ...

1-2. I have gained access to Radhasoami and I have become like His wedded wife (devout, caring, loving, serving, the apple of His eye). The lotus³⁴⁴ has opened and blossomed and I have joined my groom. I have perceived His sheen and splendour and I went across *Gagan (Trikuti)*; I have forsaken all evils and vices and I have got into the haven and shelter of the *Satguru*.

Hymn 8 (27 Verses)

Surat aaj jhool rahi ...

[Note: In this note, a general interpretation of this hymn is given so that the reader may have an overall view of what it is all about. The *surat*, in the company of body and mind since time immemorial has become petrified (dull, deadened, unresponsive and insensitive). Wrapped up by them, it has become hard and dead as stone, and has accumulated layers of dirt and filth. Until it is extricated from their claws, at least partially, its hardness cannot be dissolved or reduced and it cannot swing in the swinging cradle of *Gagan* or heavenly spheres. It is only the *Sant Satguru*, the omniscient, who can secure its release from the jaws of Maya and mind, and who can soften it and restore it to its initial freshness, flexibility and sensitiveness, and can enable it to swing in the heavenly spheres. It is therefore only when the *surat* gets into intimate contact with the perfect *Satguru* that the hour for her swinging in the heavenly sphere, strikes.

Although the *surat* is the epitome of all knowledge and she, per se, does not have to depend on any extraneous factor to acquire knowledge, but since she was entrusted to the care of Mind (*Kaal*) and Maya (Matter), she has identified herself with them and has come to depend slavishly upon the sensory organs all of which open in the outside. With ears and eyes, one can have a little knowledge of what one hears and of what one sees. Such a knowledge is dianoetic, discursive and thoroughly inadequate. The hearing power of the ears and the power of vision of the eyes is limited to a very small extent beyond which one can neither hear nor see.

When the *surat* gets ready to move inward, the sensory organs, i.e. ears, eyes, nose, tongue and skin, do not move. And without taking them along, the *surat* cannot move inward. It is therefore of capital importance for her to subject the motor organs to severe discipline and to discipline the sensory organs so that they become soft, flexible and light, and capable of swinging. *Surat* herself is *saheli* or friend, and the sensory organs are her companions (*sakhiyaan*). When the *surat saheli* reaches *Gagan* and starts swinging, the rain of love begins to fall so that all her companions (sensory organs) become excited, stimulated and delighted. As rain water outside makes the earth verdurous, green and refreshed, likewise the rain of water of life inside makes the *surat saheli* and her companions refreshed and verdurous. By hearing the Sound or *shabd*, the ears, and by seeing the fun of the game, the sight or eyes, by touching Him, the skin or touch, and by smelling the fra-

grance of various perfumes there, the nose or smell, and by tasting ambrosia, the taste or tongue, become revitalised and lively.

The *Sant Satguru*, by whose grace the *surat* gets the opportunity of reaching the *Gagan* and swing in the swinging cradle of *shabd*, by touching him and by catching His glimpses, the *surat* becomes exhilarated and ecstatic and declares: 'I wish to sacrifice myself on that *Satguru* whose grace provided me this opportunity and which roused my sleeping destiny.' That is the implication of the first three verses of this hymn. *Surat* today is swinging, for she met the guru who puts the swing in motion. During the rains that fall in *Gagan*, the companions of the friend-*surat* become delighted for they follow the friend, i.e. *surat*. In the swinging cradle that operates in *Gagan* the *surat* like a happy wedded wife is swinging in great elation.

It is in this context that I have translated the 27 verses of this hymn.]

1-5. Today my *surat* is swinging for she has been able to meet and contact the guru who sways the swing. During the rainy season (*saawan*), the companions of *surat* are greatly delighted and exhilarated, for they are accompanying their friend or *saheli* – the *surat*. The newly wedded bride-like *surat* is swinging in the swaying cradle of *shabd* that operates in *Gagan* (heaven spheres). The cord of *Shabd* or Sound is being pulled up in the Timeless and Spaceless sphere (*Adhar*) where the unstruck melody resonates and reverberates. All the other *surats* who are like the wedded wives begin to sing the songs of *saawan*, having embellished themselves with all the devices of love.

6-10. A marvellous arena³⁴⁵ has been installed in the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) where the *surats* or *hamsas* witness eternal, evergreen spring. In the Spaceless and Timeless sphere, the guru – the performer of spiritual sports – graciously sits in the middle. The *hiya* (the heart and soul) of those who catch his glimpses becomes vivacious and zestful, enchanted and enthralled; they live and are sustained there by ambrosia. The *surat* greatly appreciates and thanks her good fortune, and intensifies her devotion to the guru, who made her oblivious, forgetful and unconscious of this phenomenal world. She opens the door-fliers of the Spaceless and Timeless sphere where the *Satguru* has pitched his tent.

11-15. In that ocean of perennial joy and bliss (*Sunn*), the *surat* has jettisoned all negative traits, vices and evils. It is by sheer great luck that I have got an opportunity of performing *aarti* of *Satguru* through which great good is being done to the *jivas*. They all play and rejoice and make merriment in the company of the guru for having received from him the mystery of the Infinite and the Unfathomable. In the first instance, they held sports in *Sahasdal Kanwal* and then they opened the gate of *Trikuti*. In the Sphere of Spirit, there is a great deal of pomp and show, excitement and commotion (*dhooma-dhaami*), and there the melodious sound of *sarangi* is resonating.

16-20. The *hamsas* and *hamsinis* have installed an arena where they all sit in great sheen and splendour, grandeur and magnificence. Who can speak of the glory and glitter of that abode for that is the court of the *Akshar Purush* (the Imperishable Lord). The *surat*, like the *hamsini*, having watched this

tamasha puts her feet ahead (i.e. soars higher). Following the line shown by the *Satguru*, she makes it to the huge *maidaan* of *Mahasunn* that is incomparable (*anoopam*). Hearing the resonance and reverberations of the sound of flute in the Rotating Cave, she becomes inebriated and excited.

21-25. Every instant I sacrifice myself to the true abode, the *Sattlok*, where there is the dearest sound of *Sattnaam*. There I made a search for the Invisible Lord, who is more radiant and more lustrous than billions and trillions of suns put together. Then I gained access to the sound of the Inaccessible Region and moved there along the fast current of love. Beyond it, there is the incomparable mansion on view – the Abode of Radhasoami, who is inaccessible, unapproachable and infinite. There in every turret and tower, is infinite radiance and there sits the Absolute Lord.

26-27. Having made it to that sphere, my *surat* and *nirat* reached the end of their journey and become wrapped up in Him. Radhasoami, the Inaccessible and the Nameless Lord, loved both of them intensely.

Discourse XLI (24 Hymns)

Miscellaneous Hymns

Hymn 1 (7 Verses)

Khojat rahi piya panth, maram koyee nek na gaayaa ...

1-2. O companion! I have been looking for the Way that leads to my beloved Lord, but nobody knows anything about it; day and night I have been restless, and I have passed all my life yearning for Him. I have been making *cri de coeur* but nobody came to my rescue; all the *bhekhs* (wearing coloured clothes pretending to be *sadhus*), beggars and the worldly gurus are all wandering about in delusion, victims of Maya (illusion and allurement).

3-5. Without *shabd* (i.e. without taking recourse to *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) they have all been deceived and beguiled; but thanks to my luck, I have met the perfect *Satguru* who revealed to me the whole secret (of liberation and redemption). He enabled me to perceive the essence of *surat* and made me ascend to *Gagan*; and reaching the sphere of *Gagan* He made it possible for me to hear the unstruck melody. All the *japis* (reciters of mantras), *tapis* (ascetics), *maunis* (recluses given to long spells of silence), the *bakees* (the braggarts, the cockalorums), *jatis* (abstinents), the yogis – all follow their own ways but none of them speaks of this path (*Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) which remains a rarity.

6-7. Hail the *Sant Satguru* who explained to me the sum and substance of it; it is the ways and faiths of the Mind (i.e. *Kaal-mat*) that has spread over the whole world (i.e. Hinduism, Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, Parsism, Sikhism, Jainism etc.); the *Guru Mat* (i.e. *Sant Mat*) nobody entertains. It is only the rare seekers, whose *surat* has been roused and stirs its stumps, who have taken to the practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*; it is Radhasoami who unfolded the mystery and roused and stirred the *jivas* to comprehend Reality.

Hymn 2 (15 Verses)

Sunni surat shabd bin bhatkee ...

1-2. The *surat* which was the denizen of *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit), now becoming devoid of *shabd* (i.e. going off the current of *shabd*) has been struggling and got stuck up in the company of mind where she is suffering pains and afflictions of all sorts. Like a whirligig (*chakvi*) she has been whirling about and spinning around, and gone outward and downward and became wrapped up with the body (motor organs and sensor organs).

3-5. She feeds herself on poison (sensual pleasures) and keeps loafing, loitering and lounging around, whiling away her span of life, failing to think about and comprehend her ultimate source and abode. Wrapped up in the darkness of attachments and infatuations, she has become somnolent and gone to sleep, has not cared to listen to the silent whisper (caused by inhalation and exhalation) which could rouse her from her stupor and torpor (*khwab-i-ghaflat* of unconsciousness, mental dullness and drowsiness). She has fallen under the subjection of sensory and motor organs and remains fickle, wayward, restless and unsteady (*vikal*), so that her being is overshadowed and overpowered by *Kaal's* skulduggery (*Kaal-kala ghat mein chhaayee*).

6-8. She has been wholly wrapped up in the objects of sensual pleasure, and is being consumed and eaten up by sorrow and suffering, ailments and grief. She has been so securely tied up with the cord of attachments with this phenomenal world (*jagat*), that more secure the attachments become, happier she feels with the sap of *meum* and *tuum*, and 'I-ness'. The conduct and behaviour of the world has become so dear to her that her current which originally moved upward and inward, has begun constantly to flow downward and outward; her movement has been put in the reverse direction.

9-10. Having been reduced to such dire straits, how can she be retrieved and how can her current be turned once again upward and inward, without the active guidance and grace of the *Satguru*? It is for this reason that the opening of the gate of *sushumana* through which alone she could move upward, has become so difficult that she seems to have ceased to be conscious and aware of the dire straits she has been landed in!

11-12. She has failed to become separated and cut off from the bluish and black sphere (*Kaal* and *Maya*); how and in what manner can she gain access to the White Sphere (of the saints, that is lustrous, radiant and bright). O brother! She finds it impossible to discern between the right and the wrong *shabds*; how can then she get on to the right unstruck?

13-15. O *surat*! Go inside and perceive the gate that leads to the Lord (*dhriḡ dwara* or the Third *Til*) from whence goes the way to the Spaceless and Timeless spheres. Break open the starting post (which runs from the Third *Til* to *Trikuti*) and leaving out *Kaal* in the cold (neglecting, ignoring, averting and repelling him), exhaust and eradicate the karmas and fly upward. Radhasoami is graciously counselling you to put each step forward, prudently (i.e. with great care, caution and circumspection).

Hymn 3 (7 Verses)

Surat chal baavri, kyoon ghar bisraayaa ...

1-2. O crazy, witless *surat*! Come on and move out with me. Why have you lost consciousness of your own real abode? Follow closely the *Satguru* so that he may take you to your ultimate abode. He will lift the barriers placed on your way by the West (country of Maya and *Kaal* created by the Lord after He had created the East or *Satt Desh*), and shown you some glimpses of the East, where there is strange, wondrous and unmatched state and let you get in contact with the *hamsas* (purified spirits).

3-5. He (the *Satguru*) has fetched you to the circle of saints in the White Island, and shown you the kindled flame; and then he made you discern the *mauj* (will and dispensation) of *Satt Purush* and enabled you to hear the mellifluous sound of harp (in *Satt Desh*). He made you see the middle (i.e. *Satt Desh*) as between the Low (*Pind* and *Brahmand*) and the High (Radhasoami Abode). This middle (*Satt Desh*) is the real *tirtha*³⁴⁶ which He enabled you to contact. Those who do not comprehend the inner dispensation (of the Lord) are merely wasting their life. But then tell me how can anyone trace the path to that inner dispensation without the active guidance of the *Satguru*? Anyone who is the recipient of the grace and mercy of the perfect saint, becomes steady treating all situations alike and putting the plebeians and patricians, the beggar and the king, on a par.

6-7. Such a one dives deep into the ocean (of spirituality) and picks up the pearl from the deep; he places the garland of gems (spiritual secrets) in his heart of hearts and the *Satguru* takes him to the Illimitable and the Infinite. He employs the *nirat* as the herald (who leads) and making him wrapped up in *shabd* (i.e. in the Name Radhasoami) which can be received only by a rare person from amongst those who are guru-oriented.

Hymn 4 (6Verses)

Ghat bheetar tu jaag ree, hey surat puraani ...

1-2. O ancient *surat*!³⁴⁷ Become roused and stir your stumps inside. Awaken! Deprived of your own habitat (*Satt Desh*) you have been peeping into this or that, running from pillar to post; forgetting all about your origin and destination, and deluded and beguiled (by *Kaal* and Maya). *Kaal* has been outwitting you (to get the better of you by cunning or ingenuity) but you never developed any awareness of his skulduggery; but now, by the grace of the *Satguru*, the weather has changed (has ceased to be inclement and has become favourable).

3-4. For now you have gained easy access to the human form and become immersed in the waters of *satsang*; the *surat* has got to know the bank and has recognised and identified the sound of the unstruck melody. This path (of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*) the saints have recommended; the *pandits* do not know a thing about it; and those who gained access to this path, they became relieved from the four species (*andaj*, *jeraj*, *svedaj* and *udbhij*) – the vicious circle of metempsychosis.

5-6. The *surat* has now become separated and dissociated from the sweep of the Third *Til* (bluish area) and eventually became merged into the Fourth *Lok* (*Satt Desh*) where she hears the marvellous word of unstruck melody. The *surat* will then get on to the fifth (viz. the Invisible Realm – *Alakh*) and then to the sixth (viz. the Inaccessible Sphere or *Agam*) and thereafter to Radhasoami Abode; there the *surat* becomes a wedded wife (of Radhasoami) and of this splendid fortune nobody can speak.

Hymn 5 (9 Verses)

Surat ghar khoj ree, ritu milan mili ...

1-5. O *surat*! Seek and search for your abode, for it is the season of becoming united (*wisaal* of the lover and the beloved). Think of the *shabd* and mount to the mansion (your eternal abode). O companion! Get on to the sphere of the full moon (*Sunn*) where the cold season is in full bloom. Turning from this corporeal realm, she stuck to the Third *Til* and penetrated into it with great effort. Then it became merged into the sound of *dhaam* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*) and then flew up to the lane of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*).

6-9. After having pulverised and pounded all the karmas, she went to play with her beloved Lord. She gave up the habitat of this body, and then the lotus petals opened up (in *Brahmand*). Forsaking the three *gunas* and the motor and sensory organs, she shook the foundations (literally roots) of *Kaal*. Now, I earnestly contemplate on the form of Radhasoami whom I cannot forget even for an instant.

Hymn 6 (8 Verses)

Chal ab sajni piya ke desh ...

1-2. O lovely friend! Let us now move on to the country of our beloved Lord, and on meeting Him, bow down to Him and salute and wish Him. And then embarking on the journey within, go and settle down in the ultimate post (*Shesh Pada*) or Ultimate Abode; in their bid to reach there Brahma, Vishnu, Mahesh (i.e. the Procreator, Sustainer and Destroyer or *rajogun*, *satogun* and *tamogun*) have all become tired and exhausted.

3-5. Even Gauri (consort of Shiva) and Ganesh (the son of Parvati and Shiva) could not make any headway and sat down beaten and exhausted. Everyone who sought to make it to that abode was held by *Kaal* who catching his hair beat him up (and prevented him from going ahead); indeed, nobody could get in without the active guidance and help of the saint. All of them remained prisoners in the country of Maya and *Kaal* (matter and mind); they just cannot escape and continue to suffer from diverse afflictions and vicissitudinous fluctuations caused by space and time (*Kaal-klesh*).

6-8. If only the *Satguru* happens to come by and meet you, He alone would deliver the Absolute Lord's message to you which alone will efface and eradicate all the traces of *Kaal* and vestiges of karma (from your Being). The *surat* has now assumed the form of *hamsa* (purified spirit), and she has broken the stings of *Kaal* (destroyed his capacity to inflict wounds and inject

poison). I now became a standing beggar at the door of Radhasoami so that Radhasoami has now become my own (i.e. I have merged into Radhasoami).

Hymn 7 (5 Verses)

Sakhi chal dekh bahaar piya ki ...

1-2. O companion! Let us move and see the sheen and splendour, magnificence and majesty, might and main of our dear beloved Lord; let us elevate ourselves inside and arrange properly the bed of our Lord. Hear the sound of the dainty Lord across *Gagan* and perceiving the fascinating mien of the beloved Lord let us see His essential truth and core.

3-5. The current of His ambrosial sap is continually flowing, and tasting it the *surat* has become the apple of the eye and the darling consort of the lovely Lord. Having burned away this realm (i.e. giving up this phenomenal world), I have become entirely His own and He, my guru, has made me close to Him like a garland around the neck. Radhasoami has loosened the fence (barrier) all around my lovely Lord (Himself) so that I could peep into the infinite and unbounded lane (locality) of my beloved Lord (Radhasoami).

Hymn 8 (15 Verses)

Guru nirkho ree, hiye nain khulein, guru dekho ree ...

O Companion! Fasten your gaze upon the guru so that your inner eye may open and you may then easily behold the guru.' ... Refrain

1-5. Open the shutters of your inner eye and smother and pulverise and crush the army of *Kaal* and then perceive the guru. O companion! The fascinating feet of the guru have captivated and burgled my heart and consciousness; my mind has boarded the ship of *shabd* which the *Satguru* veers and steers as the helmsman. I go across this sea of matter and mind (*bhaujal*) and merge unto the feet of the guru, become absorbed in the contemplation on the sound so that my lotus-like *surat* blooms and blossoms. All my karmas have been incinerated, and I became unencumbered of the load of karmas and became engrossed in the quest and investigation unto my being and the flow up to the lane of *Gagan*. There the arrows (pangs) of my love-sickness (*virah* or separation) began to bite into my vitals and it was then that the lotus of my *surat* blossomed (i.e. it became wholly extricated from the claws of mind and matter), and I then perceived the beauteous form of the guru and became my Lord's pet (*piya paas pali*).

6-8. O companion! The current of ambrosia is flowing inside of me and day and night I take immersion in it; my good luck has dawned for I have gained access to the unstruck melody. The home (source) of *Kaal* and karma³⁴⁸ has been set aflame and the entire illusory capital of Madam Bubble has been reduced to ashes. Then I went on penetrating deeper and deeper, inward and higher and a veritable mine of diamonds and pearls (*shabds* or Sounds of *Sunn*) and rubies (*shabds* of *Trikuti*) opened up to me.

9-10. (Confronted by this situation) *Kaal* himself became frail and feeble, languid and untenable, decrepit and infirm as if half-burnt; the arrays of Maya have been beaten up, pulverised and put to flight. I opened the door of good disposition and continued to move forward, and holding the guru's feet firmly, I flew up to the Ultimate Abode.

11-13. I now completed my *aarti* and the guru graciously intensified my love for Him, and the barriers of various spheres went on lifting and dissolving to make my passage upward smooth. I so firmly grasped the feet of the guru, that I could not be shaken from that position, this way or that, so that eventually I became fastened with His sanctuary and haven. Every moment, the guru's feet became my mainstay on which I rested; without my beloved Lord, I find no rest and repose anywhere, and remain distraught, restive, worried, anxious and ill-at-ease.

14-15. It is only a *surat* of a very high order that can understand my restlessness and anguish; the Vedas and other scriptures are of a very low order and cannot appreciate my state of suffering and torture. O dear companion! Grasp the feet of Radhasoami firmly for now my *surat* is moving ahead, completely dissociated with my body and mind, towards the Timeless and Spaceless spheres.

Hymn 9 (22 Verses)

Ghud daud karoon main ghat mein ...

1-2. I arrange a horse race inside of me for I have got a cavalier in my *Sant Satguru* under whose stewardship I make my horse (my refractory, horse-like mind) rise, trot and gallop. Becoming fully aware and attentive, I move on to the coast (ashore) inside of me, which is the beginning and the end of all that is there (i.e. I make it to the Absolute Lord, the Uncaused Cause).

3. *Nirat*, which is made in the image of *surat*, goes ahead as a forerunner or herald so that I gain access to my beloved Lord at the bank of the *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality, which is directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush* in *Sunn*) and amid the mellifluous sounds coming out of instruments like fiddle and *sarangi*.

4-5. During this process, my mind feels shattered and my body becomes restless and disquieted. What else shall I say about my *surat* being thinned and getting through the narrow hole of the *jantari* ³⁴⁹ of the Third *Til*. On my lotus-like *surat*, there is the black-bee like mind hovering around the lotus-like *surat*, buzzing and rapidly vibrating humming sound as if singing of the glory of my beloved Lord! What shall I say about His grandeur and fascinating charm?

6-7. I now touch the feet of my darling Lord and recite His mantra (Radhasoami Name). The star of my good luck is on the rise and I have no words to describe my jubilation about it; at this sight, innumerable suns and moons feel as if their teeth have become sour, and in wonder they bite their finger. (In talking about my rising luck, innumerable suns and moons feel as if they are biting off more than they can chew, i.e. they would be attempting a task beyond their capability.)

8-10. The circle of stars in the sphere of *Gagan* are going round and round (feeling dizzy) to see the majesty of my guru which they find to be endless and infinite. I turned away from the *madaan* (plane) of this phenomenal realm and turned inward, and found that my *Satguru* has thrown *Kaal* and his agents, formidable as elephants, into a panic. My *Satguru* is a perfect warrior and he can crush and beat up innumerable arrays of *Kaal*.

11-12. My guru is occupying the seat on the high pedestal (*masnad*) placed in the metropolis of *Satt Desh* and confers upon the *surat* the sweet sap of knowledge (*ved*, i.e. *vidya* or vision), vision and intuition. Anyone who catches his glimpses will himself become as beautiful as the houris and peris (*parand*) of the celestial regions.

13-15. The sphere where I heard the sound of unstruck melody, there even Krishna and his foster-father Nand accept defeat at its splendour and grandeur. It is only in this human life that I could get at this mystery, by churning my body and mind (i.e. by regular practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*). I have caught hold of the feet of my guru so tightly and firmly, that I cannot be separated from him for millions of ages (*koti jugant*).

16-17. What of Shesh (hydra-headed snake) and what of Mahesh (Shiva, the Destroyer, of Hindu Trinity), none of them and their likes can speak of my grandeur, sheen and splendour, might and main. All of them remained stuck up at the door of *Hari's* abode (the portal of *Sahasdal Kanwal*); they do not know anything about the way that leads to the post and sphere of *Satguru*.

18-22. These are mysterious matters and incomprehensible, but their bliss is extraordinarily great and overwhelming; only the one whose mind is completely absorbed and possessed by the love of the *Satguru*, can gain access to it. As for me, I am utterly dependent upon him for everything that I do. His *servus servorum*; what shall I say about the grandeur of that Ultimate Abode. I have met the compassionate guru who keeps all my *indriyas* under control and restrain (*gosain*)³⁵⁰ by his grace and power; I have reached the Ultimate Abode which is the end of all true seekers. How can I describe and enumerate the majestic qualities of a saint, for each and every fibre of his appears to be the rendezvous or abode of crores of suns. Radhasoami, the merciful Lord of the meek and the humble, has delivered this definitive (conclusive, most valuable, confirmed, complete and authoritative) discourse (*bachan pukhant*).

Hymn 10 (19 Verses)

Surat rat ghor sunaavat bhaari ...

1-2. My *surat* is deeply engrossed in hearing the resonating sound of the unstruck melody; the lotus feet of the guru have become the mainstay of my heart and soul. I make an oblation of myself at the feet of the guru, so that all the objects of sensual pleasures appertaining to this phenomenal realm now have turned sour (unfavourable, disagreeable, bland, dull and inharmonious).

3-4. I beat up this whole phenomenal world by mauling and beating up all the worldlings in order to redeem them. O ignoramus! Why do you forget their dirty past? (i.e. although the worldlings were condemned to doom by

their past karmas, I have yet emancipated them.) O Seekers! Come here and hear the guru's discourses (mantra, Radhasoami), or else you will suffer torments and tortures in perdition (hell with Satan as its ruler).

5-8. The majesty, might and main of the guru is infinite and unlimited, something of which even *Jyoti-Niranjana (Ishwar)* cannot sing. What is the sweep and extent of the power and might of Brahma and Vishnu, of goddesses and gods? Nothing, just nothing as compared to the might of the *Satguru*. All of them and their likes drift along the current of *chaurasi* (metempsychosis); without the active help, guidance and grace of the guru, nobody can sail across this perilous ocean of mind and body. As it is, I call upon you to catch hold of the feet of the guru! Why are you resolved to be washed away by the tumultuous currents and surging waves of this phenomenal ocean?

9-10. The guru is the Eternal Person (*Adi Purush*) Incarnate, and has manifested himself in this world (as *Sant Satguru*). He has roused and stirred all those who were *hamsas* in the making. He draws and attracts towards himself all his lovers but keeps off the carrion crows (symbolising cruelty, contention, discord, strife, revengefulness).

11-15. In this situation, *Kaal* and karma both wilt, fade and wither away; and even Maya (Madam Bubble) hangs her head in shame, feeling deep remorse for her carelessness (in allowing the *jivas* to get close to the *Satguru*). As it is, the guru has conferred upon me the privilege of gaining admittance into the Inaccessible Sphere; of this denouement how can I describe the majesty and significance? The guru now looks exceedingly dear and lovely, as fascinating and captivating as the moon is to *Alectoris rufa (chakor)*.³⁵¹ The radiant form of the guru is like a lamp to me to which I am drawn and attracted like a moth who gets burnt in its flame. As the iron is attracted by a magnet, so am I drawn to the feet of my guru.³⁵²

16-19. I live and I am sustained by the guru who is my mainstay; he has made me break with all bonds and break off all relationships and associations and become free and liberated, swimming across the phenomenal ocean with ease. I now fly up to *Gagan (Trikuti)* and beyond (beyond *Trikuti* to *Sunn*, *Mahasunn* and the Rotating Cave); and step into the *Sattlok*. After perceiving the radiance and refulgence of the *Alakh* (Invisible Realm) and *Agam* (Inaccessible Realm) I went up and became wrapped up in the Abode of Radhasoami. Ever and anon, I perform this *aarti*, supplicating to Radhasoami: 'O Radhasoami! Call me to your august feet again and again.'

Hymn 11 (12 Verses)

Guru sang jaagan ka phal bhaari ...

[Note: It is said that the time between midnight and 3 a.m. is extremely critical, for Satan is then at his most effective. The worst crimes are committed during that time. Man's mind is at its worst and is inclined to be vicious and vile. The saints keep wide awake during these hours and they also keep their ardent disciples engaged in positively spiritual pursuits like *satsang*, service, recitation of the Great Name, contemplation and meditation. Thus

Soamiji Maharaj and other adepts of the Radhasoami Faith kept their devotees occupied and engaged.]

1. The result of keeping awake in the company of the guru during the night is extremely rich and useful. If the *surat*, fully roused, stirring her stumps, concentrates at the Third *Til*, the exercise will be immensely beneficial. (What happens now is that long before the *surat* ascends to the Third *Til*, the mind becomes somnolent and drowsy and becomes fast asleep, unconscious and forgetful.) It is only after long spell of attendance at *satsang* and practice of meditation, contemplation and recitation of the Great Name that the *surat* acquires the ability to get into the Third *Til* with full consciousness and awareness so that she can catch the glimpses of the inner form of the *Satguru* and may touch His feet and render real service to him and hear his discourses which will make her bloom and blossom like a rosebud.

2. (Unless and until the structure made out by the *manas* or Mind becomes topsy-turvy it will not release the *surat* who is keen to ascend to the Third *Til*. As at present, the *surat* is chained in the dungeon of Mind and Maya, bound as it were in a tomb. All the forces operating in the mind are flowing outside and downward.

This vital energy of the *surat* has become absorbed in Maya, i.e. swallowed up. Unless the whole citadel becomes topsy-turvy, the *surat* will not run inward and upward. Till then the *surat* will not come into her own and will not be cheerful and delighted.) Once the *surat* becomes inward, she will become ecstatic and every fibre and pore of its being will be exhilarated in the temple that has been built inside, and then rosebuds will bloom and blossom within.

3. [This body is like the Dandak forest (forests lying between the Narmada and Godavari rivers where the demons used to punish the *rishis* and sages for their religious activities) where for everything one does or does not do, one has to bear the consequences. This body, so to say, is basically dirty and filthy and the best stuff it uses gets converted into something foul and filthy so that it starts stinking.] It is only when the *surat* awakens and becomes roused, it will start turning upward and inward inside the body where rosebuds will come up blooming and blossoming, fragrant and magnificent. This forest (body) which, at present, stinks will then become fragrant like the Malayagiri trees of sandalwood.

4. The petals of the lotus, where sensory organs and motor organs operate, and from where the currents of lust, anger, greed, bewilderment and delusion, and hubris gush forth and entangle the *jiva* in the snares of this world, will be subdued through the recitation of the Great Name so that the *surat* shall become separated from this phenomenal realm and will become active and march forward with ease and without any let and hindrance.

5. Then the *surat* shall be in tune with the *Satguru*'s eyes and words and will be able to discern their core and meaning and then the lotus shall bloom and become radiant.

6. Here, in this world, the mind enjoys sensory pleasure from every object and becomes so wrapped up in it that it refuses to move forward. For

spiritual progress, therefore, the *surat* has to be put in the company of *birat* and *nirat* which will detach her from the objects of pleasure (*birat*) and will goad her forward (*nirat*) to greater pleasures. The *birat* and *nirat* will become active only by the contemplation on the form of the guru. That is why it is said that spiritual movement and progress without the guru is just not possible, for the contemplation on the beautiful form of the guru will not allow it to get absorbed in the pleasure of any spiritual sphere, till she reaches the final goal. The sphere where the *surat*, *birat* and *nirat* become rolled into one, there alone the *surat* will become fully absorbed. Before that, through the medium of the contemplation on the form of the *Satguru*, *nirat* will ever be roused and both mind and matter will have to accept defeat and will not be able to hinder the march of the *surat*. But the necessary condition is that the seeker must have ardent love for the form of the *Satguru*.

7. The drop (*surat*) merges into the ocean (the Supreme Lord) and then gets to know His sweep and extent, and she being the darling of the Lord, rises into the Timeless and Spaceless spheres.

8. (That supreme sphere is the *Satt Desh* which is soft and tender, without any contradiction or friction or opposition, entirely free from any confrontation or conflict or heat, while in the region of *Kaal*, opposition is built in, and in every action which the *jiva* performs there is reaction.) As it is, the domain of *Kaal* is not soft and smooth. But in *Satt Desh* which is completely pure there is primordial energy and nothing else, and it is so radiant, so refulgent and bright and lustrous, that it seems as if suns are galore as lotuses; so to say, that land is soft and smoother and is the plane of sun. That is the sphere, admittance into which will release the seeker from all the burden and load of sins which inevitably multiply in this realm of Mind and matter. So to say, by attaining to that sphere, the *jiva-surat* will get out of the burden and load of sins and transgressions, lapses and errors.

9-10. The *jiva-surat* which is situated on this earth and shares its burden, ascends to the bluish zone of the Third *Til*, and mounts and gets across the mount of Neptune (the top of that bluish zone and then proceeds higher to the inaccessible spheres where the guru sits majestically). Those spheres of the guru as well as the Great Name revealed by the guru are unapproachable and inaccessible, and as it is, who can speak of them?

11-12. The *surat* then ascends towards the Spaceless and Timeless spheres through the medium of the *merudand* (coseygis or *al ajab*) and breaks into the *Und* (the lower fringes of *Brahmand* – *Shiva lok*, *Brahma lok* and *Vishnu lok*) and perceived what is beyond it. Of course, I was a fool, a stupid fellow devoid of all understanding of the core of Reality; but for the grace and compassion of Radhasoami, I would have never got to know anything about it.

Hymn 12 (9 Verses)

Nirkho ri koyee uth kar pichhli ratiyaan ...

1. Be alert and be on your guard during the small hours (the hours after midnight; latter part of night). If you do so and practice recitation of the Great Name, contemplation on the form of the guru, and meditate on the unstruck melody, you will be able to deal effectively with Maya's skulduggery and get the better of her, to exercise more effective control on your mind and witness the bloom of lotus inside of you (i.e. to gain access to the spiritual spheres).

2-5. Your fish-like *surat* will be able to get into the cooling waters of spirituality and get elutriated by having immersion in that ocean of ataraxia. Lifting the barrier and piercing into the lotus of Third *Til*, you will break into the gate and hear the unstruck sounds of *Sahasdal Kanwal*. You will succeed in perceiving the flame and getting in tune with the current of sound there; *mana* (*Kaal*) and Maya (Madam Bubble) will beat their breasts (display great remorse, rather ostentatiously and publicly), for they see you escaping from their dominion. The *surat*, in great delight and glee, will continue to make headway, from one higher sphere to another, getting out of the dark shadows of the illusion (Maya) of this phenomenal realm (*samsara*).

6-7. In accordance with the pleasure of the Perfect *Purush* (Radhasoami), your *surat* will continue to push forward towards His Abode, and with the active help of *nirat* that will continue to reinforce and goad your *surat* forward. The *surat* negotiates the spiritual journey, sipping the ambrosial sap in the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn* or *Kanwal Pada*) and enjoying the bliss in the company of *Satt Shabd* or *Sattnaam*.

8-9. Who can speak of the majesty and magnificence of the Great Name? It is only the saints who can give some indications of the Name's sweep and extent (*gati-patiyaan*). Radhasoami now counsels you to move upward, and traversing all the intermediate stages to get into the Fundamental and Basic Sphere – Radhasoami Abode.

Hymn 13 (9 Verses)

Sodhat surat shabd dhun antar ...

1. Sorting out and sifting the Words (*Shabds*), the *jiva-surat* goes on penetrating into the right Sound and making it to *Nabh* (*Sahasdal Kanwal*); it goes on throwing away the layers of darkness which it had gathered during its stay in the phenomenal realm. The *surat*, shining like an arrowhead (the glistening and sharp pointed tip of an arrow), shoots out of the bow of Third *Til*³⁵³ and witnesses the rays of radiance and effulgence of the flame.

2-3. There, the *surat* which is as white as the current of Ganges, rises and runs from *Sahasdal Kanwal* towards *Gagan* (*Trikuti* – the abode of *Pranava*, the deity of *pranas*) where the life-breath becomes elutriated and cleansed (of all dross they had accumulated in the lower regions).

4. On the bank of the river Yamuna (*ida* or the left artery which is compared to the blushing Yamuna, sister of Yama and emblem of *Kaal* and Maya), Shyam (mind, emblem of black-bluish *Kaal* or Brahman) plays its games and sport, and the *surat* having become dissociated from the motor

and sensory organs and having become a *gujari*,³⁵⁴ keeps on watching the fun and frolic of the mind.

5. And that mind which is Krishna, son of Yashoda (wife of Nand, living in Nandgaon where the baby Krishna was delivered in infancy by Vasudev, his father, so that the infant may escape the wrath of Kans, his maternal uncle, the ruler of Mathura, his enemy or *ripu*), begins to hear the sound of *Rarankar* (from the entrance to *Sunn*) with a bang (*dhamak*) and gives up all hopes for this phenomenal realm.

6-9. The *surat* hearing the uproar of the Sound goes on dashing forward and upward, at the sight of which *Kaal* (Brahman) feels vexed, annoyed, betrayed and tormented. Soaring and flying up, the *surat* reaches *Sunn* (the Pure City, the Sphere of Spirit) where there is the awesome arena of *hamsas* (purified spirits, *ghor akhaara*) and there she discovers the extent and sweep (*gati*) of the Great Name, so close to her. Thereafter the *surat*, almost like a fish in water, enjoys the bliss of immersion in *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush* himself) and like a black-bee, hovers around the Rotating Cave, and then it moves on to *Sattlok* and becomes like the insect *bhringi*³⁵⁵ (i.e. like *Satt Purush*). From there (*Sattlok*), the *surat* proceeds to Radhasoami abode, continually hearing the sound Radhasoami and becomes ecstatic and attains to perfect and permanent sangfroid.

Hymn 14 (10 Verses)

Mel karo nij naam gusaiyaan ...

1-2. O subduer and master of your motor and sensory organs (*gusain*)! Develop intimacy with your own Name (Great Name, Radhasoami); so to say, become one with Him. I ensconce the feet of the guru in my heart of hearts, and by His grace, I penetrate into the Third *Til* (bluish zone; Shyam) and then get on to the White Sphere (*Sahasdal Kanwal*). Identification with the Great Name and enshrining the feet of the *Satguru* in one's heart of hearts, removes all sorrows, regrets and sufferings (*dukh aur khed*) and averts *Kaal* and Yama (lord of death).

3-5. By wrapping up myself in the contemplation of such a *Satguru* who is one with the Great Name, I reach the sphere of *Trikuti*. There, my mind and *surat* forsake and abandon arrogance, pride and 'I-ness' (duality, thine and mine) and seeks and gets access to *Sattnaam*. Then my *surat* turned back from this phenomenal realm on to the higher plane on the other side, and all the heat and fire generated by *Kaal* and Maya, actions and reactions here were extinguished and my *surat* became cool, calm and composed, having wriggled out of the region of *Kaal* and Maya.

6-7. Abandoning the left side (*ida* or *ira*), I followed *pingla* and like *Alectoris rufa* (*chakor* who is in deep love with the moon), I drink in the beams of the full moon in *Sunn* and gain access to its unstruck melody (fiddle and *sarangi* and the *shabd Rarankar*). My merciful guru has made me rid of the frontiers of the region of *Kaal-Nagar* (City of *Kaal*) and comforted me (by taking to His own sphere).

8-10. My *surat* then found rest and repose in the pristine country of *Sunn* where she became wrapped up in the *shabd* of that sphere. Drenched in the sap of pure, selfless, ardent love, I performed the *aarti* of the *Satguru* in whose feet I found my haven and sanctuary. Radhasoami, whose Name is Nameless, revealed to me the basic secret of the fundamental, original and eternal abode.

Hymn 15 (10 Verses)

Bharmi mana ko laao thikaaney ...

[Note: In the first five verses of this hymn, a devout woman whose husband was averse to Radhasoami Faith and had straggled from the straight path, prays to the merciful Radhasoami to be pleased and bring her husband round to the right track, so that he may also become a devotee of Radhasoami and get redeemed. In the next five verses, Radhasoami *Dayal* responds to her prayer and suggests the remedy she ought to take recourse to.]

1-2. The devout lady prays: ‘O Lord! Bring his (my husband’s) deluded mind and heart to the right track (i.e. make him thoughtful and careful) so that he may be filled in with love for the guru and become wrapped up in his feet, and so that he may cease to be a Doubting Thomas and abandon his scepticism (*duvidha*, doubt and uncertainty) and his disposition undergo a change, and he may learn to rely on the recitation of the Name that you recommend and treat you as his mainstay.

3-5. O Lord! Without you, to get rid of delusion and illusion, is a formidable task, for a straggled mind keeps on rambling, lingering and wandering from the main line and getting stuck up here and there. Without participating and attending the *satsang*, comprehension and understanding do not dawn and yet without good luck, nobody can gain access to *satsang*. What shall I say? There appears to be no measured (sure) and well calculated way (*byonta*) to get out of this riddle or enigma; O merciful Lord, you alone can churn out some remedy (*tum dayal kuchh kaho biloyee*)!’

6-10. The *Satguru* then replies: ‘O Lady! Let him partake of *prasad* and *charanamrit*;³⁵⁶ there is no remedy; what more shall I say? Do this ever and anon so that his spiritual task may be accomplished and his cause served. Again, perform *aarti* on his behalf, reposing complete trust and faith in your heart and soul. Then alone he will definitely receive some spiritual benefit, albeit small, and then his mind and attention will turn from the wrong direction towards the right. Radhasoami is clearly spelling out to you the remedy: Perform *aarti* with ardent love and intense dedication.’

Hymn 16 (12 Verses)

Srut (surat) banni guru paaya banna ...

1-2. The bride-like *surat* has found her consort, her groom (*shabd guru*), and catching his glimpses, the mind began to buzz like an unbridled bee (*bhinna*, i.e. pleasant sensation). The guru has used the swift current of vital-

ity (*chaitanyata*) as a mare embellished by *Sahaj* Yoga and put upon it the caparison (*paakhar* or decorated covering) of patience and perseverance.

3-5. He (the guru) used the moon and the sun (*ida* and *pingla*) as stirrups,³⁵⁷ and for saddle³⁵⁸ (*zeen* on the horse's back) he utilised *Gagan* (ether-eal sky). The mare then galloped with the speed of elements and wind and placing the bridle³⁵⁹ (*lagaam*) on her back, he spurred³⁶⁰ her on and turned her face towards the eternal abode. Seeing this sight of the *Satguru*, I made an oblation of diamonds, rubies, strings of pearls, gems (*manik*), emerald and quartz (*joti* – all of which are symbols of unstruck sounds).

6-10. The groom of the *surat* rode on such a beautiful mare which raced with the speed of lightning and wind. The marriage party eventually reached *Gagan* (*Trikuti*) and both the *surat* (bride) and *shabd* guru (bride or groom) met each other. They wedded and went around (the fire, i.e. they took the *phas* or seven rounds around the fire), and the groom, taking the bride (*surat*) along with him, moved homeward. As they reached home (Radhasoami Abode) the mother (Radha) and father (Soami) were delighted and became so ecstatic as if the rain of love had started falling on them. The aunts and sisters (*hamsinis*) joined together and threw pearls, diamonds, rubies and jewels around the married couple.

11-12. The bride as well as the bridegroom, in great joy and merriment performed the *aarti* and all the *hamsas* around cried 'Hip, Hip Hurrah!' (cheers of joy and victory). Radhasoami Himself joined the celebrations mysteriously and all the brothers and sisters (*hamsas* and *hamsinis*) become exhilarated and elated.

Hymn 17 (10 Verses)

Dhun dhun dhun daaloon ab mana ko ...

[Note: In this hymn the disciple is compared to the carder of raw cotton with which the mind is compared. The mind is like raw cotton (*kapaas*) and its urges and sensual cravings are like cotton-seed which is the source of oil and fodder for animals. The *surat* is compared to pure cotton, purified of all cotton seeds which are the seeds of lust. Raw cotton is cleansed by the disciple with the aid of Sound which serves as the carding device. The process of elevation of the *surat* is compared to the spinning wheel through which the *surat* spins out the delicate, slender and subtle threads, throwing away all the delusions. These threads are coiled in a skein – a length of yarn wound in a long coil (*anti*) on *shabd*. The attention is the device that winds the cotton threads in the form of a skein. This device is called as the *ateran*, that constantly recites the Name.]

1-3. I am a carder operating at the feet of my *Satguru*; seated there, I card (cleanse and elutriate) again and again my mind. My mind is like raw cotton, while the *surat* is purified cotton which has been purged of all the cotton seeds (sensual desires and cravings). When it became elutriated and cleansed, it could find the traces of Sound of the unstruck melody and taking

the carding instrument called as *dhuna* (i.e. using the Name as the carding agent), it ascends to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres).

4-6. I have melted away all aspirations (*mansa*) and I have liquefied all my karmas, and the circular upward mount or ascension of the *surat* which acts like a spinning wheel has spun out the most subtle delusions and illusions. My *surat* herself spun out subtle and thin threads and has coiled there threads in the form of a skein entrusted to the care of the sound. Using attention as the device of winding the thread (*ateran*), the *surat* hears the recitation of the Name through this device and by turning up and down, it brings the *surat* on the spiritual centres (lotus) in the *Brahmand*.

7-8. What shall I say about the wonderful display of sport at every spiritual centre in *Brahmand*? Hearing the sound of the unstruck melody there, I explain the mystery to my *nij mana* seated at *Trikuti* and bring it round to behold the Reality. Now the *surat* wears the colours of *shabd* (i.e. gets close to it) and enjoys its bliss and beatitude; it has abandoned all cravings, longings and yearnings, and it has disposed off completely (literally sold out) all hopes and expectations of this world (i.e. became totally dissociated from this phenomenal world).

9-10. Released from the tentacles of the body (corporeal frame and structure), it went up to the *mandi* (a big market) of *Sunn* and haggled and struck the perfect bargain (taking to *shabd*, and giving up all hopes and aspirations, all yearnings and hankerings of body and mind). Radhasoami has become so compassionate and merciful that I could make a good profit from Him and had the lock of my inner opened up (through the master-key of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*).

Hymn 18 (5 Verses)

Thumri ab kari hai bakhaani ...

1-3. I now speak of the mystery of *thumri*³⁶¹ and hearing its lovely tune and tones, the *surat* marches ahead, strutting and moving with grace and dignity. I have met my darling Lord and I have been able to peep into the latticed window and perceive my beloved Lord! How shall I disclose His sheen and splendour, His light and lustre? I have heard the marvellous, mellifluous sound of fiddle and I witness that the sound of *sarangi* has overshadowed all else.

4-5. This *thumri* which I am singing can be appreciated and comprehended only by a *sadh* (one who has gained access to *Sunn*), for all practitioners of yoga and all abstinents failed to make it to that sphere and got exhausted on the way. Radhasoami has only spoken up of this mystery but His disciples can see it for themselves if only they have their inner eyes opened up (through the device of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*).

Hymn 19 (11 Verses)

Guru acharaj khel dikhaayaa ...

1-3. The guru has displayed a unique and marvellous sport within, so that He has conferred upon my *surat* the gem-like Great Name. The humble goat-like *surat* has beaten and got the better of the elephant-like mind; the innocent looking cow-like *surat* has made a meal of (made great effort to frustrate the mind) the leonine mind (*Kaal*). My ant-like *surat* mounted to *Gagan* and became wrapped up with it; the mind (*nij mana*) which had given up its waywardness and became steady (having become deflected and disabled in the company of *pingla*, the right nerve), climbed up to the mountain of *Trikuti* (with three Prominences, viz. Meru, Sumeru and Kailash).

4. The person who lost all interest in worldly activities and talks, became dumb (i.e. refrained from talking silly and indulging in useless talks) and he alone (by sheer concentration within) could hear the sound of unstruck melody; one who refused to waste his time and energy in seeing the so-called attractive sights of this phenomenal world, turned blind here and he alone could perceive the beauteous forms within.

5. My fly-like *surat* which was being sucked and swallowed up by the spider-like Maya in this phenomenal world, now ate up the spider; the mind that had become bloated and had developed swelling and became puffed up as with conceit, now got reduced to the level of a small, fragile, dipterous insect (gnat or *bhringi*), and now lifted and easily weighed this heavy earth (and found it worthless).

6-8. My *surat*, humble as the earth, soared and flew up to tall trees of *Trikuti*, and my bird-like, feeble and capricious mind reached *Trikuti*, the abode of *Pranava*, and picked up and pecked at the wind (life-breath or *praan*) as though it was a grain. After the *surat* – which is the creator of all habitats, had descended into the corporeal forest and had launched the creation – returned to *Trikuti* and *Sunn* (the ‘tenth gate’) she wiped off and gorged the creation of both *Pind* and *Brahmand*. The rat-like *surat*, by the pull and power of humility and devotion and animation, scared the feline Maya and put it to flight, and water (the current of spirit appearing as flame which cools the *surat* as cold water extinguishes heat, serves as fire for it is the quintessence of Maya) catches fire.

9. The crow-like base mind (which earlier spoke harshly and acted selfishly and hurt others) now, having reached *Trikuti*, speaks mellifluously; the frog-like base mind, which used to hop and jump in the world as if in a well, now having come to *Trikuti*, becomes sober and serious and weighs and measures the whole phenomenal ocean (i.e. it has now realised its worthlessness and hollowness).

10. The clever and the smart mind (which in the sensual world was acting idiotically by getting involved in objects of sensual pleasures, and now after reaching *Trikuti*, became sober and wise and vanquished *Kaal* who had spread his net widely to enmesh the mind, now) defeated and outsmarted *Kaal*, so that now, even when lodged within the body, it can hear the call (Sound) of *Gagan* (*Trikuti*).

11. Radhasoami has narrated the story of turning of the *surat* and mind upward so that the *jiva* who (while imprisoned in the cage of the body), like an owl, could not stand up to the sight of the sun, now (after reaching *Trikuti*) developed the strength and capacity to catch the glimpses of Brahman (Universal Mind).

Hymn 20 (14 Verses)

Anth hua jag mahin, aadi ghar apna bhooli ...

1. The *surat* (getting involved in sensual pleasures) ended up in this fleeting, multitudinous and vicissitudinous world (i.e. it eventually became it, turned out to be of a piece with the world), and became totally oblivious of her original abode in *Sunn* which is the secondary cause of the three *loks* and from where the *surat* descended into the corporeal sphere.

2. And then, the *surat* came up to the middle rung of the creation and assumed the human form (which is the middle stage between the higher spheres and the nether world and which by its actions and practices can either go up to higher spheres or can degrade itself and go down to the lower forms of life), and developed consciousness of the ultimate station of *Trikuti*, i.e. *Sunn* (Sphere of Spirit).

3. Thereafter, the *surat* gave up its attachment with her initial abode (*Sunn*) and this corporeal human plane which is the middle, and the nether world of lower forms, and got back to its fundamental, original abode of *Satt Purush* Radhasoami and fixing it as her target, began to move fast close to it, every day.

4-5. One who gets on top of the *merudand* (coseygis) that operates from *Sahasdal Kanwal* to the ganglion of anus and moves upward on the current of *merudand* and crosses the sixth ganglion, will vanquish death and after attaining to *Sattlok* will become immortal. And then that *surat* which was as weak, fragile, and cowardly as the hare (old High German *haso*, Swedish *hare*, Sanskrit *sasa*) after attaining to *Sunn*, killed the leonine *Kaal*; now who can understand the language or lesson of this allegory?³⁶²

6. Both mother and father were begotten by the son, sitting in the cradle [so to say when the *surat* got into the womb of the sixth ganglion, i.e. in the *Pind*, she first created *Brahmand* (Brahman) and then *Pind* (Maya); but when the *surat* came out of the womb, that *jiva-surat* got into the corporeal region and began to function as the son of Maya and Brahman].

7. The fish flew up to the sky, leaving the earth empty and shallow. (In other words, when the fish-like *surat*, on the current of the *shabd*, turned inward, she made the earth empty, hollow and shallow.)

8-9. Both the moon and the sun rose from the nether world (*paatal*), opening out the earth. [So to say, when the *surat*, ascending and rising up, went beyond the Sphere of Spirit (*Sunn*) then the sun (*Trikuti*) and the moon (*Trikuti*) appeared like *paatal* or the lower regions.] The thieves and dacoits caught and held the (really) affluent (*sahukar*, i.e. the *surat*) who put on a bodice like a woman. (So to say, when the *surat* descended into the corporeal

region, she was surrounded by *Kaal* and karma, and their agents like lust, anger, greed, attachments and bewilderment, and hubris and encaged her in.)

10-11. These thieves and robbers, surprisingly died of drinking the ambrosial water and they untied the knot of venom. (In other words, when that *surat* who was encaged in the body, turned upward towards her original abode and went beyond *Brahmand* and she began to throw up the stream of ambrosia, then those very robbers and burglars began to die of partaking that ambrosia and the knot of venom tied up with their system was burnt away.)

12. Radhasoami has revealed this invaluable mystery; who except a saint can comprehend and understand this immeasurable Reality?

13-14. A goat has killed the wolf prowling around her with the help of a herd of deer. [That is to say, when the goat-like *surat* used to abide in the body, the wolf-like *Kaal* was constantly prowling around her and was eating into her vitals. But when, by the grace of the *Satguru*, she turned upward, rising up from the pentagonal cage of the body and reached the *Brahmand* and beyond, taking along with her the *nij* and *Brahmandi mana*, and the sensory organs (compared to the herd of the deer) she launched an assault on the wolf and made short work of him.] Eventually the *surat* got merged into the *shabd*, who by this act, brought out a whole ocean out of dust and dryness (that she was before she became wrapped up in *shabd*).

Hymn 21 (11 Verses)

Guru ulti baat bataayee, moorakhta khoob sikhaayee ...

1. The guru has revealed spiritual truths in paradox;³⁶³ for instance, he instructs us to behave foolishly. [The guru has stressed that if a spiritual seeker behaves in this world like a simpleton, none will take him seriously and nobody will involve him in any controversies. Again, if a seeker were to devote himself to the root of things and leave out the branches (*moorakhta*), the world in general, which is more interested in branches than the roots, will not be bothered about his activities and will dismiss him as a simpleton and ignorant.]
2. One who keeps on sleeping has earned lot of wealth; but one who keeps wide awake and alert, loses his wealth. (Now this sounds an absurd statement. But the truth that it contains is that one who remains aloof and indifferent to this world, appearing to be sleeping, he alone can devote himself to spiritual pursuits and earn spiritual wealth; while one who is wide awake in this world and spends all his time, attention and energy in mundane pursuits, he will lose his entire spiritual capital and go spiritually bankrupt.)
3. Another example of the paradoxical statement made by the guru is: who remains seated and still, as if fixed to a certain point, he alone can negotiate the spiritual journey fast and quick; but one who always stirs his stumps and walks briskly, he will never be able to trace the Way. (This statement which appears to be paradoxical really means that a person who with a firm, unfluctuating and steady mind concentrates on the point of Third *Til*, he alone will be able to traverse the whole spiritual path, but one who is very active and earnest in worldly affairs, he will always be wayward, capricious,

fickle and will never be able even to find out the spiritual way, let alone treading that path.)

4. Again, the one tied up to this earth climbed up and soared to *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) but the one who apparently looked spiritual (*Sunni*, a denizen of the Sphere of Spirit or *Sunn*), became wrapped up in the nether or infernal regions. [This means that a person who is of the earth (earthy, humble and meek as earth, devoid of all conceit and willing to serve all and bear all the suffering, all the digging etc. like the earth) he alone can soar to the highest spiritual regions, but the one who makes tall claims of being spiritual and poses to be a *sadh*, having access to *Sunn*, is doomed to go down to perdition.]

5. It is amazing that by functioning like a thief and concealing things from the husband, the husband becomes pleased and turns favourable to the wife; but for being true and faithful, the husband chastises and beats up the wife. (If a devotee hides and conceals his spiritual experiences and attainments from all and sundry, he curries the favour of his Lord, but one who truthfully reveals all his spiritual gains to others, he has to meet all sorts of hurdles and hindrances on the way and goes on stumbling all the way.)

6. What a contradiction this! The fire is shivering with cold, and the rains spells out drought which dries up the plants and its branches and twigs. [But the truth that this statement contains is that fire is nothing but *Maya* which was animated and made kinetic because of the power of the *surat*. So when the *surat* began to soar and fly up towards the heavenly spheres, the fire or *Maya* began to tremble, shiver and shake for all her sustaining strength was gone; and when the rains of ambrosia began to fall on the ascending *surat*, because of the withdrawal from the body and mind, all her currents that used to flow downward (before the ascent took place) now began to dry up for lack of stimulation.]

7. It is really astonishing that bread is ever dying of hunger, and water itself writhes (like a fish out of water) in thirst. ('Bread' here refers to *Maya* and all her viands and delicious foods and water all of which were wholesome and health-giving only by virtue of the current of *surat* that passed in them. But now that the soul has become withdrawn from them and gone upward, they are writhing and twirling and dying out, hungry and thirsty.)

8. The one who was resting and sleeping on a cot, the cot got on top of him; but one who was wide awake, enjoys the calm and composure of deep slumber. [The truth of this paradox is that anyone who remains indifferent (as if asleep) towards spiritual pursuits, he went under the weight of the shackles of *Maya* and *manas*, but the one who was always alert, cautious, careful and circumspect in regard to his spiritual mission and pursuits, he became calm and composed, utterly indifferent to the fluctuations and vicissitudes of this world of mind and matter, and attained to *ataraxia* and *sangfroid*.]

9. The barren woman became exhausted and tired of begetting children, but the fertile woman came to be called as barren! [*Maya* in herself is called as *Madam Bubble*, barren and unproductive, but when she got the *surat* in her grip, by her strength (*surat's*), innumerable objects of pleasure were cre-

ated as if created by the barren Maya! But when this *surat*, who is the fertile woman, the real creator, withdrew from the claws of Maya and flew up, the entire creation down below got wound up, and she (the fertile *surat*) alone went back to her abode looking like a barren woman.]

10. The earth ran the race on the back of the horse, and the camels, piercing the sky, climbed up to *Gagan* (sky). [This again contains an essential truth. This *surat*, when she became entangled in the tentacles of body and mind, was becoming almost as hard and stationary as the earth, but when she began to move upward, she (the earth-like *surat*) got on to the back of the horse of the mind and galloped fast; simultaneously, the camel-like *praan* (inhalation and exhalation and retention *purak*, *rechak* and *kumbhak*)³⁶⁴ turned upward penetrating into *Gagan*.]

11. Radhasoami has thus demonstrated His dispensation (*mauj*) and engrossed the *surat* into *shabd*. This is to say, by His grace, Radhasoami has affected the union (*visaal*) of *surat* with *shabd* and redeemed her.

Hymn 22 (8 Verses)

Sun ri sakhi ik marm janaaon ...

1-2. O Companion! Hear me! I am telling you a secret, something new of which you have not heard so far. I am telling you of the dancing moonlight during the day, and of the sunrise during the night. [The meaning of this paradox is that in the Sphere of Spirit, i.e. *Sunn*, the full moon is ever present, that is moonlight is there even in the day and the full moon is all the time visible. In the sphere of *Trikuti* from where Maya, the symbol of darkness and night emanated, the light of the rising sun is all the time on view.]

3. I will show you the daughter of fire (flame) being sustained and irrigated by water, and Rambha, the water-nymph, dancing in the fire. [The meaning of this paradox is that in *Sahasdal Kanwal*, the flame is radiant by the power of current of ambrosial water that descends from above, and the sound of the Word which accompanies the current of ambrosia (i.e. the water-nymph) is dancing about within the range and gamut of fire.]

4. I will show you the earth walking into *Gagan* (sky) and will make you perceive the *Gagan* in the middle of the earth. [The earth is nothing but the *surat* which abides in the body made of earth and its ancillary elements; the *surat* (i.e. the earth) ascends to heaven (sky or ethereal spheres); and inside the body (i.e. earth) I will make you perceive the *Gagan* (all the higher spiritual spheres).]

5. I will enable you to see the mental sky (*vyom* which is otherwise stationary) moving, and the wind (which is otherwise moving and blowing) stop or stay put, and will show you the jackal killing the lion. [This statement really means that when, at the time of ascension of the *surat*, the mental sky is withdrawn upward, the wind or life-breath (*praan*) slows down and ever seems to have been put in the position of *kumbhak*³⁶⁵ (retention of the breath which otherwise is either inhaled or exhaled). The *jiva surat* which is other-

wise as cowardly as the jackal, becomes as brave as the lion when it ascends to *Gagan* or *Trikuti* and vanquishes the leonine *Kaal*.]

6. I will show you the weak vanquishing the warrior; I will make you hear this unusual message being announced on the beat of drum while you ascend to *Trikuti*. [The meaning is that the *surat* which is essentially very strong but gets enfeebled and exhausted while it descends into the body, comes into her own after ascending to *Trikuti* where she becomes so strong that she easily overwhelms and overpowers *Kaal*.]

7. I will show you the flight of crows (*kaagan jhund*) getting transmuted into a flock of *hamsas*, and owls (which cannot see anything in the day) looking at the radiant sun. [This statement means that the ordinary *jivas* who are behaving and conducting themselves as the carrion crows (predatory creatures, looting and plundering and harassing others) become transmuted into *hamsas* (purified spirits) when they attain to *Sunn*. And these ordinary *jivas*, who are blinded and unable to perceive the Lord, and remain sunk in ignorance and cesspool of darkness (delusion and illusion), they will be able to perceive the radiant sunlight of Brahman in *Trikuti*.]

8. I am making all these paradoxical statements because of the grace of Radhasoami (by whose grace the essential truth of all these statements which sound paradoxical can be fully established).

Hymn 23 (12 Verses)

Goongey ne gur khaaeeyaa ...

1. The dumb has eaten raw sugar (molass); how can he articulate its taste? [Anyone who has tasted the sweet sap of *shabd* inside of him becomes so overwhelmed and ecstatic that he will not be able to talk about it, even as a dumb who has eaten raw sugar is not able to describe its taste to others.]

2. If a deaf person has gained access to the sound of *shabd*, how can he tell others about that sound? [Anyone who has closed his ears to the talks of the worldlings, he alone can manage to prick up his ears to the sound of the *shabd* within. How can he explain the pleasure and bliss of that experience to others who are totally alien to that universe?]

3. The blind has threaded the pearls; to whom shall he go in order to show it? [One who has shut his eyes to the spectacles of this phenomenal world he alone can push his *surat* upward on to the 'tenth gate' (i.e. the sixth ganglion which is the *Dasam Dwar* of yogis). How can he show it to others, who have had no such experience?]

4. One who has become lame (*loola*, disabled and crippled in the legs or feet), he alone can lift and support the heaven (*nabh*). This marvel, he cannot explain to others. [One who has refused to have a run for his money (refused to accept a strong challenge in close competition with worldlings and shun the pleasure from such activities) and has abandoned waywardness and caprices and fickle ways, he alone can raise his *surat* to the *nabh* or heavenly spheres. This indeed is a great marvel which others cannot comprehend.]

5. If one notices that he who has become invalid (*pangoo* or *pingla*) climbs up to the mountain, this miracle can be comprehended only by a *sadhu*. [If a person who has stopped running about here and there, pursuing objects of sensual pleasure and has become, in the eye of the worldlings, invalid and crippled and lame, can alone mount the prominences of the mountain (*Trikuti*, the region of Three Prominences: Meru, Sumeru and Kailash); this is a secret which only a *sadhu* can understand.]

6. One who suffers from chronic sickness and remains ailing, he always lives on, but one who is free from all diseases and maladies, keeps on dying and dying, again and again. [One who has become sick of this world (i.e. has become disgusted and weary of all sensual pleasures) and has developed lovesickness, languishing because of the love for the *Satguru*, he will attain to immortality; but one who keeps away from such sickness, dies, gets re-born and dies again, i.e. remains wandering in the vicious circle of transmigration and metempsychosis.]

7. One who ever remains amid sorrow and suffering caused by lovelornness (miserable because of unrequited love or unhappiness in love) ever remains delighted and joyous; but one who has no such sorrow and suffering, straightaway goes into the vicious circle of *chaurasi*. [One who ever suffers from the pangs of separation from his beloved Lord, and turns indifferent to the rest of the world, he remains inebriated by the sap of the feet of his *Satguru*, but one who has no such love or sickness, is always subject to his wanderings in *chaurasi*.]

8. One who always is in a state of worry and anxiety gets united with one who has no worry or anxiety. [One who always feels cornered and remains worried and anxious about his soul's redemption and emancipation and is keen to get merged unto his beloved Lord, eventually will become united with his Absolute Lord and will no longer have any cause for worry or anxiety.]

9. One who is an abstinent keeps on straggling from the main course; but one who is sunk in love (*raagi*) becomes absorbed in redemption (i.e. attains to liberation). [In other words, one who is an empty abstinent, pretending to have given up worldly pleasures, but in fact remains sunk in the cesspool of sensual pleasures, keeps on wandering from the main path; on the contrary, one who is in deep love with the *Satguru*, attains to complete emancipation.]

10. The *Satguru* has thus revealed his real power and identity to his real devotees; but it is only a rare devotee who will proceed further and devote himself to deeper investigation into His Reality. [The *Satguru* has enabled his ardent devotee to have spiritual experiences within; learning from these experiences, only a rare devotee will care to proceed further and make deeper spiritual investigation.]

11-12. Only those who, inside of them, earnestly engage themselves in *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*, will alone be able to attain comprehension and understanding. Radhasoami has now stated definitively: 'Do engage yourself in the practice of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*.'

Hymn 24 (9 Verses)

Mana seencho prem kiyaaree, Satguru us helaa maaree ...

1-5. The *Satguru* has now given a clarion call to the mind: ‘O Mind! Irrigate and sustain with the limpid water of love, the bed of saplings of love for the *Satguru*. Inside of you, the saplings are sprouting and blooming gloriously, so that all around you, the fence of devotion and dedication has come up. The water of life (ambrosia) is raining inside of you; and watch this sprightly spring season in the company of the *surats*. Join the cord of your *surat* with the *shabd* (*naam*) as revealed by the *Satguru*; (avoiding the sound from the left and leaving aside even the right) O dear, devote yourself to the middle artery – *sushumana* – and enjoy the sap of its bliss.’ I behold the *Satguru* as the fleurdelis (*kumodini*)³⁶⁶ gazes at the moon; and by constantly looking at the *Satguru*, O companion, your *surat* will bloom like a rose and your love for him will become more intense and ardent.

6-9. At the sight of the guru who is there like the sun-oriented, daisy-like lotus, your black bee-like mind will begin to hum, and inside of you, in higher spiritual spheres like *Sahasdal Kanwal*, *Trikuti* and *Sunn*, you will perceive flames and plants like basil (*maruuwaa*) and jasmine (*mogra*) and the mind will become fascinated by their look and fragrance; and you will merge into the *Satguru* as the desire (*chaah*) for the enchanting fragrance of catalonian jasmine (*chameli*) gets merged in that flower. Pulling the string of magnolia on the bow of *Trikuti*, the *surat* will shoot its arrow at *Kaal* and fell it down. Smelling the small flowers of *bakul* tree (*maulesri*), the *surat* will begin to dance like the peacock, and my eyes will be delighted at the sight of the lustre and light of narcissus.³⁶⁷

Discourse XLII (4 Hymns)

The discourse on rendering service to the guru

Hymn 1 (27 Verses)

Soami uthey aur baithey bhajan mein ...

1-2. Soami (the *Satguru*) rose and sat down for meditation (*bhajan*) and engaging Himself in contemplation, He became delighted and exhilarated and became absorbed within Himself. Then I prepared His hookah (hubble-bubble)³⁶⁸ (Indian pipe for smoking tobacco) and placed it before Him; meanwhile, the *satsangis* came to see and catch His glimpses.

3-5. Then I washed His feet in water and prepared *charanamrit* and took his leavings as His *prasad* or grace; I placed a garland round His neck and bowed in obeisance to Him. Then I placed jugs of water and He went out to discharge faeces (bodily waste matter derived from ingested food and the secretions of intestines) and then he came after purging the waste matter. I placed a small four-legged wooden stool (*chauki*) for him and placed a cushion on it; I made Him sit and washed His hands.

6-7. I made him scrub His teeth with small twigs of the (*neem*) tree and tooth paste; I made Him rinse His mouth and cleanse the teeth. Then I offered Him water for gargling and as I took that gargling water, all members of my family were liberated and emancipated; my birth became fruitful and my body and mind were put in tune with the right current (that goes up to the Lord).

8-9. Then I applied unguent (paste for smearing and cleansing the body) to His body for getting rid of accumulated dirt, and as I did this, He opened up my Path and made my *surat* ascend. Then I massaged His body with oil and His body acquired shine and His body's lustre began to sparkle; His splendour now became more agreeable and pleasing.

10-11. My *surat* ascended to *Sunn* where I took immersion in *Mansarovar* (reservoir of spirituality directly below the seat of *Akshar Purush*) and fetching water from that reservoir, I made Radhasoami take bath (only then I became qualified to fetch water for Him for taking bath. Being replete with love and filled in with devotion, the water which I fetched for Him became like the water from *Mansarovar*). Then I wiped all parts of His body and it (i.e. I came in contact with His body and touch) made me delighted and joyous as a fish becomes happy on coming into contact with water).

12-13. Then I combed His hair and arranged His hair in proper order (i.e. as I rendered service to Him in a spirit of complete surrender, devotion and love); all the bends and folds, bonds and ties, tangles and meshes vanished, and all my attachments and pride were vanquished and lost the battle. Then He changed His *dhoti* (five yard long loin-cloth worn by men in India) and put on His clothes; all the *satsangis* were quietly gathered near Him, becoming silent and steady.

14-15. Then a female-devotee (*daasi*) prepared *hookah* and filled in the *chilam*³⁶⁹ and she sat down close to Him when He began to smoke. The *hookah* produced the sound of *Haq Haq* (*Satt Satt*); the *chilam* made all the sorrows and sufferings of man vanish and opened up the gate of happiness (i.e. *Sattlok*).

[Note: The meaning of this is that if Radhasoami *Dayal* had not smoked *hookah*, *Satt Desh* would not have come into existence. This verse explains the process of creation. By the attraction of Radhasoami *Anami* the vitality was drawn in; this is the drawing or inhaling breath through the *hookah*; and then when He exhaled it, the current of spirit flowed out which stayed at a spot which came to be named as *Sattlok*, where the sound of *Haq Haq* and *Satt Satt* is ever audible. This inhalation and exhalation was not an action or deed but it was the outcome of the magnetic force of Radhasoami *Dayal* who is the unlimited structure or focus of attraction. Everyone else and everything is being drawn up towards Him. That vital energy which was lying at the feet of Radhasoami and was not in a fully conscious state and therefore was not the recipient of delight and ecstasy, that vital energy came to be drawn in (inhalation) and it created *Agam*, *Alakh* and *Sattlok* (exhalation). Thus, drawing the current inward and the flow of current outward is like the smoking of *hookah*.

By this process, the vital energy that was lying unconscious in a comatose state became enlivened and for it the door of happiness (*Satt Desh*) was flung open. This opening of the door of happiness is the creation of *Sattlok* below which *Kaal* and *Maya* launched their creation. Thus, this and other such verses are full of inner secrets and they just cannot be expunged from this scripture by anyone who is really interested in understanding Radhasoami Faith.]

16-17. Every bud of the lotus of my heart and attention bloomed and blossomed and each and every one of them gained new sheen and splendour. Then He (i.e. the *Satguru*) came to the *satsang* and gave His instructions, and through His discourses delivered the message from the Inaccessible and the Ultimate Sphere (Radha-soami *Anami*).

18-20. Thereafter He took His meals (luncheon) and took a betel leaf, the packets of which were distributed by a devoted *satsangi*, *Kannahiya* (reported to be the younger brother of his two female disciples – Shibboji and Bukhiji – the remnants of whom are preserved in two small memorials at Radha Bagh, three kilometres ahead of Soami Bagh towards the river Yamuna, Agra). Then all the *satsangis* partook of his *charanamrit* and *prasad* (grace), which destroyed all the sins and transgressions, lapses and errors of their past lives, since time immemorial. Then I scribbled and cleansed his *kamandal* (a small vessel of black stone with a spout) and fetched water in it for Him and gave it to the Soami (*Satguru*) to drink.

21-23. Then I spread and arranged His bed on which He laid down for rest; I focused my attention at his feet which I started pressing in order to comfort Him. This service rendered to His feet is very rare which one gets by good fortune. (After a while) the Soami woke up and I had the good fortune to have His glimpses and got my sleeping destiny³⁷⁰ roused and stirred.

24-25. I have dealt with all the details of modes of *seva* or service; anyone who sincerely hears of it and sings of it (that is he who performs this *seva* at least mentally,³⁷¹ if the *Satguru* is not present), his mind will become absorbed in rapturous delight. Anyone who sings of this hymn of *seva*, he will get the clue to *Sattlok*.

26-27. I sing this hymn of service to Radhasoami (i.e. I performed this *seva* with éclat and zest), so that I gained access to the path of *Surat-Shabd-Yoga*. They are indeed very lucky who get the privilege of rendering service and lovingly live in the company of Radhasoami.

Hymn 2 (7 Verses)

Chauka-bartan kiya achambhee

1-2. When I cleansed the squarish enclosure for cooking (*chauka*)³⁷² in the kitchen, and also scrubbed and cleansed the cooking pots (*bartan*)³⁷³ I elutriated and refurbished my mind. The marvellous light of the (Ancient) *Purush* (*Noor-i-Qahir*) began to shed and spread all over and by the force of His bright, lustrous refulgence (*prachand tej*), all folds of darkness (ignorance and delusion) took to their heels.

3-5. I cleansed the *chauka* (*antehkaran*) when I reached and penetrated into the tenth orifice of yogis (sixth ganglion); and there I scrubbed and polished all the five pots full of sensual cravings (lust, anger, gluttony, attachments and pride). Inside the sixth ganglion, I washed the stove (oven or the Indian type of fire-place meant for cooking), and in *Sahasdal Kanwal*, I kindled the flame (of fire). I cleansed up the intricate network of the three *gunas* with the wet cloth (*pochchan potaa*) meant to wipe the kitchen clean and removed the rubbish of old karmas and delusions, illusions and hallucinations.

6-7. The way this cleanliness was effected (by the force of *Satguru*) excited my wonder; so to say, the *Satguru* has now taken care of me by His grace and compassion. It is my earnest prayer that I may perennially remain engaged in the manifold service of the guru and every moment I may be conditioned, seasoned and wrapped up in His lotus-like feet.

Hymn 3 (10 Verses)

Raat jagoon main sun kar khadkaa ...

1. On hearing the slightest noise in the night, I am roused and wake up, for I always apprehend that hearing that noise my Soami may not get disturbed and rise and I may miss the chance of catching His glimpses as soon as he gets up; the moment my Lord gets up, my mind begins to flap (move up and down) as if in flying.

2-5. I at once have his hands washed and cleansed and hand over a wiping towel (*angochha* for wiping the limbs of His body); my mind is always lured and tempted by this bit of service. I prepare the viands with great love, affection and devotion and reverence and then I arrange them in a plate with edges curved all around (*thaali*) and place it near the Lord. The moment Radhasoami partakes of the viands thus served, my mind becomes rapturous and experiences great delight, pleasure and satisfaction. And the moment he gives me a morsel of the food as *prasad* (grace), all the veils and curtains (i.e. covers of mind and Maya that screen my *surat* from the Lord) at once lift up.

6-8. Every moment, I recite the Name 'Radhasoami', 'Radhasoami', and cried this chant; all the *satsangis* assembled there partake of the food as *prasad* (His grace). As the *prasad* is distributed amongst them, a wave of rapture surges all around, and I proceed to pull up a pitcher with limpid water and fetch it there. From the water jug, I get the water through the spout into His cupped hand and have the hands washed; thereafter, I spread the bedstead and prepare the bed on which I make the Lord lie and rest.

9-10. Then I wash His feet and keep wide awake all the night; I find rest and repose only when my Lord is roused and gets up. As He rises, I catch His glimpses every moment and take His *charanamrit* and *prasad* (as His grace).

Hymn 4 (4 Verses)

Bhog dharey Radhasoami aagey ...

1-4. I placed the viands before Radhasoami, having prepared the delicious, delicate and tasty provisions, conditioned by the ambrosial sap. A

trumpet sounds loudly on the tip of *Gagan* (heavenly spheres) declaring that Radhasoami has partaken of the essence of viands. He has gulped down *Kaal* as well as karma, per se, in an instant (i.e. He has made the world vacuous of *Kaal* and karma) and has got Himself christened as a warrior (*jangi*). Never was such a *bhog* ceremony (partaking of food) ever held, for now in this one, Radhasoami has eaten up one and all (i.e. He has emancipated all the *surats* who had matured for redemption).
